810.8
L616
v.1.

651 .L515 1909
v.1
rary of Southern
erature

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-BPZ-543

Joel Chandler Harris

LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE

COMPILED UNDER THE DIRECT SUPERVISION OF SOUTHERN MEN OF LETTERS

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS
EDITORS IN CHIEF
CHARLES WILLIAM KENT
LITERARY EDITOR

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED UNDER THE APPROVAL AND PATRONAGE OF DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS OF THE SOUTH

THE MARTIN & HOYT COMPANY
NEW ORLEANS ATLANTA DALLAS

810.8
L616
v.1

Copyright, 1907, by
The Martin and Hoyt Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

Copyright, 1909, by
The Martin and Hoyt Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

58683

EXECUTIVE BOARD

EDITORS IN CHIEF.

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN, LL.D.,
President University of Virginia.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, Litt. D.,
Editor Uncle Remus's Magazine, Atlanta, Georgia.

LITERARY EDITOR.

CHARLES WILLIAM KENT, M.A., Ph.D., LL.D.,
University of Virginia.

ASSOCIATE LITERARY EDITOR.

CHARLES ALPHONSO SMITH, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D.,
University of North Carolina.

ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITORS.

MORGAN CALLAWAY, JR., A.M., Ph.D.,
University of Texas.

FRANKLIN L. RILEY, A.M., Ph.D.,
University of Mississippi.

GEORGE A. WAUCHOPE, A.M., Ph.D.,
University of South Carolina.

EXECUTIVE EDITOR.

F. P. GAMBLE,
Atlanta, Georgia.

A NOTE OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Deeply grateful to all who by encouragement have lightened our task or by assistance have furthered it, the editors, not unmindful of the significant helpfulness of the Advisory Council and the substantial aid of the Consulting Editors, devote this page of the series to that large body of unselfish contributors without whose generous coöperation the following pages would have been impossible. The names of these contributors recorded hereafter will evoke from readers of the intervening volumes the unstinted praise which in profound gratitude the editors now accord in fullest measure.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME I

PAGE

PREFACE - - - - - - - - - - xv

INTRODUCTION - - - - - - - - - xix

ADAMS, THOMAS ALBERT SMITH (1839-1888) - - 1

BY DABNEY LIPSCOMB

Bury Him In The Sea
While We May
Growing Gray
Invocation
The Court of Death

AINSLIE, HEW (1792-1878) - - - - - - 21

BY ALEXANDER ST. CLAIR MACKENZIE

The Rover o' Lochryan
The Lads o' Lendalfit
The Rover's Sang
The Hint o' Hairst
The Bourocks o' Bargeny
The Ingle Side
Sir Arthur
Lady Ellen's Last Night
Sighings for the Sea
The Great West
The Haughs o' Auld Kentuck
The Pilgrim's Return to Louisville
The Pleasant Past

ALLEN, JAMES LANE (1849—) - - - - - - 41

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

Two Gentlemen of Kentucky
Uncle Tom at Home
The Gleaming Red-Coat
The Explanation
Hemp

PAGE

ALLSTON, WASHINGTON (1779-1849) - - - 87

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The Sylph of Autumn
The Power of Song
The Young Troubadour
America to Great Britain
Rosalie
The French Revolution
Art
On the Late S. T. Coleridge

AUDUBON, JOHN JAMES (1780-1851) - - - 103

BY CHARLES W. KENT

Wild Swan Shooting
The Earthquake
Early Settlers
The Return to Bayou Sara
The Tale of a "Live Oaker"
The Florida Wreckers
The Panther Hunt
A Visit to President Houston

AVERY, ISAAC ERWIN (1871-1904) - - - - 131

BY C. ALPHONSO SMITH

The Simple Style
Kid Sloan
Gabriel the Midget
Happiness in the Madhouse
A Baby's First Ride
Types of the Old South
Outflanked
Violets

BAGBY, GEORGE WILLIAM (1828-1883) - - - 141

BY CHURCHILL GIBSON CHAMBERLAYNE

The Sacred Furniture Warerooms
The Old Virginia Gentleman
Meekinses Twinses
Rubenstein's Playing

BALDWIN, JOSEPH GLOVER (1815-1864) - - - 175

BY GEORGE F. MELLEN

Jackson and Clay
A Charcoal Sketch of Flush Times
My First Appearance at the Bar

PAGE

BARBE, WAITMAN (1864—) - - - - - 207

BY C. E. HAWORTH

The Comrade Hills
The Winds
Eternal Silences
Thy Name
A Tragedy of the Hills
Finis
At the Wood's Edge
The River o' Dreams
O Ye of Little Faith
Nature's Triumph
The Beatitudes
The Preacher of the Three Churches
Hafed Ben Hafed

BARR, AMELIA E. (1831—) - - - - - 231

BY CLARA DRISCOLL SEVIER

Builders of Commonwealth
The Fall of the Alamo

BASKETT, JAMES NEWTON (1849—) - - - 247

BY WALTER WILLIAMS

With Gun and Dog
Cradle in the Rushes
What Trim Said as he Hunted
Indian Summer

BATTLE, KEMP PLUMMER (1831—) - - - 269

BY HENRY G. CONNOR

Social Life of Early Raleigh
Governor's Reception
Public Balls
Duels
La Fayette's Visit
Old Newspapers

BAYLOR, FRANCES COURTENAY (1845—) - - 281

BY HENRY CLINTON FORD

In the Old Dominion

PAGE

BENJAMIN, JUDAH P. (1811-1884) - - - 303

BY PIERCE BUTLER

Education the Foundation-Stone of Republican Government
Farewell Address to the U. S. Senate

BENNETT, JOHN (1865—) - - - - - 323

BY ELLISON A. SMYTH, JR.

The Magnificat of the Hills
In a Rose Garden
The Song Before the Queen
The Fight of the Yawl
Facing Poverty

BENTON, THOMAS HART (1782-1858) - - - 345

BY CHAMP CLARK

Preface to 'Thirty Years View'
Retirement and Death of General Jackson
Address to Colonel Doniphan and His Men
Eulogy on Senator Linn

BEVERLY, ROBERT (1675-1716) - - - - 375

BY J. D. EGGLESTON, JR.

Supposed Discovery of Gold
An Expedition Into New Territory
The First Pirate Taken
Servants and Slaves
The Fishing-Hawk
Early Settlers
Recreations and Pastimes

BLEDSOE, ALBERT TAYLOR (1809-1877) - - - 395

BY SOPHIA BLEDSOE HERRICK

The Origin of the Late War

BONER, JOHN HENRY (1845-1903) - - - - 415

BY HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

Poe's Cottage at Fordham
Midsummer Noon
Immortality
I Would That I Could Quite Forget

PAGE

BONER, JOHN HENRY—Continued.
Remembrance
Time Brings Roses
The Wanderer Back Home
Moonrise in the Pines
Crismus Times is Come
America
A Christmas Toast
Autumnal
Hunting Muscadines
Two Friends
A Prayerful Trust
The Light 'ood Fire

BONNER, SHERWOOD (1849-1883) - - - - 439

BY ALEXANDER L. BONDURANT

Gran'mammy
Gran'mammy's Last Gifts
Hieronymus Pop and the Baby
The Hoodoo Dance
Yariba

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Joel Chandler Harris	Frontispiece
Edwin Anderson Alderman	Facing page xix
John James Audubon	Facing page 103
Judah P. Benjamin	Facing page 303

PREFACE

IN presenting to the public this first effort to represent comprehensively and in adequate amount the literary life of the Southern people of the United States, the editors deem it wise to make clear, if may be, the purpose and plan of this pioneer work. This they do without any apology for the task they voluntarily assumed and with no plea save that the book be received, not as a manifestation of any vainglorious or sinister sectionalism, but as a direct and serviceable contribution to the history of our national literature. It will have served one large purpose, if it induce those who write of our American literature to revise their perspective and do ampler justice to a part of our Union too little given to exploiting its own achievements.

But this is not the purpose of the series. It is designed rather to present frankly and as fully as convenient the literary life of the whole South throughout its entire history and to leave the general reader or special student to draw such conclusions as he may see fit. In a word, the series is not intended to prove anything but to set forth much. It is to cover an imperial territory and, in sheer time, the total existence of our American people. Certainly no easy task confronts him who would traverse this three hundred years and one, taking note of the men who have uttered the thought and feeling of this majestic domain. Such a task could not have been essayed by any small group of men unless they had known beforehand of the confidence with which they could rely on the efficient help of hundreds of others, willing and even eager to do their part in this labor of love and patriotism.

The contributor of each biographical and critical sketch has been selected with reference to his peculiar fitness for treating the author assigned him and, within certain necessary restrictions, mainly of space, has been left at full liberty to make his sketch what he would. While it is obvious that in this method there has been a loss in uniformity and perhaps in soberness and reserve of judgment, there has been a marked gain in

freshness and variety of treatment, in personal and vital estimates, and in individuality. This individuality exonerates, too, the editors from solemn responsibility for judgments of men and books that have not commanded their close and impartial scrutiny.

The plan adopted has created its own difficulties. Mature thought led us to disregard both the chronological and geographical divisions and to use the simpler and lucid alphabetical arrangement. This order has been maintained in presenting not only the individual authors, about three hundred in number discussed in thirteen volumes, but also the separate articles on Folk-Lore in the South, French Literature in the South, Southern Literature, etc., which will be found in their appropriate places in the several volumes.

But in rejecting the historical divisions we have not ignored the authors who best represented them, even when their writings, as of necessity in the earlier periods, lack somewhat of that immediate interest and artistic fashion discovered in productions of a more modern day. The historical significance of a given selection may make it of incalculable value in spite of its inherent literary crudities—emphasized as the crudities of these selections may be by contrast with artistic selections thrown near them by the fortunes of the alphabet. But as our aim is to represent the literary life of the South with all its inequalities, and not to create arbitrary standards to which all the selections must be subjected, it would seem that these very irregularities may be recognized as a merit of the book.

Further, in rejecting as our principle of division geographical boundaries, we have not lost sight of the claims of each state to fair recognition. Indeed, such careful attention has been given to this that occasionally an author condemned to exclusion by some arbitrary standard of excellence has been willingly included because of his importance in life and work to the literary development of his own state. In general, however, little has been made of state lines, for the South is a single, homogeneous people. Within its ample territory our authors have moved with such easy freedom and with such a vivid sense of being at home everywhere that any effort to credit them to any one state would have proved futile and fruitless.

After all, the chief consideration in selecting this alphabetical arrangement was its convenience for reference and study. That the books will prove attractive to the general reader, will minister to his pride in his Nation and to his personal pleasure and consequent profit, need not detract from their constant and increasing value to the student of Southern life, letters, and conditions. To aid the student in his investigations there will be various indispensable helps.

First: There is a general bibliography of Southern literature, far more complete and accurate than any so far compiled, and indicating, as its author has said, that this Library is rather a culmination than a beginning of interest in Southern literature.

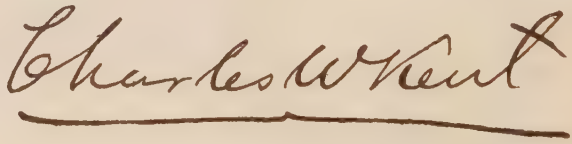
Second: While this general bibliography, without other references, would probably prove a sufficient guide to a comprehensive study of this subject, the student more closely concerned with the study of any particular author will find incorporated in the individual sketches, or more frequently appended to them, special bibliographies of distinct service. These bibliographies have been prepared by the authors of the sketches, with varying degrees of completeness and with individual differences of presentation.

Third: Without these aids to fuller investigation the reader will find the selections from any author sufficient in length and completeness to give a just idea of the author's power, and sufficient in number and variety to establish in some cases marked versatility. Generalizations as to the tenor and trend of Southern literature will be found in the historical sketch given in its appropriate volume.

Fourth: The fifteenth volume will contain a biographical dictionary of Southern authors and a classified index of the whole series. The biographical dictionary will be more than a mere finding list, it will consist of brief notices of the life and works of about twenty-five hundred Southern authors. In small compass will be given enough information to make further study of these authors comparatively easy. The classified index will enable the thoughtful reader to see at a glance in what proportion the different types of literature—such as lyric poems, dramas, essays, short stories, etc.—have been produced by Southern writers. It will enable him, also, to turn

at once to any of the authors represented, to any of the several hundred contributors, and to any article or topic included in the preceding fourteen volumes.

Notice of the fourteenth volume has been reserved for the last. Under the directing editorship of Dr. C. Alphonso Smith it will prove of indispensable value and fascinating interest. It will not be devoted to individual authors but to anonymous and fugitive poems, to single poems of merit from authors not generally renowned, to editorials of historic import, to notable epitaphs and inscriptions, to significant letters, to legends and traditions, to historical data, to famous sayings and apt quotations, to myths and folk-lore tales, to anecdotes, and, in general, to rare material illustrative of Southern life and character.



COPYRIGHT ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Whenever a selection has been used that required copyright permission, credit has been duly given; but, in addition, general and grateful acknowledgment for highly appreciated courtesies is here made to the following owners and publishers represented in this volume:

Mrs. Susan S. Adams; Avery Publishing Company; Mrs. George W. Bagby; A. S. Barnes and Company; Mrs. Lottie A. Boner; Century Publishing Company; Dodd, Mead and Company; Edwards and Broughton; W. M. Gardner; Harper and Brothers; E. R. Herrick and Company; Houghton, Mifflin Company; Mr. A. E. Kenney; J. B. Lippincott and Company; Little, Brown and Company; Macmillan Company; Neale Publishing Company; New York *Independent;* Werner and Company; W. A. Wilde Company.

Throughout this work titles of books are put in single quotation marks, titles of separate items, such as essays, poems, etc., in double quotation marks, and names of periodicals in italics.

ELWYN ANDERSON ALDERMAN

INTRODUCTION

THE LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE is given to the country in the belief that it will enrich the national spirit by the light it throws upon the life of a sincere and distinctive section of the republic. Its primary purpose, therefore, is national enrichment and not sectional glorification, though the makers of the work hold the belief that it is a desirable thing that the dwellers in so distinctly marked a section as the South should have special knowledge of their own writers, and should develop such pride in them as their work may deserve. Perhaps, too, it is well to differentiate between a true and a false sectionalism, in view of the stubborn confusion of thought in the use of these terms.

Sectionalism is naïve and even sinister when its votaries merely distrust those who do not live where they do; when they measure everything by local and, therefore, narrow standards, and when they refuse to see beyond local barriers, or to realize the commonness and kinship of all life. The merely sectional idea reaches a climax of folly and hurtfulness when it exalts complaisancy and self-satisfaction above open-mindedness and constant analysis. Thoughtfully considered, force, and fruitfulness, and beauty inhere in the sectional idea, and it is very superficial not to perceive these qualities and very stupid not to reckon with them. The story of our country is the story of great sections developing individual characteristics under the pressure of social and economic conditions, and then, by the strength of sheer local pride and distinctiveness, reacting upon other sections, and thus shaping into unity that complex result which we call national character.

Let us put aside, then, all thought of sinister sectionalism in thinking of the work here undertaken, and center our thought upon sectionalism considered simply as love of home, and interest and affection for one's neighbors. The great literatures of the world have been the work of those who loved their home lands, and who saw so deeply and so accurately into the meaning of life just about them, that they uttered their

experiences in forms of such simple beauty and truth as to touch the universal heart, and so attained cosmopolitanism and sometimes immortality. Burns upturned the modest violet in rude Scottish earth, but its fate and its fragrance have filled the world. One cannot imagine Homer and the great Greeks traveling abroad for inspiration. It is not strange to our quieter thought that England was the crystal drop in which Shakespeare mirrored the world's experience; nor do the quiet lakes seem too narrow a theatre to body forth to Wordsworth's mind his interpretative vision of Nature. Christ needed only the sights and sounds of Judean by-ways to furnish Him with material for the pictures which, hanging forever in our minds, excel all others in wisdom and in beauty.

Indeed, an essential condition of all true literature is that it shall have birth out of individual experience and in an intensely local atmosphere; but there is also the other essential condition that it shall be so charged with sympathy and broadened by understanding as to have universal application.

The South has been called a sincere and distinctive section of the republic. It is all that and more. Of all our well-defined sections it seems to be the richest in romanticism and idealism, in tragedy and suffering, and in pride of region and love of home. English civilization began on its water courses, and for nearly three hundred years it has lived under an ordered government. It is difficult to imagine how the Nation could have been fostered into maturity without the influences that came from the South. Under the play of great historic forces this region developed so strong a sense of unity within itself as to issue in a claim of separate nationality, which it was willing to defend in a great war. No other section of our country has ever known in its fullest sense so complete a discipline of war and defeat; nor has any group of men or states ever mastered new conditions and reconquered peace and prosperity with more dignity and self-reliance. Here then would seem to be all the elements for the making of a great literature —experiences of triumph and suffering, achievement and defeat. The Library of Southern Literature does not set itself the task of exploiting any theory, or of justifying any boast. It desires simply to lay before men for their study and reflection the record of life as revealed in literature.

The literature of all America was dismissed with a sneer until nearly a third of the last century had passed. Great orations, great state papers, great manifestos about human liberty, had indeed come from this land, and from this Southern land in particular; but a literature of analysis, of description, of interpretation, of vast human sympathy, could not come forth from a people occupied so objectively in the work of building and pioneering. Unquestionably, certain great forces at work in the South minimized the career of the man or woman who felt the impulse to utter the experiences of life in literary forms. It is not necessary to summarize or marshal for consideration these various forces. Much comfort and pride are to be found in the knowledge that no circumstances, however inhospitable, could wholly stifle this large impulse for utterance. A just appraisement of human values will place the makers of literature in the South, during the decades stretching between 1840 and 1870, alongside, if not above, our martial heroes, as souls of very rare quality from whose eyes no veil could hide the vision of things human and spiritual. It is just here that THE LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE derives its chiefest justification. There is revealed, through its pages, a passion for self-expression and interpretation, of men and women who had no proper audience, and, hence, no strengthening sympathy. Men like Poe and Simms and Timrod and Hayne and Kennedy and Gayarré, and a half score others of the ante-bellum writers, belong of right to this inspiring company. One other thing, at least, this Work will do in addition to its larger human and national purpose. It will make clear that the literary barrenness of the South has been overstated, and its contributions to American literature undervalued, both as to quantity and quality.

A new day has come, and with it a new literature marked by new energy, new freedom and self-analysis, and descriptive power. Democracy has made up its mind at last to care for its children with persistence and intelligence. The growth of urban pride and responsibility, the determination to increase the attractiveness and charm of country life; the transforming of illiterate masses into reading constituencies, promise a more sympathetic era for those who write books for their fellow men to read.

In the summer of 1881, I saw Sidney Lanier in the mountains of North Carolina, vainly seeking strength to work on at his task. "The Marshes of Glynn" and "Corn" were new and beautiful songs to my ears. Some years later, under the trees of my old college, I read "Marse Chan," with a new comprehension of the wealth and fullness of the unvoiced life of the land, which those of us born here love so well. Southern literature had, to that period, largely meant to me orations, polemics, threnodies, defenses. A dim hint of the beauty and power of the unworked fields came into my mind, and with it a hope that the land itself would give birth to the voices fit to break the silences. THE LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE sets forth the story of how these voices appeared in due time and did their work, and the bare recital should be itself a stimulant to pride, and an encouragement to those who shall hereafter seek to find and express truth in life.

THOMAS ALBERT SMITH ADAMS

[1839—1888]

DABNEY LIPSCOMB

THE great-grandparents of T. A. S. Adams, as he was generally called, were Welsh-Irish Presbyterians, who emigrated from Ireland to South Carolina in 1766. Abram Adams, his father, moved with his wife and five children, in 1834, to Noxubee County, Mississippi, and bought a tract of land from the Indians. Ten out of the fourteen children in this thrifty, intelligent, religious family lived to the age of twenty-one. Among them was T. A. S. Adams, born February 5, 1839, and named for a general under whom his father served in the War of 1812. From the neighborhood school he entered, with marked literary proclivities, the University of Mississippi and completed the Junior year, graduating with honors at Emory and Henry College, Virginia, in 1860. The same year he married, and entered the Methodist ministry. He was chaplain of the 11th Mississippi Volunteers in the Confederate Army. Transferring in 1871 from the Mobile Conference, which he had joined, to the North Mississippi Conference, formed that year, he soon ranked among the leaders in the Conference, filling important stations and at intervals appointed to the presidency of several church schools. He was among the first, and one of the ablest and most earnest, advocates of a Mississippi Methodist College. His remarkable epic poem, 'Enscotidion; or, Shadow of Death,' was published in 1876. 'Aunt Peggy and Other Poems' appeared in 1882, in which year he was a delegate from his Conference to the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by his alma mater in 1884. In 1886 he became president of Centenary College, Louisiana, but resigned the next year and moved to Jackson, Mississippi, where he established a school with the design of having it become the State Methodist College. But his plans miscarried, and he reëntered the itinerant ministry in the North Mississippi Conference. At the annual Conference in December, 1888, he preached with great power, to the delight and edification of his hearers. He died suddenly, from a stroke of apoplexy, December 21, 1888, in the railway station at Jackson, Mississippi, while preparing to leave for his new appointment at Oxford, Mississippi. The following day, after eloquent

tributes to his memory by Bishop C. B. Galloway and Dr. W. B. Murrah, his remains were laid to rest in the city cemetery.

As a learned, and at times brilliant and profound preacher, Dr. Adams was perhaps best known. Poetical and philosophical, spiritual and logical, scholarly and original—it is not surprising that he came to eminence. But as a man of letters more than as an educator and preacher is he entitled to distinction. Considering his opportunities, his scholarship was extraordinary, as his carefully kept ledger notebooks as well as his publications abundantly attest. He was master of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew; and he could read with ease in three or four modern languages besides his own. To various church papers he was a frequent and versatile contributor. In controversy he was skilful, ready, formidable. Fiction, in various forms, he essayed in his later years, leaving five incomplete stories and several legends among his manuscripts. But poetry was his passion and his luxury, even from boyhood; and his place and rank as a poet may be appraised by the two volumes which he contributed to Southern literature.

The author himself culled his poems carefully for the volume published in 1882, entitled 'Aunt Peggy and Other Poems.' "Aunt Peggy" is a narrative poem of about thirty-one hundred lines, broken into ten chapters. Written in short iambic couplets, discursively narrative, the poem as a whole is disappointing. The pictures of a simple, hardy country life in Mississippi seventy or eighty years ago are interesting; the old field-school, in chapter seven, especially so, because of its graphic and humorous portrayal. The tenth chapter is the longest and as poetry the best. In it there are richer, softer tints, and the poet sings to the flute, rather than to the harp. The flickerings of youthful sentiment in "Aunt Peggy's" aged, widowed heart are revealed with tender grace, and the closing apostrophe to Memory is a noble utterance.

The twenty-seven other poems in the volume with "Aunt Peggy" are mostly of a personal and religious nature. "Bury Him in the Sea," on the burial of Dr. Coke at sea, is a spirited poem with fine imagery and lofty sentiments. "Growing Gray," "Never so Much as Now," "While we May," "Hic Jacet," and several others in the minor key attest, in contemplative mood, genuine inspiration and artistic execution. "Old Papers" and "Even with the World" are fanciful and have a note of humor with a serious undertone.

But the measure of Dr. Adams as a poet should be taken by his first volume 'Enscotidion; or, Shadow of Death,' published in 1876, with an Introduction by Rev. R. A. Young, D.D. In youth the author had versified a negro's grotesque dream of a visit to the

lower world, and called it "Cuffy's Dream." Fascinated, apparently, by the mysterious theme, for years he continued more seriously his efforts to fathom its depths and light its darkness. The result is 'Enscotidion; or, Shadow of Death,' an epic of six hundred and fifty-two Spenserian stanzas and seven lyrics, divided into five cantos of nearly equal length. Self-reliant and intrepid indeed is the spirit that would attempt to wake new music on the mighty harp from which "The Inferno" and "Paradise Lost" were evoked. It is not the orchestral music of the old masters, very truly; for in scope, machinery, and measure 'Enscotidion' differs widely from their great epics. Yet in places there are suggestions of Miltonic sweep and grandeur; elsewhere are approaches to Dantesque realism in the vivid conjunction of things earthly and unearthly; again, in versification and tendency to allegory Spenserian traces are easily discernible. No Satan and Michael, Virgil and Beatrice, or Archimago and Duessa appear in 'Enscotidion.' Time, Death, Disease, Night, Solitude, Reason, Hope, Faith, Fiends, and Furies, and a youth from Earth guided by Despair, are the chief acquaintances to be formed in this realm of phantoms and of horrors. Through all this "strange, wild dream" a serious purpose runs, which is, to show that this side of death, however steeped in sin the soul may be, there is yet hope of heaven.

Applause from high sources was bestowed on the new poet. Dr. Young begins his Introduction with the prediction that "the author of 'Enscotidion' is destined to take a high rank among the poets of America"; and Bishop J. C. Keener is credited with the remark that Dr. Adams ought to have time and means to give a poetical interpretation to the Apocalypse, being the only man he knew able to do this. But, owing to its nature and more perhaps to the unpropitious times in the South for the favorable reception of poetry of the kind, the work did not receive generally the attention that it deserved. A slight revision with a brief prefatory argument to each canto would doubtless have increased the number of its readers. Only one edition of the poem has been published.

Unequal, admittedly, 'Enscotidion' is; but what poem of six thousand lines is not? At times even Homer nods, Milton proses, and Dante is repulsively gruesome or grotesque. The epilogue stanzas addressed to the muse or to the reader, and the touches of morbid humor or satire, which might have been omitted in a revision, are the most serious defects of the poem. That to such amazing depths and agonizing distances, to so good purpose and with so few artistic lapses, the poet in imagination or phantasy carries Azan,

is a feat no less than wonderful, an achievement almost unparalleled in American literature.

Among the manuscripts of Dr. Adams is the fragment of another epic, 'The Lost Restored.' The argument for five books is complete. A lyric invocation and most of the first book in blank verse have been written. Heaven and illimitable space, saints and angels, Christ and God are the objects and personages in this projected epic. Men and devils do not appear, for the Judgment with its momentous issues has long since passed. Twelve legions of angels dispatched ten thousand years before to a universe millions and millions of miles distant have not returned. A council is held in heaven. How they were lost and how restored is the theme of this well-nigh celestial tragedy. It is referred to only to show more fully the ardent poetic nature and the lofty literary aspirations of Dr. Adams.

Dabney Lipscomb

BIBLIOGRAPHY

For fuller information of the life and writings of this poet, preacher and scholarly teacher, the reader is referred to the appended bibliography. His manuscripts in excellent state of preservation are in the hands of his widow, Mrs. Susan S. Adams, who now lives at Emory, Virginia, her paternal home.

Enscotidion; or, Shadow of Death. By the Rev. T. A. S. Adams, A.M.; With an Introduction by R. A. Young, D.D.; Edited by Thomas O. Summers, D.D. Nashville, Tennessee, Southern Methodist Publishing House, 1876.

Aunt Peggy and Other Poems. By Rev. T. A. S. Adams; Cincinnati, Walden and Stowe, Printers, 1882.

Memoir of T. A. S. Adams, D.D. By W. T. J. Sullivan, D.D.; *North Mississippi Conference Annual,* 1889.

T. A. S. Adams, Poet, Educator, and Pulpit Orator. By Dabney Lipscomb; *Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society;* Vol. IV., 1901.

BURY HIM IN THE SEA

Lines Suggested by the Burial of Dr. Coke. From 'Aunt Peggy and Other Poems.' All selections are used by kind permission of Mrs. Susan S. Adams.

Bury him in the sea!
What earthly mausoleum half so grand?
Too narrow any other grave, for he
Belongs to every land.

His world-embracing heart
Gives to the ocean pulse-beat something more
Than the dull splash of waves that strike and part
Upon the rock-bound shore.

His is no dull repose
'Neath turf and evergreen and chiseled stone;
But out o'er all the world his spirit goes
To every clime and zone.

E'en where the icy floes
Lock in the islands of the Arctic bleak,
Tongues have been taught 'mid everlasting snows
His mission grand to speak.

And where the whip-poor-will
In dark savannahs tunes her nightly strain,
The joyful hallelujah echoes still,
And Nature shouts, Amen!

And where the cocoa isles
So beautifully dot the Southern seas,
Soft voices lute-like grown 'neath Heaven's smiles
Float out upon the breeze.

Along the rugged coast
Where growls the hoarse Atlantic to the gale,
There let the thundering billows wake the host
With many a loud "All hail!"

Let every hollow roar
Recall his earnest voice, persuasive still
To teach the sons of men to sin no more,
But learn their Maker's will.

Yes! By the Ganges flood
Let India's mothers listen, while its flow
Less turbid grows with sacrificial blood
And tears of hopeless woe.

Far back to Thibet's crags
Let the cry ring along its winding tide,
Waking from out its fens of reeds and flags
Mortals of light denied.

Till from the broad Amoor
And Lena's ice-clogged mouth the new-made song
Full, free, and ceaseless as their floods shall pour
Their swelling notes along.

Yes! Lay him in the sea!
Too small the coffin, far too small the grave!
Fitting it is his resting-place should be
The ocean's boundless wave.

Lower the lifeless clod!
Down, down in grottoes where Leviathan
Sleeps in the solitude of his abode,
Lower the holy man!

Bury and leave alone!
Speed on, O ship, an Eye is in the skies!
Speed on! The Master only said, "Well done!
Enter my Paradise!"

Roll on, O sea; a day
Is coming when a more resplendent sun
Shall shine upon thy billows. Then shall say
That voice again, "Well done!"

And as from shore to shore
Wave gleams on wave o'er all the boundless sea,
Thou shalt give up thy charge, who never more
Shall know mortality.

WHILE WE MAY

From 'Aunt Peggy and Other Poems.'

While we may the morning dews
Catch with all their gorgeous hues;
While in clear auroral light
Nature smiles away the night,
And the breezes from the blooms
Steal the richest of perfumes,
Let us from the blushing day
Borrow sweetness while we may.

While the day clouds dot the sky
Piled like snowy mountains high;
Ere the thunder peals afar
Notes of elemental war;
While as yet the murmuring breeze
Gently fans the drowsy trees,
And the storm is far away,
Let us labor while we may.

While the twilight's crimson glow,
Floods the sleepy world below,
As through rifted clouds the sun
Smiles good-night when day is done;
While o'er field and wood and stream
Half awake and half in dream,
Falls the sunlight's golden spray,
Let us catch it while we may.

While we may! Time lingers not,
Fast he flies on noiseless foot.
Wisdom's counsel is to seize
Passing opportunities.

Deeds to-day! To-morrow's scheme
Is a vain, delusive dream.
Fortune, like the potter's clay,
Should be molded while it may.

There are roads of mortal life,
Easy some, but full of strife
Others; but the patient soul
Reaches at the end a goal,
Where in honor or in shame
It beholds in lines of flame
Woe or joy without decay;
Choose the road while yet you may!

While we may, a stainless mind,
Feed with heavenly food refined;
While the wings of hope are strong,
Mounting high and soaring long;
While our faith, with steady eye,
Sees, beyond a changing sky,
Glories born of cloudless day,
Let us seek them while we may.

While we may, on tables write
Names imperishably bright;
While we may, e'en from the tomb,
Give the world a sweet perfume;
While we may a starry throne
Gain where sorrow is unknown,
And its mighty scepter sway,
Let us win it while we may.

GROWING GRAY

From 'Aunt Peggy and Other Poems.'

Growing gray! A silver line
Clotho spins me day by day,
And as through the black they shine
I am growing old, they say!

But I'm on the sunny slope
Of the hills of middle life;
Who would say to mar my hope,
"Atropos whets up her knife?"
Yes, she whets as Clotho spins,
Clips a fiber here and there;
Day by day the lock she thins
Of each smoothest, blackest hair—
Black ones that will come no more
After they have dropt away;
While the wrinkles tell me o'er
I am growing old and gray.

And is age so very nigh?
Yesterday my heart was light.
Now a film is on my eye,
But 'tis ten o'clock at night,
I am growing gray—that's all;
'Tis an easy thing to read
When the letters are not small;
But this type is bad indeed.
I've a stiffness in my knee—
'Twas not there a year ago—
'Tis the climate's work, you see,
And the lot of man below.
There's a dullness at the heart,
Labor brought that on to-day;
Rest will cause it to depart,
Though it leaves me still more gray.

Growing gray and grayer still!
Looking in the glass I see
Some one hobbling down the hill,
Seeming to be hunting me.
Bent his form, and dim his eye,
How he prates of days agone!
Begging of his memory
One fresh picture—only one.
Only one where Love and Hope
Weave a fadeless wreath to crown

Youth's fair brow, whose pathway up
  Ne'er shall know a going down.
But I look again,—I see
  Into night he fades away;
Does he think while hunting me
  That I'm growing old and gray?

Can the Future's ghost grow old?
  Toothless and of faltering speech,
Howsoe'er the past may scold
  Its young grandchild, out of reach,
Hides behind the curtains bright
  In its games of hide and seek;
Let me play with it to-night
  Ere the roses leave my cheek.
Down, ye bitter memories!
  Down, ye dark forebodings, down!
In the blissful future rise
  Brightest visions ever known.
Be they false or be they true,
  What is that, since you disdain
Giving back the locks that grew
  Glossy on my brow in vain?
O ye cares that on my track
  Hover like a beast of prey!
I'll not try to drive you back,
  Though I'm growing old and gray.

Growing gray! Beyond the sun
  Sinking slow o'er western slopes,
Streams perennially run,
  Sparkling with immortal hopes.
And as on those streams I look,
  Glossy shine the locks as ever;
Life is still the purling brook—
  Not the noisy, turbid river.
Care is but a phantom grim,
  Drawn with charcoal on the wall.
Who would be afraid of him,
  Whether seeming great or small?

Faith sits calmly in the shade
  Laughing foolish fears away;
And I smile to hear it said,
  "He is growing old and gray."

Go, thou spinster sister, go!
  Spin for love or spin for spite!
Let the locks still thinner grow!
  Let the threads grow still more white.
Clip, thou scowling sister, clip!
  Clip it short, or clip it long;
I'll not let the moment slip
  For a glad and hopeful song.
For the Graces, too, can spin,
  They can weave 'mid clouds and snows
Veils of spotless white as thin
  As those that on the mount repose.
When the angel of the night
  Stoops to change with that of day,
And with its departing light
  Blends the golden with the gray.

INVOCATION

From 'Enscotidion; or Shadow of Death' Canto First.

Muse of the heavenly strain and stainless wing,
  May I invoke thee? Would a seraph lay
Aside the golden harp, and cease to sing
  The anthems of the shining court of day,
  And on a lonely mission speed away
To catch the discord of a world of night?
  Thou sportest where the yellow sunbeams play
Wanton with human hopes and fancies bright,
Till e'en the blackest clouds swarm with the hosts of light.

There, with such beauties ever wont to dwell,
  Thou weavest harp-strings of their golden hair.
Stoop, heavenly muse, upon us, and beguile
  The woe of some unfriended child of care;
  Or wilt thou never quit celestial air?

Fair daughter of those happy realms, in vain
  Eyes from the prison windows of despair
Their tearful, woe-beclouded vision strain
To catch the sight of thee, who com'st to break their chain.

If, then, to thee, through scenes of woe and night,
  The privilege to rove at will be given,
Descend with me to Erebus, and light
  Its darkness for awhile with beams from heaven.
  Upon the ear of hopeless spirits even
Let fall some note of heavenly harmony,
  By which the howling furies may be driven
Awhile to deeper shades; and hell may be
A land not tumult all, while occupied by thee.

But if, in shadows deep enveloped, still
  This God-forsaken land must ever groan—
If o'er this gulf no angel pinion will
  Essay to pass—may mortal dare alone
  To grope amid the darkness of th' unknown?
May I, then, unattended seek the shades?
  Shall I, so unacquainted with my own,
Explore a world where none but spirit treads,
Chasing a fatuus light o'er its dark everglades?

Ye restless demons, that are doomed to stay
  The denizens of darkness evermore,
May I invoke you, and attune my lay
  To sound more horrid than the angry roar
  Of clashing islands off the Thracian shore?
May I with you infernal lightnings dare,
  And o'er obstructions, never passed before,
Successful toil, and reach a region where
The unfrequented isles the golden fleeces bear?

THE COURT OF DEATH

From 'Enscotidion; or Shadow of Death' Canto Third.

But now his car is at the audience-hall,
And all his somber train, with measured tread,
Move through the silent streets. How sadly all
The people of this city of the dead
Look on the solemn pomp! All hope has fled
Full many a heart—yet on the pageant goes;
And Azan, by his guardian-spirit led,
Follows, with heart oppressed, he scarcely knows
Whither, while thus a fury seems to mock his woes:

"Hail, mortal, whatever thy land!
Though visions of Eden were thine,
Though zephyrs have hitherto fanned
Thy forehead and temples divine,
Come hither, and sit by the waves as they roll,
Now sinking abysmal, now reaching the pole,
And answer in wailings each sorrowful note,
That breaks o'er the roar of the sea,
From mariners wrecked, who hopelessly float
Down on the rough billows to thee.

* * * * * *

"Now gather, ye servants of Death;
Quit, quit your dark, narrow confine,
Nor waste in sad wailing your breath,
Thus shaming your title divine.
Come, mortal, thou pilgrim from over the sea,
Attend to the summons, and visit with me
The court of the monarch who gloomily sits
Enthroned in the Hall of the Dead,
And bear to the earth from its numberless sprites
The story of wonder and dread."

Then rose a little cloud of sordid dust
From every hillock on that beach so vast;
The ocean also rendered back its trust,
And millions crowded o'er its boiling waste.
It seemed that there would never come the last;

For still they came, and denser grew the cloud,
Which on the wing of tempest hurried past,
And into the dark hall began to crowd,
Which hardly room enough for one in ten allowed.

Yet on they pressed, until assembled; all
Bowed to the haughty monarch on his throne,
Which rose within the center of the hall,
And with the beams of light infernal shone.
Then from the throng arose a hollow moan,
Which echoed o'er the city loud and long;
And Azan answered with a stifled groan,
Which found no echo but the fury's song,
Still ringing in his ears above the wailing throng.

Then rose a specter of unsightly mien,
And long in contemplation looked around.
The vast assemblage was no longer seen,
And silence reigned oppressively profound.
Each cloud had settled to a little mound,
Scarce noticeable to a careless eye,
Yet, trodden on, gave forth a hollow sound,
That seemed to say to Azan, "Here we lie;
Tread softly over us, for thou must also die."

The tyrant summoned then the silent host
To rise, and from the little mounds of dust
Rose every spirit to his wonted post.
The first of these in honor and in trust,
A prince of many names, but known as Lust,
His bloated image placed before the throne.
With self-approving dignity he thrust
His loathsome company on every one,
And e'en on Death, who thus began, in haughty tone:

"Thou, first to answer to my royal call,
Whose name is Legion, and whose honors are
As numerous—one name must serve for all;
Then I will call thee Lust. Come, thou, prepare
To tell me of thy service rendered. Where

Are the rich spoils won by ignoble life?
Where are the fruits of diligence and care
In sowing seeds with death and sorrow rife?
Go, call them from thy halls of lechery and strife."

"Most worthy monarch," then the imp replied,
"Behold the good which I have turned to ill.
Here stand the proofs before thee at my side,
And half this mighty audience-chamber fill.
How I have sought the pious domicile,
And talked of heaven and eternity,
Let these attest, as thousands surely will;
And none can have assurance to deny
That none has done a work so damnable as I.

"Pure love is banished from the human breast,
And chastity lives only as the dead—
A saintly nothing in a land of rest,
To which a beggared race of crones has fled.
Rapine and Rage rave riotous and red
With blood of innocents; Crime stalks at noon,
Shameless and fearless, to the wanton's bed;
And beasts stand wonder-stricken, that so soon
Their guiltless blood must flow for crimes which man has done.

"Thrones, palaces, and kingdoms I have won;
Earth's proudest princes worship at my shrine;
And Beauty lays its richest gifts upon
The altars consecrate to lust and wine.
Youth, hopeful youth, of countenance divine,
Besotted, see, with wan and burning cheek,
Belie his Maker's blessing and design;
While furies on his guilty conscience wreak
Dire vengeance that extorts full many a hopeless shriek.

"Here premature old age, on weary feet,
Totters to thy embrace, and groans and dies;
Here parents wrap their babe in burial-sheet,
Which envious Heaven to their prayers denies;
Here ghastly Want, with haggard visage, tries

To welcome thee, sweet harbinger of rest;
And here dark Melancholy sits and sighs,
Debating sadly whether it were best
To wait thy summons or to leap into thy breast.

"Ten thousand vices, and for every vice
Ten thousand slaves, attest thy services,
Until the blooming bowers of paradise
Not half so many leaves and flowers possess.
On, on to thee, with eager haste they press,
To fill the far-extended bounds of hell
With their prolific brood of wretchedness.
Look o'er this vast array, O Death, and tell
If I, thy servant, have not done my duty well."

Then answered Death: "How short must glory last,
E'en to a servant who has been most true!
But these will hardly serve to break my fast;
And from them must I turn to fast anew?
Are these the mightiest deeds that thou canst do
To keep thy honored post of trust with me?
This scanty tithe of being? Go, pursue
Some shorter path across the sullen sea,
By which to bring the ruined sons of Deity.

"For couldst thou call from this unsounded deep
The countless generations buried there;
Couldst thou through heaven's ethereal regions sweep,
And gather all the hosts of its pure air;
Couldst thou send blight and wailing everywhere,
Till all earth's fields and islands evergreen
Grew pestilential with thy breath; though there
The flowers grew tainted, and the sons of men
Made earth a place more foul than hell has ever been—

"What were it all to me, thou bloated beast,
Who eatest up the flesh, and dost but throw
The wasted skeleton to me, to feast
Upon—a dog of thine, so mean and low
That I must eat thy crumbs, or starving go!

Give! Give! a universal holocaust,
To gorge me with the last expiring woe
Of all creation! Less than this, the most
But whets my appetite. Lo, I am but a ghost!

"Ambition! Come, thou art a courtier here;
Come, tell me what is by thy service brought.
Thou dost in armor bright and wreaths appear;
Is this to shield thee, and that other sought
Through vanity? Thou tremblest, dost thou not,
To look upon me? Lo, this shaft of mine—
The strongest that hell's forge has ever wrought—
Can cleave that Liliputian mail of thine,
And thee and all thy trophies to the dust consign."

"And art thou ignorant," Ambition said,
"Of all my mighty deeds, despotic Death?
Go ask yon spectral armies of the dead
Who sent them hither. Yes, I wear a wreath,
In winning which I dared thee to thy teeth;
And having won, I wear. No boasting vain
Has ever once been uttered by my breath.
To truckle to the proudest I disdain,
And here hurl back defiance to thy teeth again."

At this the monarch smiled a ghastly smile,
And, in cajoling accents, thus replied:
"Hold, noble spirit! but reflect awhile
How honors scatter in a storm of pride.
Pause now, and all resentment lay aside,
And say not what thou wilt, but what thou hast
Accomplished. Mark, thy worth is not denied;
But show thy trophies of achievements past,
And let all know the worth of them, from first to last."

Pleased at this speech, Ambition took his crown
Of flowers from his brow, and, bending low
Beside the monarch's throne, he laid it down;
Then next his armor proffered to bestow.
He then proceeded pompously to show

What meant the various marks and scars it bore;
These served to let a race of dastards know
The matchless prowess of the man that wore,
And those were made by fools who ne'er should battle more.

"And, lo!" said he, "where I have been and hurled
Princes and palaces together down,
And wrought the ruin of a peaceful world,
To build a temple or confirm a crown.
Are nations haughty or luxurious grown?
I give them up to war, rapine, and sack;
The people's household gods are overthrown;
Their pillaged homes and temples, charred and black,
Are guide-posts to Disease and Famine on my track.

"My trophies thou wouldst see? Lo, yonder lie
Ten thousand putrefying carcasses!
Breathe their sweet odor, reeking to the sky,
And feel the gnawing of thy hunger less!
Go to that mother, in her deep distress,
And mark her tears, as I have often done;
Go heal her broken heart, her wrongs redress,
By telling of the valor of that son
Whose face divine she never more shall look upon.

"Ask yonder wretch, whom unrelenting Fate
Has dragged from wealth to utter penury,
Why now he wanders homeless, desolate,
Begging his bread of earth's cold charity.
Ask of that broken-hearted maid if he
She loved returned, but, base, betrayed her trust.
Her sobs will answer, 'No,' most bitterly;
He fell a victim to Ambition's lust,
And in a nameless grave he molders back to dust.

"Ask of the sorrowing father, whom rude Time
Has left but hoary locks, and furrowed cheek,
And tottering step, and withered hopes, behind
Aspiring manhood's miserable wreck;
And if he heave a sigh, and fail to speak,

Ask of that pale-faced widow why that child
  Ne'er looks for father now; and she will break
Her silence with the voice of wailing wild—
The wail of heart once happy in a land that smiled.

"The ruthless steel my right hand steeps in blood,
  The left the fagot brandishes on high;
With one I pour on earth a crimson flood,
  And with the other light the midnight sky
  With horrid conflagration. Hark! a cry
Rises amid yon ruins, as they fall;
  It is a hopeless people there that die
To leave a niche within some temple's wall
For such as Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal.

"The blooming earth becomes a wilderness
  Where'er I tread. Behold yon distant skies,
Where Lucifer, disdaining to be less,
  Dared e'en against Omnipotence to rise!
  There first confusion in the symphonies
Of seraph-harps I made, and angels fell;
  Down came the host, and, passing paradise,
Dragged man along, with all his seed, to swell
The mighty avalanche, upon its way to hell.

"Mercy weeps sadly o'er her daughter, Peace,
  Who, murdered by my hand, before her lies;
Love the last rite performs at her decease,
  Then lifts the dewy curtains of her eyes
  Cerulean, drops a tear, and heavenward flies,
To join her sisters in that region where
  No bitter enmities, nor tears, nor sighs,
Nor blasted hopes, nor comfortless despair,
Waits on the wretched race whose heritage is care."

He ceased and proudly waved his hand, and War
  Called up his millions in a serried host;
And Famine led a train extending far
  O'er many a weary league of that drear coast;
  Murder came up; and then the pallid ghost

Of Pestilence breathed foulest odors o'er
The moving multitude. "These I can boast
As mine, O Death! If thou demandest more,
My honors and my sword I here to thee restore."

"Are these enough?" said Death, on looking round;
"Away, ye braggarts, with your worthless train!"
His voice was answered by the rumbling sound
Of hell beneath. And Azan looked again,
But only saw the far-extended plain
Dotted with little mounds; the gloomy sea
Was chanting all alone its sad refrain;
Death sat upon his throne, and sullenly
Gnashed his huge teeth and died, a gaunt nonentity.

Vanished! a vision full of strangest whims!
Magnificently terrible! Yet all
Upon the tablet of the memory dims,
And leaves us musing in the vacant hall.
Come, let us mount his throne, and mock his call;
For there was melody e'en in the groans;
There was a line of beauty where the pall
Most darkly folded o'er the putrid bones;
And what a matchless grandeur in those empty thrones!

HEW AINSLIE

[1792—1878]

ALEXANDER ST. CLAIR MACKENZIE

"But the canty hearth where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our ee—
That makes to us a warl' complete,
Oh! the ingle side for me."

CARVED over many a fireplace in America is this vignette of the cosy ingle or fire-side. In Cave Hill Cemetery, Louisville, these lines are chiseled on an upright shaft of red Scots granite, at the base of which sleeps Hew Ainslie, who for nearly half a century was cherished on Kentucky's bosom. As he rests in her arms his foster-mother is proud of him, and well may she count him worthy of a place among the writers of Southern literature.

If once you saw Ainslie, how could you forget him,—six feet four inches in height, and erect as an athlete? Blue eyes cheerily glistened under a lofty forehead. Until near the gloaming of his earthly career dark-brown locks crowned a head whose symmetry hinted at mental poise and ideality. You could neither gaze upon that kindly face nor pass that stately figure without looking back and saying, "Who is he?"

Have you ever fished in the Girvan water? That river of south-western Scotland could tell some thrilling stories of Robert the Bruce and of the Covenanters. Here it runs close to the oaks and firs of Bargany, an old estate of the Kennedys, afterwards bought by the Hamiltons, under one of whom, Sir Hew D. Hamilton, Ainslie's father, saw military service in Austria. At the cottage on the laurel-crested hillock near the bridge Hew Ainslie was born in 1792. A more appropriate name could scarcely have been chosen for the lad. Hew is from the Cymric *Hu,* which originally signifies the sun-god, and then means mental radiance or thought. Ainslie is a name found in both Scotland and England. In the borderland it is of Gaelic origin, and probably comes from *Aen-lacch,* unique hero, the *s* of Ainslie being intrusive.

A private tutor prepared Hew to enter the parish school of Ballantrae, where he first listened to the message of the sea as he mingled with fishermen, sailors, and former smugglers. He next

entered Ayr Academy, but in his fourteenth year the mother called him home. For three more years he found employment in the Bargany gardens, a training that helped to develop his love of nature. The diversions of the growing lad were innocent enough. On the boards of a granary, which was converted into a sort of theatre, he played the part of Anna in Home's "Douglas" and of Jenny in Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd." For years Ainslie's cultured mother had been accustomed to sing the lyrics scattered through Ramsay's pastoral, and this was the only form of poetry that appealed to his boyish nature. It was the mother, whose maiden name was Grahame Steel, that crooned the old ballads and unforgettable folk-songs, or recited stirring tales of romance.

In 1809 his father, George Ainslie, went east from Bargany to Roslin, and the lad was apprenticed to a Glasgow lawyer. As he found legal study distasteful, he secured a clerkship in the Register House, Edinburgh. At times he escaped the monotony of the desk by writing ballads and songs, some of the former finding their way into Chambers's collection of 'Scottish Ballads.' Ainslie obtained another respite from his daily drudgery when in 1817 Professor Dugald Stewart engaged him as amanuensis. Here he met Maria Edgeworth, Lord Palmerston, and other celebrities of the day. Gradually the clouds of Ainslie's tobacco smoke began to curl into seven letters which looked like America.

The poet was thirty years of age when he sailed from Liverpool for New York, leaving his wife and three children among relatives until he could send for them with safety. The first three years on a farm in New York and the following year in Indiana convinced him that the plough was not for him. In 1829 he engaged in commerce at Louisville, to which city he brought his family. Three years later a flood swept his Louisville property into the Ohio river, and in 1834 a fire ruined his business venture in New Albany, Indiana. With the versatile courage of his race he became a contractor, and he supervised the erection of many a mill and factory, lightening his toil by composing occasional songs and poems.

Forty years after he had left the motherland, he recrossed the Atlantic and was cordially received. It was in 1865 that he returned to Louisville, welcomed by hundreds of his Kentucky friends. It was at a Louisville banquet in 1871 that he humorously confessed having once kissed the widow of Robert Burns. Until his death in 1878 he resided with his eldest son,* George. A fall shattered Hew Ainslie's excellent health and eventually caused his death.

Every man's work, literary or otherwise, is inevitably the result

*To the daughter of George Ainslie, Mrs. L. A. Staib, the writer is under obligation for assistance in preparing this sketch.

of what he thinks, and every man's thoughts are to some extent ruled by the kind of blood that runs in his veins. Why is it that Scotland possesses at least eight thousand melodies? Why is it that no other nation has such a rich heritage of folk-song? Partly by reason of its history, partly by reason of the predominating Celtic element in almost every section of Scotland. As denoted by surnames, the Celticity of its population is about eighty per cent., and Ainslie was born in the Carrick district, where his forefathers spoke Gaelic as late as the Seventeenth century. All through his life and its reflection in his poetry Hew Ainslie shows that in nature as in name he is an Anglo-Celt.

Outside of Gaelic literature it is certain that Ainslie has caught the lift and lilt of the sea waves better than any Scot of modern times. From Homer to Kipling not many men have tried to chant the secrets of the ever-changing waters. Among these singers Ainslie has a place that is not overshadowed even by Thomas Campbell. The sailor-man swears by the chanteys of the forecastle, yet even he will admit that no sane man would hurl into the lee-scuppers verses such as "The Rover o' Lochryan" (accent on the *ry*), "The Lads o' Lendalfit," "The Rover's Song," "Sighings for the Sea," and "A Man Before the Mast." The first is an exquisite snatch of sea music, rhythmic as the schooner's heave in a stiffening breeze and magnetic as the mermaids of mythic lore.

Blessed is Ainslie with the virility of the sea surge, and twice blessed with eyes that often see into the very heart of man. A glimpse of his vision brings wholesome tears or smiles. He speaks when you and I neither dare nor can. If "The Rover o' Lochryan" is the type of a spirited marine narrative, "It's Dowie in the Hint o' Hairst" (It's dreary in the end [lit. behind] of harvest) is a typical lyric of grief. Ainslie never penned lines so simple, so direct, so heart-reaching. The elliptical style leaves much, but not too much to the imagination of the reader, and we feel the universal appeal which stamps a literary effort with genius. Through the medium of a vivid diction we can see the burns grow bold as the autumn rains swell their current, and we are caught by the Hellenic antithesis which portrays the shining eye that darkens the world. Heaven is impersonal when linked with human sorrow, "an' we maun bear what it likes to sen'." We almost hear the speechless sob that introduces the last line with its yearning cry of soul for soul. Of morbidness there is not a trace. "The Bourocks o' Bargeny," "The Ingle Side," "The Gowan o' the West," and "Fair Marion o' Kilkerran" are graceful lyrics, the second of which is especially popular; yet some students will continue to prefer "The Hint o' Hairst."

Ainslie believes in the philosophy of optimism. He is convinced

that whining is unmanly and worse than useless. He smiles oftener than he laughs, and he usually laughs quietly, like a gentleman. His humor is at times as sly as it is irrepressible. Many an example might be culled from poems such as "The Dogs o' Drumachreen," "The Troker," "Taking the Warld," "The Tinkler's Sang," "The Bachellor's Advice," and "The Fishwife's Advice."

The ballads are in a class by themselves. Some of Ainslie's ballads are so brilliantly executed that they might readily be mistaken for Scots folk-songs. He has caught some of the traditional phrases, and with his admirable knowledge of history and letters he represents the robust primal elements of human nature. His choicest ballads are "The Knight of Ellerslie," "Willy and Helen," "Sir Arthur and Lady Ann," "Lady Ellen's Last Night," and "Sir Ringan." Of these perhaps "Sir Arthur and Lady Ann" has the highest literary merit.

When a man grows older he cannot be expected to retain the fire of youth. The poems that Ainslie composed upon American themes are usually cheerful enough, but at times they lack the glamour and the spontaneity of earlier efforts. Some of the more characteristic of these are "Harvest Home in America," "Come Awa' to the West," "The Great West," "The Haughs (river meadows) o' Auld Kentuck," "The Pilgrim's Return to Louisville," and "The Pleasant Past."

Orientals generally tell us how many thousand verses were written by their poets. They admire Firdusi largely because he has written 50,000 couplets, exclusive of his "Joseph and Zulaika"; but while Ainslie's verses are not inconsiderable in quantity, it is their quality that commands our supreme interest. As one of the unobtrusive interpreters of the Nineteenth century, the world will gratefully remember him. As Lloyd Mifflin is America's greatest sonneteer, so Hew Ainslie, the adopted Kentuckian, may perhaps be ranked as America's most ardent singer of the sea.

A. S. Mackenzie

BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns: Deptford, 1822. (This English edition was published anonymously by Ainslie, and is a prose narrative intermingled with some of his most popular poems. The only issue that is preserved is in the British Museum and in the Advocates' Library.)

2. Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems by Hew Ainslie; New York, 1855. (The only American edition. Very rare and long out of print.)

3. A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns, and Poems, by Hew Ainslie, with a memoir of the author by Thomas C. Latto: W. M. Gardner, Publisher, Paisley, Scotland, and London, 1892. (This Scottish edition is the most comprehensive.)

Besides the bibliography given by Thomas Bayne in Leslie Stephen's 'Dictionary of National Biography,' the following reviews are worthy of notice:

1. Veitch, John: The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry, Edinburgh, 1887, vol. ii. 317.
2. Hew Ainslie's Centenary, in the *Scotsman,* Edinburgh, April 5, 1892.
3. Hew Ainslie, in the *Saturday Review,* London, October 1, 1892.
4. Dougall, C. S.: The Burns Country, London, 1904, 83-86.

In Latto's edition of Ainslie's works are cited the opinions of brother poets, such as Scott and Campbell, opinions which may interest even if they fail to inform the reader.

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN

All selections are from 'A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns and Poems.' Copyright, 1892, by W. M. Gardner, Publisher, Paisley, Scotland. By kind permission of the publisher.

The Rover o' Lochryan he's gane,
  Wi' his merry men sae brave;
Their hearts are o' steel, an' a better keel
  Ne'er bowl'd owre the back o' a wave.

It's no when the loch lies dead in its trough,
  When naething disturbs it ava, [at all]
But the rack an' the ride o' the restless tide,
  An' the splash o' the grey sea-maw. [sea-mew]

It's no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl
  Owre the breast o' the siller sea, [silver]
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best
  An' the Rover that's dear to me;

But when that the clud lays its cheek to the flood [cloud]
  An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore; [shoulder]
When the win' sings heigh, an' the sea-whaups screigh,
  As they rise frae the deafening roar. [curlews screech]

It's then that I look thro' the thickening rook, [mist]
  An' watch by the midnight tide;
I ken the win' brings my Rover hame,
  An' the sea that he glories to ride.

O merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,
  Wi' the helm heft in his hand, [haft]
An' he sings aloud, to his boys in blue,
  As his e'e's upon Galloway's land: [eye is]

"Unstent an' slack each reef and tack, [untie]
  Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
She has roar'd through a heavier sea before,
  An' she'll roar through a heavier yet.

"When landsmen drouse, or trembling, rouse
  To the tempest's angry moan,
We dash through the drift, an' sing to the lift
  O' the wave that heaves us on.

"It's braw, boys, to see the morn's blythe e'e,
  When the night's been dark and drear;
But it's better far to lie, wi' our storm locks dry,
  In the bosom o' her that is dear.

"Gi'e her sail, gi'e her sail, till she buries her wale,
  Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
She has roar'd thro' a heavier sea afore,
  An' she'll roar thro' a heavier yet."

THE LADS O' LENDALFIT

"The boat rides south o' Ailsa Craig
  In the doupin' o' the night; [dropping]
There's thretty men at Lendalfit,
  To make her burden light.

"There's thretty naigs in Hazel-holm,
  Wi' the halter on their head,
Will cadg't this night ayont yon height, [pack it; beyond]
  If wind an' water speed.

"Fy, reek ye out the pat an' spit, [reach or bring]
  For the roast but an' the boil;
For wave-worn wight, it is nae meet,
  Spare feeding an' sair toil."

"O, Mungo, ye've a cosy bield, [house]
  Wi' a but ay an' a ben; [outer and an inner room]
Can ye no live a lawfu' life,
  An' lig wi' lawfu' men?" [league]

"Gae blaw your win' aneath your pat,
  It's blawn awa' on me;
For bag and bark shall be my wark
  Until the day I die.

"Maun I haud by our hameart gudes, [Must I hold; home goods]
  An' foreign gear sae fine?
Maun I drink at the water wan
  An' France sae rife o' wine?

"I wouldna wrang an honest man
  The worth o' a siller crown;
I couldna hurt a yirthly thing, [earthly]
  Except a gauger loun.

"I'll underlie a rightfu' law
  That pairs wi' heav'n's decree;
But acts and deeds o' wicked men
  Shall ne'er get grace from me.

"O, weel I like to see thee, Kate,
Wi' the bairnie on thy knee;
But my heart is noo wi' yon gallant crew
That drive through the angry sea.

"The jauping weet, the stentit sheet, [splashing wet]
The sou'-west's stiffest gowl,
On a moonless night, if the timmer's tight,
Are the joys o' a smuggler's sowl." [soul (Irish)]

THE ROVER'S SANG

Come launch the big brimmer, my boys,
Wi' the brandy and wine we will spice it,
And if night is too short for our joys,
Wi' the best o' to-morrow we'll splice it.
When broad moons are sailing on high,
Your Rover he's swinging at anchor;
When black winds are sweeping the sky,
Then hurrah for the boom and the spanker!

Who'd live a dull landlubber's life,
When there's money and mirth o'er the waters?
Who'd hitch to one wearisome wife,
When France hath such frolicsome daughters?
Ay, gi'e me the beauties o' Brest—
They're the darlings for fun and for freedom.
What's sweeter, when lovingly prest,
Than the frauleins that waltz it in Schiedam?

Bale, bale then the brimmer to-night,
While we tell o' our cruising an' kissing;
How press-gangs were shov'd out o' sight,
And gaugers were found 'mong the missing;
Ay, roar up some jolly old runs,
When the sea was a-scouring our scuppers,
How we dodged the old Commodore's guns,
And bedevil'd His Majesty's cutters.

Then here's to our roving marine,
He's the jolliest mate that's a-going;
Right end up, wherever he's seen,
Be't the wave or the wine cup that's flowing,
All flags but his lost country's own,
With a rousing hurrah he can hail her;
And his motto, wherever he's known,
Is, Free trade and the rights o' the sailor.

THE HINT O' HAIRST

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst, [dreary; end; harvest]
At the wa'-gang o' the swallow, [away-going]
When the wind blows cauld an' the burns grow bauld,
An' the wuds are hingin' yellow; [bold]
But oh! it's dowier far to see
The wa'-gang o' her the heart gangs wi'—
The deid-set o' a shining e'e
That darkens the weary warld on thee.

There was muckle love atween us twa—
Oh! twa could ne'er been fonder;
An' the thing on yird was never made [earth]
That could ha'e gart us sunder. [caused]
But the way of Heaven's aboon a' ken, [above all knowing]
And we maun bear what it likes to sen'— [must]
It's comfort, though, to weary men,
That the warst o' this warld's waes maun en'.

There's mony things that come and gae,
Just kent and syne forgotten;
The flow'rs that busk a bonnie brae [deck; slope]
Gin anither year lie rotten.
But the last look o' that lovin' e'e,
An' the dying grip she gied to me,
They're settled like eternitie—
O Mary! that I were with thee.

THE BOUROCKS O' BARGENY

I left ye, Jeanie, blooming fair,
'Mang the bourocks o' Bargeny; [bowers]
I've found ye on the banks o' Ayr,
But sair ye're altered, Jeanie.

I left ye 'mang the woods sae green,
In rustic weed befitting;
I've found ye buskit like a queen, [attired]
In painted chaumers sitting. [chambers]

I left ye like the wanton lamb
That plays 'mang Hadyed's heather;
I've found ye noo a sober dame,
A wife and eke a mither.

Ye're fairer, statelier, I can see,
Ye're wiser, nae dou't, Jeanie;
But ah! I'd rather met wi thee
'Mang the bourocks o' Bargeny.

THE INGLE SIDE

It's rare to see the morning bleeze, [blaze]
Like a bonfire frae the sea;
It's fair to see the burnie kiss [streamlet]
The lip o' the flowery lea;
An' fine it is on green hillside,
When hums the hinny bee;
But rarer, fairer, finer far,
Is the ingle side to me. [fire]

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare [daisies]
The birds may fill the tree,
An' haughs hae a' the scented ware [river meadows]
That simmer's growth can gie;
But the canty hearth where cronies meet, [cheerful]
An' the darling o' our e'e—
That makes to us a warl' complete,
Oh! the ingle side for me.

SIR ARTHUR

Sir Arthur's foot is on the sand,
His boat wears in the wind;
An' he's turned him to a fair foot page
Who was standing him behind.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my bonny boy,
An' glad your mither's e'e;
I hae left anew to weep an' rue, [enough]
Sae nane maun weep for thee. [must]

"Take this unto my father's ha', [hall]
An' tell him I maun speed;
There's fifty men in chase o' me,
An' a price upon my head.

"An' bear this to Dunellie's towers,
Where my love Annie's gane;
It is a lock o' my brown hair,
Girt wi' the diamond stane."

"Dunellie he has daughters five,
An' some o' them are fair,
Sae, how will I ken thy true love [know]
Amang sae mony there?"

"Ye'll ken her by her stately step
As she gaes up the ha';
Ye'll ken her by the look o' love
That peers out owre them a';

"Ye'll ken her by the braid o' goud [gold]
That spreads owre her e'e bree; [eyebrow]
Ye'll ken hér by the red, red cheek
When ye name the name o' me.

"That cheek should lain on this breast-bane,
Her hame should been my ha';
Our tree is bow'd—our flower is dow'd— [withered]
Sir Arthur's an outlaw!"

He sighed, an' turned him right about,
  Where the sea lay braid an' wide:
It's no to see his bonny boat,
  But a watery cheek to hide.

The page has doff'd his feather'd cap,
  But an' his raven hair;
An' out there came the yellow locks,
  Like swirls o' the gouden wair. [cloth of gold]

Syne he's undone his doublet clasp,
  Was o' the grass-green hue,
When, like a lily frae its leaf,
  A lady burst in view.

"Tell out thy errand now, Sir Knight,
  Wi' thy love tokens a';
If I e'er rin against my will,
  'Twill be at a lover's ca'." [call]

Sir Arthur's turned him round about,
  E'en as the lady spak';
An' thrice he dighted his dim e'e, [wiped]
  An' thrice he steppit back.

But ae blink o' her bonny e'e,
  Outspoke his Lady Ann;
An' he's catch'd her by the waist sae sma'
  Wi' the grip o' a drowning man.

"O Lady Ann! thy bed's been hard,
  When I thought it the down;
O Lady Ann! thy love's been deep,
  When I thought it was flown.

"I've met my love in the greenwood,
  My foe on the brown hill;
But I ne'er met wi' aught before
  I liked sae weel, an' ill.

"Oh! I could make a Queen o' thee,
An' it would be my pride;
But, Lady Ann, it's no for thee
To be an outlaw's bride."

"Hae I left kith an' kin, Sir Knight,
To turn about and rue?
Hae I shar'd win' an' weet wi' thee,
That I should leave thee noo?

"There's gowd an' siller in this han' [gold; silver]
Will buy us mony a rigg; [ridge]
There's pearlings in this other han'
A stately tower to bigg. [build]

"Tho' thou'rt an outlaw frae this lan',
The warl's braid an' wide:
Make room, make room, my merry men,
For young Sir Arthur's bride!"

LADY ELLEN'S LAST NIGHT

There leem'd a light frae yon high tower, [loomed]
When the sun had sought the sea;
There came a sang frae Ellen's bower,
When the bird had clos'd his e'e.

An' first it sweet and blithely rang,
Like the chirm to the early light; [chirp]
But ah! it grew a dowie sang,
Like the bird that sings o' night.

"Gae busk my bower wi' roses white,
Pu' lilies frae the rill;
Sir Richard he'll be here this night,
Ere the moon has left the hill.

"My father's gone for stern Lord John,
An' says I'll be his bride,
But Richard he has Ellen's vow—
Her vow, and heart beside."

DOMINICAN
LIBRARY
SAN RAFAEL

The moon swam up the cludless lift;
  Night's lonesome hour has rung;
While sad and sadder grew the sang
  Fair Lady Ellen sung.

"Oh! what can stay my wandering Knight?
  Can love so soon grow cold?—
Or thinks he Ellen's heart is light
  Without her father's gold?"

It's lang she sobb'd an' sorrow'd there;
  The moon in clouds has set;
The kerchief o' her bridal robe
  Wi' many a tear is wet.

When hark! there comes a heavy step,
  Fair Ellen rais'd her head,—
Sir Richard stands in her bower door,
  His cheek like the sheeted dead.

"O Richard, ye hae tarried lang,
  See, yonder breaks the day;
My father's gone for stern Lord John—
  Away, my love! away!"

"I've met thy father and Lord John,
  We met in yonder howe; [hollow]
And I hae come my bride to claim,
  They cannot follow now."

"Here, Lady, we hae often met,
  An' here we twa maun part; [must]
Oh! there's a wound in this left breast
  That dries up Richard's heart.

"Oh! bed me in thy bower, Ellen,
  An' make thy maidens speed,
An' hap me wi' thy hand, Ellen, [cover]
  The last that e'er I'll need."

They've made a bed, he's laid him down,
  Nor word again he spak';
An' she has sat an' sobbit there
  Until her young heart brak'.

An' there they lay, in other's arms—
  Oh! 'twas a waesome sight—
A pair o' Simmer's blighted blooms,
  The red rose and the white.

SIGHINGS FOR THE SEA

At the stent of my string, [stretch]
  When a fourth o' the earth
Lay 'tween me and Scotland,
  Dear land o' my birth—

Wi' the richest o' valleys,
  And waters as bright
As the sun in midsummer
  Illumes wi' his light;

And surrounded wi' a'
  That the heart or the head,
The mou' or the body
  O' mortal could need—

I hae pined in this plenty
  And paused in my track,
As a tug frae my tether
  Would make me look back—

Look back to auld hills
  In their red heather bloom,
To glens wi' their burnies [streamlets]
  And hillocks o' broom,

To some loop in the loch
  Where the wave gaes to sleep,
Or the black craggy headlands
  That bulwark the deep;

Wi' the sea lashing in
  Wi' the wind and the tide—
Aye, 'twas then that I sicken'd,
  'Twas then that I cried:

O, gi'e me a sough o' the auld saut sea, [whiff]
  A scent o' his brine again,
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
  Has brought on this bosom and brain.

Let me hear his roar on the rocky shore,
  His thud on the shelly sand,
For my spirit's bow'd and my heart is dow'd [withered]
  Wi' the gloom o' this forest land.

Your waving woods and your sweeping floods
  Look brave in the suns o' June,
But the breath o' the swamp brews a sickly damp
  And there's death in the dark lagoon.

Aye, gi'e me the jaup o' the dear auld saut, [splash]
  A scent o' his brine again,
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
  Has brought on this bosom and brain.

THE GREAT WEST

Ye vales of this wide western land [A Scotticism (cf. mod. Icelandic)]
  May be richer than those gave us birth;
Your rivers majestic and grand,
  The bravest that water the earth.

And the blossoms your May can awake,
  May outrival Albion's rose;
Your mornings more lovely may break,
  And softer your twilights may close.

But the heart hath a time when it fills,
  And the spots where our infancy pass'd,
In the glen, or the wild heathy hills,
  The memory will part with them last.

Thus we miss, when Spring tenderly throws
On the brown earth her first cheering look,
The brown furze and white-coated sloes,
Unpacking their buds by the brook.

While the daisy comes forth like a bride,
As the woodbine is thatching the bower,
And the meek primrose shoulders aside
Withered leaflets, to hang out her flower.

And when day breaks away from the night,
Where's the birds used to pipe it aloud?
Where's the lark, that blythe herald of light,
Pouring melody down from his cloud?

It is vain.—But the heart still will roam
To the sweets of its own native plain,
Tho' reason hath found it a home
Where Right and Equality reign.

THE HAUGHS O' AULD KENTUCK

Welcome, Edie, owre the sea,
Welcome to this lan' an' me,
Welcome from the warl' whaur we
Hae whistled owre the lave o't. [rest]

Come, gie your banes anither hitch,
Up Hudson's stream, thro' Clinton's ditch,
An' see our watlin meadows rich [cane-brake]
Wi' corn an' a' the lave o't. [all the rest of it]

We've hizzies here baith swank and sweet [maidens, agile]
An' birkies that can stan' a heat [young men]
O' barley bree, or aqua vit, [brew; water of life]
Syne whistle owre the lave o't.

Gude kens, I want nae better luck [Goodness knows]
Than just to see ye, like a buck,
Spanking the haughs o' auld Kentuck, [speeding over the meadows]
An' whistling owre the lave o't.*

*The foregoing song has a refrain which is frankly borrowed from Robert Burns. "Whistle owre the lave o't" means "Don't whine. Whistle over unavoidable trials, and they will cease to be a burden."

THE PILGRIM'S RETURN TO LOUISVILLE

The Exile will be wearying—
  His spirit aften greens [yearns]
To see the brave auld fatherland,
  Some dear remembered frien's;
But wander east, or wander west,
  He'll wander far an' wide,
Ere he forget his happy home
  An' canty ingle side.

We've pu'd the heather on the hill,
  The gowan in the dale; [daisy]
We've seen the rose o' England blow,
  We've heard her nightingale;
We've wandered east, we've wandered west,
  We've wandered far an' wide,
But ne'er forgot our happy hame
  An' canty ingle side.

We've fed on Scotia's wale o' food, [choice]
  Her crowdy an' her kale; [cottage cheese; broth]
We've dined on Johnny's boasted beef
  An' swigged his nappy ale; [drunk; strong]
But wine an' wassail, meat an' maut, [malt]
  In raxin' routh beside, [swelling plenty]
We ne'er forgot our happy hame
  An' canty ingle side.

We've gazed on mighty monuments,
  The pride o' priestly days;
We've marked the splendour o' the prince,
  Seen crowns an' coronets blaze;
In holy wa's an' lordly ha's [walls; halls]
  Been stunned wi' pomp an' pride,
But ne'er forgot our happy hame
  An' canty ingle side.

The welcome warm o' former frien's,
The kindness o' the new,
May freshen up the dowie heart [dreary]
Like herbs wi' e'ening dew.
Yes! frien'ly grips an' beauty's lips
Our hearts did charm and cheer,
But ne'er forgot this happy hame
An' frien's that we hae here.

THE PLEASANT PAST

Oh, for the sunny afternoons,
When the roses were in blow,
When the birds began their e'ening sang
An' the win' was saft and low;

When my heart's delight, in the mellowing light,
Would trip it wi' me to the green,
Rehearsing o'er some bliss in store
Or the joyous days we'd seen.

E'en our Winter nights had their warm delights
Tho' the snows were a' drifting deep;
For the din an' the shout o' the storm without
But made us the closer creep.

Hold fast, hold fast to the pleasant past,
Its sweet and unfading flowers;
The seeds that we sow may never grow,
But the crop o' the past is ours.

JAMES LANE ALLEN

[1849—]

ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

PERHAPS no State has offered more varied beginnings and backgrounds for the makers of literature than Kentucky. Across her domain swept the tide of early conquest that surged onward to the winning of the west; into the composition of her people mingled the blood of Puritan and Cavalier to blend the strain of a sturdy race; in the making of her very traditions was the tumult of clannish strife.

Yet for many years Kentucky had no literature, despite the rich materials that waited to be welded. Her gifted sons were orators and their ideals were of statesmanship, not letters. While they lived they thrilled people with the impassioned fervor of their eloquence. But it was perishable stuff. When their tongues were stilled, nothing remained of them but fleeting memories of picturesque personalities. One man alone of that whole group had his speeches printed, and that man was Henry Clay. Besides, the bench and bar beckoned to the youth of the Commonwealth, for the law was an honored profession that had its generations of social prestige. There were other reasons, too. Far to the north, and beyond the frontiers of the State, gleamed the lights of Webster, Everett, and Wendell, and it was to shine with these in the forum of the nation that the young men kindled their ambitions. Thus a long and illustrious line of statesmen and jurists grew.

A decade of journalists followed, when wit and satire vied with the eloquence of the bar; but it, too, sped out of sight in the swift march of events, and save for an occasional poem by Prentice and his contemporaries, the rest was silence and almost forgetfulness.

It was not until the first published work of James Lane Allen that dignity and permanency became part of the literary effort of Kentucky. With these enduring qualities, which at once made for form and character, the rarest influence in all American letters since Hawthorne was born. Not from the crowded city, but from out of the clean, open bluegrass country came this note of real distinction and beauty, the herald of a high and worthy Art.

It was fitting that chief among the characteristics of this work should be courtesy and culture, because the creator of it repre-

sented in himself the best traditions of Kentucky civilization. The land on which he was born, on December 21, 1849, and which was in sight of the city of Lexington, had been tilled by his pioneer ancestors who came from Virginia across the long Wilderness Road. His father and his grandfather were men of landed possessions. His heritage, therefore, was of the strength of the soil. He grew up amid such scenes of sylvan loveliness that to watch now the vivid panorama of Nature in his books is to realize fully the deep impress that they made upon his youthful mind.

Mr. Allen received his first education in the Academy of the Kentucky University at Lexington, which was a sort of preparatory school. Afterwards he was graduated with honor from the University. After teaching in a district school outside of Lexington, he went to Richmond, Missouri, to teach Greek in the High School there. Later he established a school at Lexington, Missouri. In a few years, however, he returned to Kentucky and was tutor in a private family in Fayette County. Later he was called to the principalship of the Academic Department of his old alma mater, Kentucky University, which post he held until appointed to the chair of Latin at Bethany College, in Bethany, West Virginia. But after two years there he once more went back to Kentucky, this time to open his own Grammar School at Lexington. When he closed its doors, a year later, he bade farewell to teaching and henceforth devoted all his energies and his time to writing.

New York was then, as now, the great literary center, so he went there. During his first residence in the greater city his first published work, which was mainly essays, appeared in the magazines. On going to Kentucky he was asked to contribute to various metropolitan periodicals. For some years he divided his time between Lexington and Cincinnati, but in 1893 he definitely took up his residence in New York, and, save for occasional sojourns in Europe and in Washington, that city remains his home.

Although there had been some fragmentary essays, articles, and poems, it was not until the latter part of the eighties that his first important piece of fiction appeared in the *Century Magazine*. It was "The White Cowl," a tale of the Trappist monastery in Nelson County, Kentucky, an old-world tragedy in the setting of the new. Here was a story of such flawless technique, such winning pathos, and withal such appealing sentiment as to win for it a quick and wide appreciation. More than this, it was invested with such beauty of style as to make it stand out from among the mass of short stories of the day with peculiar distinctiveness. As more of his stories appeared, some in *Harper's*, some in the *Century*, all laid in Kentucky, all done with marvelous delicacy and distinction, it

seemed as if the whole bluegrass region, and especially that part of it which centered about Lexington, had been touched by the magic of an illuminating and understanding art and made to live and glow. A whole reading world began to see that what had been pictured as a land of feud and fighting and coarse nature was in reality a realm of high romance, peopled by men and women of faith and honor and ideals. In succession came "Sister Dolorosa," first of an unforgettable sisterhood of fiction; "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," "A Boy's Violin," "The Parson's Magic Flute," and "King Solomon of Kentucky." Subsequently these stories were published in book form in 1891 under the title of 'Flute and Violin, and Other Kentucky Tales.' This was Mr. Allen's first book. This volume remains to-day a model of short story writing, not only in technical detail but in the human quality and meaning of its passions and its purposes. Before it appeared there were two measures of the American short story: one made possible by the fantastic fancy of Poe, the other by the more finished imagination of Hawthorne. To both of these standards Mr. Allen brought grace, symmetry, ideality, and scholarship.

But there was a larger significance in these early short stories. Behind their finished literary craftsmanship lay explored deeps of life. In the guise and form of fiction Mr. Allen had thrown out the first outpost of his reason and philosophy, which were to mature so brilliantly and so profoundly in his later and longer work.

Just about this time there began to appear in the magazines the first of his essays on Kentucky, the presentation in fact of what he had already partly done in fiction. They began with "The Bluegrass Region." In this, and in the seven articles that followed, he showed the State at close range. They were not the superficial observations and impressions of the traveler that passed through, but they depicted intimately and sympathetically the life, customs, and institutions of the people. In this work he proved his qualities as social historian. It was the author's original intention that with each descriptive article should go a story dealing with the same subject. Thus, with "The Silent Brotherhood of Kentucky" went "The White Cowl," and with "Uncle Tom at Home" went "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky." The plan was never carried out, for other work was calling. The essays were published in book form in 1892 and called 'The Bluegrass Region of Kentucky.'

Up to this period Mr. Allen had expressed himself only in shorter work. The time had come, however, when the richness of that expression should extend to the form of a novel. In 1893 appeared his first long story, 'John Gray.' Since it will be necessary to revert to this story again, for it participates in the author's

succeeding work, there will be only a reference to it here. But 'John Gray,' although marking a transitional stage, is an important link in the consideration of Mr. Allen's art, for the reason that it demonstrated his sustained powers and also showed that he meant to keep to his Kentucky setting. The action of the story is in the early days of Lexington, when that town was a station on the great highway that wound to the west from Virginia. It had ample dramatic quality, keen perception of human nature, and vitality of action. While, apparently, he was restricted by the confines of his native State, in a larger way he was not exploiting any particular region. His Kentuckians might have been world citizens, so universal were their passions, their emotions, and their experiences.

The first creative period of Mr. Allen's work seems to end with 'John Gray.' He had won recognition as a writer of fiction of high and artistic quality, and he had come to be reckoned with as a novelist whose power perhaps had not been wholly tried. He had kept steadily and with dignity to his way, doing only worthy things.

But the season for the real flowering of his art had come. In 'A Kentucky Cardinal,' which first appeared in serial form in *Harper's Magazine* and was later published in book form in 1894, Mr. Allen added a classic to American literature. In its idyllic charm, in the exquisite and tender unfolding of its romance, in the kindly humor which illumined it, and in the very music of its style, this story set a new mark for our fiction. No less charming was its sequel, 'Aftermath,' which was brought out directly in book form the following year. To know these stories is indeed a liberal education.

There is one trait of 'A Kentucky Cardinal' and 'Aftermath' that commands special interest, and to speak of it is to emphasize a quality which has distinguished all of Mr. Allen's books. It is the note of Nature that they sound, revealing not only knowledge, but profound sympathy and understanding. No writer of his time has so completely attuned his work to Nature's moods, or made in the pages of his books so faithful and harmonious a reproduction of her beauties.

Nor was he less successful in interpreting the big elemental human relation set in the very heart of Nature, for in 'Summer in Arcady,' originally published as 'Butterflies' in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* and later brought out as a book in 1896, he achieved a study in realism that was delicate with the delicacy of the highest art. The flush and vitality of youth were in this story, as well as the desire that is as old as man.

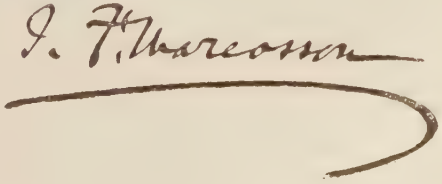
It remained for 'The Choir Invisible,' which came out in 1897, to give Mr. Allen his true proportion as a novelist. This book con-

tained much of the material of 'John Gray,' but 'John Gray' was as a mere prelude to its performance. Of large and comprehending vision, matured thought and deep-toned feeling, 'The Choir Invisible' established an epoch in the artistic and intellectual development of the American novel. While it dealt with a world problem, it had none of the attributes of a problem novel. It was clean, sane, wholesome. If Mr. Allen up to this time had needed anything to complete his reputation, 'The Choir Invisible' supplied the necessary testimony. It was published in every English speaking country, and thus its beauty and character went all around the world.

To those who, while admiring the charm of his artistry, may have believed that he lacked courage and daring, Mr. Allen gave a new revelation of his resources in 'The Reign of Law' (1900). This epic of the Kentucky hemp fields was in reality a transcript from the time-worn experience of all peoples, for it voiced man's independence of thought, deed, and utterance. Never before had Evolution flashed in such investiture or proclaimed its theories in such fitting environment. The essay on hemp which forms the introduction to the story would alone have given the book a permanent place. 'The Reign of Law' is remarkable in that it makes of the domain of pure reason a field of the cloth of gold and envelops science with all the graces of fiction.

In the consideration of Mr. Allen's work published up to the time this article is written, it only remains to speak of 'The Mettle of the Pasture' (1903). A fitting fellow of all the novels that had gone before, it disclosed all the old charm of style, depth of insight, and impressiveness of story. It was hung, too, with the beauties of the bluegrass region, whose best painter and historian he long ago proved himself to be.

To sum up Mr. Allen's work is to say that during the two decades of his literary activity no living American has approached him in the quality of his output, or been so permanent or important an influence in the moulding of contemporary literary expression. Through it has run the steadily increasing purpose to ennoble a great art and make of it an enduring thing.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

Flute and Violin and Other Kentucky Tales (1891).
The Bluegrass Region of Kentucky (1892).
John Gray (1893).
A Kentucky Cardinal (1894).
Aftermath (1895).
Summer in Arcady (1896).
The Choir Invisible (1897).
The Reign of Law (1900).
The Mettle of the Pasture (1903).

TWO GENTLEMEN OF KENTUCKY

From 'Flute and Violin and Other Kentucky Tales.' Copyright 1891-1899, by Harper and Brothers. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

NEW LIFE.

About two years after the close of the war, therefore, the colonel and Peter were to be found in Lexington, ready to turn over a new leaf in the volumes of their lives, which already had an old-fashioned binding, a somewhat musty odor, and but few unwritten leaves remaining.

After a long, dry summer you may have seen two gnarled old apple-trees, that stood with interlocked arms on the western slopes of some quiet hill-side, make a melancholy show of blooming out again in the autumn of the year and dallying with the idle buds that mock their sapless branches. Much the same was the belated, fruitless efflorescence of the colonel and Peter.

The colonel had no business habits, no political ambition, no wish to grow richer. He was too old for society and without near family ties. For some time he wandered through the streets like one lost—sick with yearning for the fields and woods, for his cattle, for familiar faces. He haunted Cheapside and the court-house square, where the farmers always assembled when they came to town; and if his eye lighted on one, he would button-hole him on the street-corner and lead him into a grocery and sit down for a quiet chat. Sometimes he would meet an aimless, melancholy wan-

derer like himself, and the two would go off and discuss over and over again their departed days; and several times he came unexpectedly upon some of his old servants who had fallen into bitter want, and who more than repaid him for the help he gave by contrasting the hardships of a life of freedom with the ease of their shackled years.

In the course of time, he could but observe that human life in the town was reshaping itself slowly and painfully, but with resolute energy. The colossal structure of slavery had fallen, scattering its ruins far and wide over the State; but out of the very débris was being taken the material to lay the deeper foundations of the new social edifice. Men and women as old as he were beginning life over and trying to fit themselves for it by changing the whole attitude and habit of their minds—by taking on a new heart and spirit. But when a great building falls there is always some rubbish, and the colonel and others like him were part of this. Henceforth they possessed only an antiquarian sort of interest, like the stamped bricks of Nebuchadnezzar.

Nevertheless he made a show of doing something, and in a year or two opened on Cheapside a store for the sale of hardware and agricultural implements. He knew more about the latter than anything else, and, furthermore, he secretly felt that a business of this kind would enable him to establish in town a kind of headquarters for the farmers. His account-books were to be kept on a system of twelve months' credit; and he resolved that if one of his customers couldn't pay then, it would make no difference.

Business began slowly. The farmers dropped in and found a good lounging-place. On county-court days, which were great market-days for the sale of sheep, horses, mules, and cattle in front of the colonel's door, they swarmed in from the hot sun and sat around on the counter and the ploughs and machines till the entrance was blocked to other customers.

When a customer did come in, the colonel, who was probably talking with some old acquaintance, would tell him just to look around and pick out what he wanted and the price would be all right. If one of those acquaintances asked for a pound of nails, the colonel would scoop up some ten pounds and say "I reckon that's about a pound, Tom." He had

never seen a pound of nails in his life; and if one had been weighed on his scales, he would have said the scales were wrong.

He had no great idea of commercial despatch. One morning a lady came in for some carpet-tacks, an article that he had forgotten to lay in. But he at once sent off an order for enough to have tacked a carpet pretty well all over Kentucky; and when they came, two weeks later, he told Peter to take her up a dozen papers with his compliments. He had laid in, however, an ample and especially fine assortment of pocket-knives, for that instrument had always been to him one of gracious and very winning qualities. Then when a friend dropped in he would say, "General, don't you need a new pocket-knife?" and, taking out one, would open all the blades and commend the metal and the handle. The "general" would inquire the price, and the colonel, having shut the blades, would hand it to him, saying, in a careless, fond way, "I reckon I won't charge you anything for that." His mind could not come down to the low level of such ignoble barter, and he gave away the whole case of knives.

These were the pleasanter aspects of his business life, which did not lack as well its tedium and crosses. Thus there were many dark, stormy days when no one he cared to see came in; and he then became rather a pathetic figure, wandering absently around amid the symbols of his past activity, and stroking the ploughs, like dumb companions. Or he would stand at the door and look across at the old court-house, where he had seen many a slave sold and had listened to the great Kentucky orators.

But what hurt him most was the talk of the new farming and the abuse of the old which he was forced to hear; and he generally refused to handle the improved implements and mechanical devices by which labor and waste were saved.

Altogether he grew tired of "the thing" and sold out at the end of the year with a loss of over a thousand dollars, though he insisted he had done a good business.

As he was then seen much on the streets again and several times heard to make remarks in regard to the sidewalks, gutters, and crossings, when they happened to be in bad condition, the *Daily Press* one morning published a card stating that if

Colonel Romulus Fields would consent to make the race for mayor he would receive the support of many Democrats, adding a tribute to his virtues and his influential past. It touched the colonel, and he walked down-town with a rather commanding figure the next morning. But it pained him to see how many of his acquaintances returned his salutations very coldly; and just as he was passing the Northern Bank he met the young opposition candidate—a little red-haired fellow, walking between two ladies, with a rosebud in his buttonhole —who refused to speak at all, but made the ladies laugh by some remark he uttered as the colonel passed. The card had been inserted humorously, but he took it seriously; and when his friends found this out they rallied round him. The day of election drew near. They told him he must buy votes. He said he wouldn't buy a vote to be mayor of the New Jerusalem. They told him he must "mix" and "treat." He refused. Foreseeing he had no chance, they besought him to withdraw. He said he would not. They told him he wouldn't poll twenty votes. He replied that *one* would satisfy him, provided it was neither begged nor bought. When his defeat was announced, he accepted it as another evidence that he had no part in the present—no chance of redeeming his idleness.

A sense of this weighed heavily on him at times; but it is not likely that he realized how pitifully he was undergoing a moral shrinking in consequence of mere disuse. Actually, extinction had set in with him long prior to dissolution, and he was dead years before his heart ceased beating. The very basic virtues on which had rested his once spacious and stately character were now but the mouldy corner-stone of a crumbling ruin.

It was a subtle evidence of deterioration in manliness that he had taken to dress. When he had lived in the country, he had never dressed up unless he came to town. When he had moved to town, he thought he must remain dressed up all the time; and this fact first fixed his attention on a matter which afterwards began to be loved for its own sake. Usually he wore a Derby hat, a black diagonal coat, gray trousers, and a white necktie. But the article of attire in which he took chief pleasure was hose; and the better to show the gay colors of these, he wore low-cut shoes of the finest calf-skin, turned up

at the toes. Thus his feet kept pace with the present, however far his head may have lagged in the past; and it may be that this stream of fresh fashions, flowing perennially over his lower extremities like water about the roots of a tree, kept him from drying up altogether.

Peter always polished his shoes with too much blacking, perhaps thinking that the more the blacking the greater the proof of love. He wore his clothes about a season and a half —having several suits—and then passed them on to Peter, who, foreseeing the joy of such an inheritance, bought no new ones. In the act of transferring them the colonel made no comment until he came to the hose, from which he seemed unable to part without a final tribute of esteem, as "These are fine, Peter;" or, "Peter, these are nearly as good as new." Thus Peter, too, was dragged through the whims of fashion. To have seen the colonel walking about his grounds and garden followed by Peter, just a year and a half behind in dress and a yard and a half behind in space, one might well have taken the rear figure for the colonel's double, slightly the worse for wear, somewhat shrunken, and cast into a heavy shadow.

Time hung so heavily on his hands at night that with a happy inspiration he added a dress suit to his wardrobe, and accepted the first invitation to an evening party. He grew excited as the hour approached, and dressed in a great fidget for fear he should be too late.

"How do I look, Peter?" he inquired at length, surprised at his own appearance.

"Splendid, Marse Rom," replied Peter, bringing in the shoes with more blacking on them than ever before.

"I think," said the colonel, apologetically— "I think I'd look better if I'd put a little powder on. I don't know what makes me so red in the face."

But his heart began to sink before he reached the hostess's, and he had a fearful sense of being the observed of all observers as he slipped through the hall and passed rapidly up to the gentlemen's room. He stayed there after the others had gone down, bewildered and lonely, dreading to go down himself. By-and-by the musicians struck up a waltz, and with a little cracked laugh at his own performance he cut a few shines of an unremembered pattern; but his ankles snapped audibly,

and he suddenly stopped with the thought of what Peter would say if he should catch him at these antics. Then he boldly went down-stairs.

He had touched the new human life around him at various points: as he now stretched out his arms towards its society, for the first time he completely realized how far removed it was from him. Here he saw a younger generation—the flowers of the new social order—sprung from the very soil of fraternal battle-fields, but blooming together as the emblems of oblivious peace. He saw fathers, who had fought madly on opposite sides, talking quietly in corners as they watched their children dancing, or heard them toasting their old generals and their campaigns over their champagne in the supper-room. He was glad of it; but it made him feel at the same time that, instead of treading the velvety floors, he ought to step up and take his place among the canvases of old-time portraits that looked down from the walls.

The dancing he had done had been not under the blinding glare of gaslight, but by the glimmer of tallow-dips and star-candles and the ruddy glow of cavernous firesides—not to the accompaniment of an orchestra of wind-instruments and strings, but to a chorus of girls' sweet voices, as they trod simpler measures, or to the maddening sway of a gray-haired negro fiddler standing on a chair in the chimney corner. Still, it is significant to note that his saddest thought, long after leaving, was that his shirt bosom had not lain down smooth, but stuck out like a huge cracked egg-shell; and that when, in imitation of the others, he had laid his white silk handkerchief across his bosom inside his vest, it had slipped out during the evening, and had been found by him, on confronting a mirror, flapping over his stomach like a little white masonic apron.

"Did you have nice time, Marse Rom?" inquired Peter, as they drove home through the darkness.

"Splendid time, Peter, splendid time," replied the colonel, nervously.

"Did you dance any, Marse Rom?"

"I didn't *dance*. Oh, I *could* have danced if I'd *wanted* to; but I didn't."

Peter helped the colonel out of the carriage with pitying

gentleness when they reached home. It was the first and only party.

Peter also had been finding out that his occupation was gone.

Soon after moving to town, he had tendered his pastoral services to one of the fashionable churches of the city—not because it was fashionable, but because it was made up of his brethren. In reply he was invited to preach a trial sermon, which he did with gracious unction.

It was a strange scene, as one calm Sunday morning he stood on the edge of the pulpit, dressed in a suit of the colonel's old clothes, with one hand in his trousers-pockets, and his lame leg set a little forward at an angle familiar to those who know the statues of Henry Clay.

How self-possessed he seemed, yet with what a rush of memories did he pass his eyes slowly over that vast assemblage of his emancipated people! With what feelings must he have contrasted those silk hats, and walking-canes, and broadcloths; those gloves and satins, laces and feathers, jewelry and fans—that whole many-colored panorama of life—with the weary, sad, and sullen audiences that had often heard him of old under the forest trees or by the banks of some turbulent stream!

In a voice husky, but heard beyond the flirtation of the uttermost pew, he took his text: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." From this he tried to preach a new sermon, suited to the newer day. But several times the thoughts of the past were too much for him, and he broke down with emotion.

The next day a grave committee waited on him and reported that the sense of the congregation was to call a colored gentleman from Louisville. Private objections to Peter were that he had a broken leg, wore Colonel Fields's second-hand clothes, which were too big for him, preached in the old-fashioned way, and lacked self-control and repose of manner.

Peter accepted his rebuff as sweetly as Socrates might have done. Humming the burden of an old hymn, he took his righteous coat from a nail in the wall and folded it away in a little brass-nailed deer-skin trunk, laying over it the spelling-book and *Pilgrim's Progress*, which he had ceased to read. Thenceforth his relations to his people were never intimate, and

even from the other servants of the colonel's household he stood apart. But the colonel took Peter's rejection greatly to heart, and the next morning gave him the new silk socks he had worn at the party. In paying his servants the colonel would sometimes say, "Peter, I reckon I'd better begin to pay you a salary, that's the style now." But Peter would turn off, saying he didn't "have no use fur no salary."

Thus both of them dropped more and more out of life, but as they did so drew more and more closely to each other. The colonel had bought a home on the edge of the town, with some ten acres of beautiful ground surrounding. A high osage-orange hedge shut it in, and forest trees, chiefly maples and elms, gave to the lawn and house abundant shade. Wild-grape vines, the Virginia creeper, and the climbing oak swung their long festoons from summit to summit, while honeysuckles, clematis, and the Mexican vine clambered over arbors and trellises, or along the chipped stone of the low, old-fashioned house. Just outside the door of the colonel's bedroom slept an ancient, broken sundial.

The place seemed always in half-shadow, with hedge-rows of box, clumps of dark holly, darker firs, half a century old, and aged, crape-like cedars.

It was in the seclusion of this retreat, which looked almost like a wild bit of country set down on the edge of the town, that the colonel and Peter spent more of their time as they fell farther in the rear of onward events. There were no such flower-gardens in the city, and pretty much the whole town went thither for its flowers, preferring them to those that were to be had for a price at the nurseries.

There was, perhaps, a suggestion of pathetic humor in the fact that it should have called on the colonel and Peter, themselves so nearly defunct, to furnish the flowers for so many funerals; but, it is certain, almost weekly the two old gentlemen received this chastening admonition of their all-but-spent mortality. The colonel cultivated the rarest fruits also, and had under glass varieties that were not friendly to the climate; so that by means of the fruits and flowers there was established a pleasant social bond with many who otherwise would never have sought them out.

But others came for better reasons. To a few deep-seeing

eyes the colonel and Peter were ruined landmarks on a fading historic landscape, and their devoted friendship was the last steady burning-down of that pure flame of love which can never again shine out in the future of the two races. Hence a softened charm invested the drowsy quietude of that shadowy paradise in which the old master without a slave and the old slave without a master still kept up a brave pantomime of their obsolete relations. No one ever saw in their intercourse aught but the finest courtesy, the most delicate consideration. The very tones of their voices in addressing each other were as good as sermons on gentleness, their antiquated playfulness as melodious as the babble of distant water. To be near them was to be exorcised of evil passions.

The sun of their day had indeed long since set; but like twin clouds lifted high and motionless into some far quarter of the gray twilight skies, they were still radiant with the glow of the invisible orb.

Henceforth the colonel's appearances in public were few and regular. He went to church on Sundays, where he sat on the edge of the choir in the centre of the building, and sang an ancient bass of his own improvisation to the older hymns, and glanced furtively around to see whether any one noticed that he could not sing the new ones. At the Sunday-school picnics the committee of arrangements allowed him to carve the mutton and after dinner to swing the smallest children gently beneath the trees. He was seen on Commencement Day at Morrison Chapel, where he always gave his banquet to the valedictorian. It was the speech of that young gentleman that always touched him, consisting as it did of farewells.

In the autumn he might sometimes be noticed sitting high up in the ampitheatre at the fair, a little blue around the nose, and looking absently over into the ring where the judges were grouped around the music stand. Once he had strutted around as a judge himself, with a blue ribbon in his buttonhole, while the band played "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and "Gentle Annie." The ring seemed full of young men now, and no one even thought of offering him the privilege of the grounds. In his day the great feature of the exhibition had been cattle; now everything was turned into a horse-show. He was always glad to get home again to Peter, his true yoke-fellow. For just as

two old oxen—one white and one black—that have long toiled under the same yoke, will, when turned out to graze at last in the widest pasture, come and put themselves horn to horn and flank to flank, so the colonel and Peter were never so happy as when ruminating side by side.

NEW LOVE.

In their eventful life the slightest incident acquired the importance of a history. Thus, one day in June, Peter discovered a young couple love-making in the shrubbery, and with the deepest agitation reported the fact to the colonel.

Never before, probably, had the fluttering of the dear god's wings brought more dismay than to these ancient involuntary guardsmen of his hiding-place. The colonel was at first for breaking up what he considered a piece of underhand proceedings, but Peter reasoned stoutly that if the pair were driven out they would simply go to some other retreat; and without getting the approval of his conscience to this view, the colonel contented himself with merely repeating that they ought to go straight and tell the girl's parents. Those parents lived just across the street outside his grounds. The young lady he knew very well himself, having a few years before given her the privilege of making herself at home among his flowers. It certainly looked hard to drive her out now, just when she was making the best possible use of his kindness and her opportunity. Moreover, Peter walked down street and ascertained that the young fellow was an energetic farmer living a few miles from town, and son of one of the colonel's former friends; on both of which accounts the latter's heart went out to him. So when, a few days later, the colonel, followed by Peter, crept up breathlessly and peeped through the bushes at the pair strolling along the shady perfumed walks, and so plainly happy in that happiness which comes but once in a lifetime, they not only abandoned the idea of betraying the secret, but afterwards kept away from that part of the grounds, lest they should be an interruption.

"Peter," stammered the colonel, who had been trying to get the words out for three days, "do you suppose he has already—*asked* her?"

"Some's pow'ful quick on de trigger, en some's mighty

slow," replied Peter, neutrally. "En some," he added, exhaustively, "don't use de trigger 't all!"

"I always thought there had to be asking done by *somebody,* remarked the colonel, a little vaguely.

"I nuver axed Phillis!" exclaimed Peter, with a certain air of triumph.

"Did Phillis ask *you,* Peter?" inquired the colonel, blushing and confidential.

"No, no, Marse Rom! I couldn't er stood dat from no 'oman!" replied Peter, laughing and shaking his head.

The colonel was sitting on the stone steps in front of the house, and Peter stood below, leaning against a Corinthian column, hat in hand, as he went on to tell his love-story.

"Hit all happ'n dis way, Marse Rom. We wuz gwine have pra'r-meetin', en I 'lowed to walk home wid Phillis en ax 'er on de road. I been 'lowin' to ax 'er heap o' times befo', but I ain't jes' nuver done so. So I says to myse'f, says I, 'I jes' mek my sermon to-night kinder lead up to whut I gwine to tell Phillis on de road home.' So I tuk my tex' from de *lef'* tail o' my coat: 'De greates' o' dese is charity;' caze I knowed charity wuz same ez love. En all de time I wuz preachin' an' glorifyin' charity en identifyin' charity wid love, I couldn' he'p thinkin' 'bout what I gwine say to Phillis on de road home. Dat mek me feel better; en de better I *feel,* de better I *preach,* so hit boun' to mek my *hcahchs* feel better likewise—Phillis 'mong um. So Phillis she jes sot dah listenin' en listenin' en lookin' like we wuz a'ready on de road home, till I got so wuked up in my feelin's I jes knowed de time wuz come. By-en-by, I hadn' mo'n done preachin' en wuz lookin' round to git my Bible en my hat, 'fo' up popped dat big Charity Green, who been sittin' 'longside o' Phillis en takin' ev'r las' thin' I said to *herse'f.* En she tuk hole o' my han' en squeeze it, en say she felt mos' like shoutin'. En 'fo' I knowed it, I jes see Phillis wrap 'er shawl roun' 'er head en tu'n 'er nose up at me right quick en flip out de dooh. De dogs howl mighty mou'nful when I walk home by myse'f *dat* night," added Peter, laughing to himself, "en I ain' preach dat sermon no mo' tell atter me en Phillis wuz married.

"Hit wuz long time," he continued, "fo' Phillis come to heah me preach any mo'. But 'long 'bout nex' fall we had

big meetin', en heap mo' um j'ined. But Phillis, she ain't nuver j'ined yit. I preached mighty nigh all roun' my coat-tails till I say to myse'f, 'D' ain't but one tex' lef', en I jes got to fetch 'er wid dat!' De tex' wuz on de *right* tail o' my coat: 'Come unto me, all ye dat labor en is heavy laden.' Hit wuz a ve'y momentus sermon, en all 'long I jes' see Phillis wras'lin' wid 'erse'f, en I say, 'She *got* to come *dis* night, de Lohd he'pin me.' En I had 'n mo' 'n said de word, 'fo' she jes walked down en guv me 'er han'.

"Den we had de baptizin' in Elkhorn Creek, en de watter wuz deep en de curren' tol'ble swif'. Hit look to me like dere wuz five hundred uv um on de creek side. By-en-by I stood on de edge o' de water, en Phillis she come down to let me baptize 'er. En me en 'er j'ined han's en waded out in the creek, mighty slow, caze Phillis didn't have no shot roun' de bottom uv 'er dress, en it kep' bobbin' on top de watter til I pushed it down. But by-en-by we got 'way out in de creek, en bof uv us wuz tremblin'. En I says to 'er ve'y kin'ly, 'When I put you un'er de watter, Phillis, you mus' try en hole yo'se'f stiff, so I can lif' you up easy.' But I hadn't mo' 'n got 'er laid back over de watter ready to souze 'er un'er when 'er feet flew up off de bottom uv de creek, en when I retched out to fetch 'er up, I stepped in a hole; en 'fo' I knowed it, we wuz flounderin' roun' in de watter, en de hymn dey was singin' on de bank sounded mighty confused-like. En Phillis she swallowed some watter, en all 't oncet she jes grap me right tight roun' de neck, en say mighty quick, says she, 'I gwine marry whoever gits me out'n dis yere watter!'

"En by-en-by, when me en 'er wuz walkin' up de bank o' de creek, drippin' all over, I says to 'er, says I:

" 'Does you 'member what you said back yon'er in de watter, Phillis?'

" 'I ain' out'n no watter yit,' says she, ve'y contemptuous.

" 'When does you consider yo'se'f out'n de watter?' says I, ve'y humble.

" 'When I git dese soakin' clo'es off'n my back,' says she.

"Hit wuz good dark when we got home, en atter a while I crope up to de dooh o' Phillis's cabin en put my eye down to de key-hole, en see Phillis jes settin' 'fo' dem blazin' walnut logs dressed up in 'er new red linsey dress, en 'er eyes shinin'.

En I shuk so I mos' faint. Den I tap easy on de dooh, en say in a mighty tremblin' tone, says I:

" 'Is you out'n de watter yit, Phillis?'

" 'I got on dry dress,' says she.

" 'Does you 'member what you said back yon'er in de watter, Phillis?' says I.

" 'De latch-string on de outside de dooh,' says she, mighty sof'.

"En I walked in."

As Peter drew near the end of this reminiscence, his voice sank to a key of inimitable tenderness; and when it was ended he stood a few minutes, scraping the gravel with the toe of his boot, his head dropped forward. Then he added, huskily:

"Phillis been dead heap o' years now," and turned away.

This recalling of the scene of a time long gone by may have awakened in the breast of the colonel some gentle memory; for after Peter was gone he continued to sit a while in silent musing. Then getting up, he walked in the falling twilight across the yard and through the gardens until he came to a secluded spot in the most distant corner. There he stooped or rather knelt down and passed his hands, as though with mute benediction, over a little bed of old-fashioned China pinks. When he had moved in from the country he had brought nothing away from his mother's garden but these, and all the years since no one had ever pulled them, as Peter well knew; for one day the colonel said, with his face turned away:

"Let them have all the flowers they want, but leave the pinks."

He continued kneeling over them now, touching them softly with his fingers, as though they were the fragrant, never-changing symbols of voiceless communion with his past. Still it may have been only the early dew of the evening that glistened on them when he rose and slowly walked away, leaving the pale moonbeams to haunt the spot.

Certainly after this day he showed increasing concern in the young lovers who were holding clandestine meetings in his grounds.

"Peter," he would say, "why, if they love each other, don't they get married? Something may happen."

"I been spectin' some'n to happ'n fur some time, ez dey been quar'lin' right smart lately," replied Peter, laughing.

Whether or not he was justified in the prediction, before the end of another week the colonel read a notice of their elopement and marriage; and several days later he came up from down-town and told Peter that everything had been forgiven the young pair, who had gone to housekeeping in the country. It gave him pleasure to think he had helped to perpetuate the race of blue-grass farmers.

THE YEARNING PASSED AWAY.

It was in the twilight of a late autumn day in the same year that nature gave the colonel the first direct intimation to prepare for the last summons. They had been passing along the garden walks, where a few pale flowers were trying to flourish up to the very winter's edge, and where the dry leaves had gathered unswept and rustled beneath their feet. All at once the colonel turned to Peter, who was a yard and a half behind, as usual, and said:

"Give me your arm, Peter, I feel tired;" and thus the two, for the first time in all their lifetime walking abreast, passed slowly on.

"Peter," said the colonel, gravely, a minute or two later, "we are like two dried-up stalks of fodder. I wonder the Lord lets us live any longer."

"I reck'n He's managin' to use us *some* way, or we wouldn' be heah," said Peter.

"Well, all I have to say is, that if He's using me, He can't be in much of a hurry for His work," replied the colonel.

"He uses snails, en I *know* we ain' ez slow ez *dem*," argued Peter, composedly.

"I don't know. I think a snail must have made more progress since the war than I have."

The idea of his usefulness seemed to weigh on him, for a little later he remarked, with a sort of mortified smile:

"Do you think, Peter, that we would pass for what they call representative men of the New South?"

"We done *had* ou' day, Marse Rom," replied Peter. "We

got to pass fur what we *wuz*. Mebbe de *Lohd's* got mo' use fur us yit 'n *people* has," he added, after a pause.

From this time on the colonel's strength gradually failed him; but it was not until the following spring that the end came.

A night or two before his death his mind wandered backward, after the familiar manner of the dying, and his delirious dreams showed the shifting, faded pictures that renewed themselves for the last time on his wasting memory. It must have been that he was once more amid the scenes of his active farm life, for his broken snatches of talk ran thus:

"Come, boys, get your cradles! Look where the sun is! You are late getting to work this morning. That is the finest field of wheat in the county. Be careful about the bundles! Make them the same size and tie them tight. That swath is too wide, and you don't hold your cradle right, Tom . . . .

"Sell *Peter! Sell Peter Cotton!* No, sir! You might buy *me* some day and work *me* in your cotton-field; but as long as he's mine, you can't buy Peter, and you can't buy any of *my* negroes . . . .

"Boys! boys! If you don't work faster, you won't finish this field to-day . . . . You'd better go in the shade and rest now. The sun's very hot. Don't drink too much ice-water. There's a jug of whiskey in the fence-corner. Give them a good dram around, and tell them to work slow till the sun gets lower . . . . "

Once during the night a sweet smile played over his features as he repeated a few words that were part of an old rustic song and dance. Arranged, not as they came broken and incoherent from his lips, but as he once had sung them, they were as follows:

> O Sister Phoebe! How merry were we
> When we sat under the juniper-tree,
> The juniper-tree, heigho!
> Put this hat on your head! Keep your head warm,
> Take a sweet kiss! It will do you no harm,
> Do you no harm, I know!

After this he sank into a quieter sleep, but soon stirred with a look of intense pain.

"Helen! Helen!" he murmured. "Will you break your promise? Have you changed in your feelings towards me? I have brought you the pinks. Won't you take the pinks, Helen?"

Then he sighed as he added, "It wasn't her fault. If she had only known—"

Who was the Helen of that far-away time? Was this the colonel's love-story?

But during all the night, whithersoever his mind wandered, at intervals it returned to the burden of a single strain—the harvesting. Towards daybreak he took it up again for the last time:

"O boys, boys, *boys!* If you don't work faster you won't finish the field to-day. Look how low the sun is! . . . . I am going to the house. They can't finish the field to-day. Let them do what they can, but don't let them work late. I want Peter to go to the house with me. Tell him to come on . . . "

In the faint gray of the morning, Peter, who had been watching by the bedside all night, stole out of the room, and going into the garden pulled a handful of pinks—a thing he had never done before—and, reëntering the colonel's bedroom, put them in a vase near his sleeping face. Soon afterwards the colonel opened his eyes and looked around him. At the foot of the bed stood Peter, and on one side sat the physician and a friend. The night-lamp burned low, and through the folds of the curtains came the white light of early day.

"Put out the lamp and open the curtains," he said feebly. "It's day." When they had drawn the curtains aside his eyes fell on the pinks, sweet and fresh with the dew on them. He stretched out his hand and touched them caressingly, and his eyes sought Peter's with a look of grateful understanding.

"I want to be alone with Peter for a while," he said, turning his face towards the others.

When they were left alone, it was some minutes before anything was said. Peter, not knowing what he did, but knowing what was coming, had gone to the window and hid himself behind the curtains, drawing them tightly around his form as though to shroud himself from sorrow.

At length the colonel said, "Come here!"

Peter, almost staggering forward, fell at the foot of the

bed, and clasping the colonel's feet with one arm, pressed his cheek against them.

"Come closer!"

Peter crept on his knees and buried his head on the colonel's thigh.

"Come up here—*closer;*" and putting one arm around Peter's neck he laid the other hand softly on his head, and looked long and tenderly into his eyes. "I've got to leave you, Peter. Don't you feel sorry for me?"

"Oh, Marse Rom!" cried Peter, hiding his face, his whole form shaken by sobs.

"Peter," added the colonel, with ineffable gentleness, "if I had served my Master as faithfully as you have served yours, I should not feel ashamed to stand in His presence."

"If my Master is ez mussiful to me ez you have been—"

"I have fixed things so that you will be comfortable after I am gone. When your time comes, I should like you to be laid close to me. We can take the long sleep together. Are you willing?"

"That's whar I want to be laid."

The colonel stretched out his hand to the vase, and taking the bunch of pinks, said calmly:

"Leave these in my hand; I'll carry them with me."

A moment more, and he added:

"If I shouldn't wake up any more, good-bye, Peter!"

"Good-bye, Marse Rom!"

And they shook hands a long time. After this the colonel lay back on the pillows. His soft silvery hair contrasted strongly with his childlike, unspoiled, open face. To the day of his death, as is apt to be true of those who have lived pure lives but never married, he had a boyish strain in him—a softness of nature, showing itself even now in the gentle expression of his mouth. His brown eyes had in them the same boyish look when, just as he was falling asleep, he scarcely opened them to say:

"Pray, Peter."

Peter on his knees, and looking across the colonel's face towards the open door, through which the rays of the rising sun streamed in upon his hoary head, prayed, while the colonel fell asleep, adding a few words for himself now left alone.

Several hours later, memory led the colonel back again through the dim gateway of the past and out of that gateway his spirit finally took flight into the future.

Peter lingered a year. The place went to the colonel's sister, but he was allowed to remain in his quarters. With much thinking of the past, his mind fell into a lightness and a weakness. Sometimes he would be heard crooning the burden of some old hymns, or sometimes seen sitting beside the old brass-nailed trunk, fumbling with the spelling-book and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Often, too, he walked out to the cemetery on the edge of the town, and each time could hardly find the colonel's grave amid the multitude of the dead.

One gusty day in spring, the Scotch sexton, busy with the blades of blue-grass springing from the animated mould, saw his familiar figure standing motionless beside the colonel's resting-place. He had taken off his hat—one of the colonel's last bequests—and laid it on the colonel's head-stone. On his body he wore a strange coat of faded blue, patched and weather-stained, and so moth-eaten that parts of the curious tails had dropped entirely away. In one hand he held an open Bible, and on a much-soiled page he was pointing with his finger to the following words:

"I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep."

It would seem that, impelled by love and faith, and guided by his wandering reason, he had come forth to preach his last sermon on the immortality of the soul over the dust of his dead master.

The sexton led him home, and soon afterwards a friend, who had loved them both, laid him beside the colonel.

It was perhaps fitting that his winding-sheet should be the vestment in which, years agone, he had preached to his fellow-slaves in bondage; for if it so be that the dead of this planet shall come forth from their graves clad in the trappings of mortality, then Peter should arise on the Resurrection Day wearing his old jeans coat.

UNCLE TOM AT HOME

From 'The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky.' Copyright, 1892-1899, by Harper and Brothers. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

THESE three types—Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom, and the Shelbys, his master and mistress—were the outgrowth of natural and historic conditions peculiar to Kentucky. "Perhaps," wrote Mrs. Stowe in her novel, "the mildest form of the system of slavery is to be seen in the State of Kentucky. The general prevalence of agricultural pursuits of a quiet and gradual nature, not requiring those periodic seasons of hurry and pressure that are called for in the business of more southern districts, makes the task of the negro a more healthful and reasonable one; while the master, content with a more gradual style of acquisition, had not those temptations to hard-heartedness which always overcome frail human nature when the prospect of sudden and rapid gain is weighed in the balance with no heavier counterpoise than the interests of the helpless and unprotected." These words contain many truths.

For it must not be forgotten, first of all, that the condition of the slave in Kentucky was measurably determined by certain physical laws which lay beyond the control of the most inhuman master. Consider the nature of the country—elevated, rolling, without miasmatic districts or fatal swamps; the soil in the main slave-holding portions of the State easily tilled, abundantly yielding; the climate temperate and invigorating. Consider the system of agriculture—not that of vast plantations, but of small farms, part of which regularly consisted of woodland and meadow that required little attention. Consider the further limitations to this system imposed by the range of the great Kentucky staples—it being in the nature of corn, wheat, hemp, and tobacco, not to yield profits sufficient to justify the employment of an immense predial force nor to require seasons of forced and exhausting labor. It is evident that under such conditions slavery was not stamped with those sadder features which it wore beneath a devastating sun, amid unhealthy or sterile regions of country, and through the herding together of hundreds of slaves who had the outward but

not the inward discipline of an army. True, one recalls here the often quoted words of Jefferson on the raising of tobacco —words nearly as often misapplied as quoted; for he was considering the condition of slaves who were unmercifully worked on exhausted lands by a certain proletarian type of master, who did not feed and clothe them. Only under such circumstances could the culture of this plant be described as "productive of infinite wretchedness," and those engaged in it as "in a continual state of exertion beyond the powers of nature to support." It was by reason of these physical facts that slavery in Kentucky assumed the phase which is to be distinguished as domestic; and it was this mode that had prevailed at the North and made emancipation easy.

Furthermore, in all history the condition of an enslaved race under the enslaving one has been partly determined by the degree of moral justification with which the latter had regarded the subject of human bondage; and the life of the Kentucky negro, say in the days of Uncle Tom, was further modified by the body of laws which had crystallized as the sentiment of the people, slave-holders themselves. But even these laws were only a partial exponent of what that sentiment was; for some of the severest were practically a dead letter, and the clemency of the negro's treatment by the prevailing type of master made amends for the hard provisions of others.

It would be a difficult thing to write the history of slavery in Kentucky. It is impossible to write a single page of it here. But it may be said that the conscience of a great body of the people was always sensitive touching the rightfulness of the institution. At the very outset it seems to have been recognized simply for the reason that the early settlers were emigrants from slave-holding States and brought their negroes with them. The commonwealth began its legislation on the subject in the face of an opposing sentiment. By early statute restriction was placed on the importation of slaves, and from the first they began to be emancipated. Throughout the seventy-five years of pro-slavery State life, the general conscience was always troubled.

The churches took up the matter. Great preachers, whose names were influential beyond the State, denounced the system from the pulpit, pleaded for the humane and Christian

treatment of slaves, advocated gradual emancipation. One religious body after another proclaimed the moral evil of it, and urged that the young be taught and prepared as soon as possible for freedom. Anti-slavery publications and addresses, together with the bold words of great political leaders, acted as a further leaven in the mind of the slave-holding class. As evidence of this, when the new Constitution of the State was to be adopted, about 1850, thirty thousand votes were cast in favor of an open clause in it, whereby gradual emancipation should become a law as soon as the majority of the citizens should deem it expedient for the peace of society; and these votes represented the richest, most intelligent slave-holders in the State.

In general the laws were perhaps the mildest. Some it is vital to the subject not to pass over. If slaves were inhumanly treated by their owner or not supplied with proper food and clothing, they could be taken from him and sold to a better master. This law was not inoperative. I have in mind the instance of a family who lost their negroes in this way, were socially disgraced, and left their neighborhood. If the owner of a slave had bought him on condition of not selling him out of the country, or into the Southern States, or so as not to separate him from his family, he could be sued for violation of contract. This law shows the opposition of the better class of Kentucky masters to the slave-trade, and their peculiar regard for the family ties of their negroes. In the earliest Kentucky newspapers will be found advertisements of the sales of negroes, on condition that they would be bought and kept within the county or the State. It was within chancery jurisdiction to prevent the separation of families. The case may be mentioned of a master who was tried by his church for unnecessarily separating a husband from his wife. Sometimes slaves who had been liberated and had gone to Canada voluntarily returned into service under their former masters. Lest these should be overreached, they were to be taken aside and examined by the court to see that they understood the consequences of their own action, and were free from improper constraint. On the other hand, if a slave had a right to his freedom, he could file a bill in chancery and enforce his master's assent thereto.

But a clear distinction must be made between the mild view entertained by the Kentucky slave-holders regarding the system itself and their dislike of the agitators of forcible and immediate emancipation. A community of masters, themselves humane to their negroes and probably intending to liberate them in the end, would yet combine into a mob to put down individual or organized anti-slavery efforts, because they resented what they regarded as interference of the Abolitionist with their own affairs, and believed his measures inexpedient for the peace of society. Therefore, the history of the anti-slavery movement in Kentucky, at times so turbulent, must not be used to show the sentiment of the people regarding slavery itself.

THE GLEAMING RED-COAT

From 'A Kentucky Cardinal.' Copyright, 1894-1899, by Harper and Brothers, and 1900, by The Macmillan Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

The middle of February. The depths of winter reached. Thoughtful, thoughtless words—the depths of winter. Everything gone inward and downward from surface and summit, Nature at low tide. In its time will come the height of summer, when the tides of life will rise to the tree-tops, or be dashed as silvery insect spray all but to the clouds. So black a season touches my concern for birds, which never seem quite at home in this world; and the winter has been most lean and hungry for them. Many snows have fallen—snows that are as raw cotton spread over their breakfast-table, and cutting off connection between them and its bounties. Next summer I must let the weeds grow up in my garden, so that they may have a better chance for seeds above the stingy level of the universal white. Of late I have opened a pawnbroker's shop for my hard-pressed brethren in feathers, lending at a fearful rate of interest; for every borrowing Lazarus will have to pay me back in due time by monthly instalments of singing. I shall have mine own again with usury. But were a man never so usurious, would he not lend a winter seed for a summer song? Would he refuse to invest his stale crumbs in an orchestra of divine instruments and a choir of heavenly voices? And to-day, also, I ordered from a nursery-man more trees of

holly, juniper, and fir, since the storm-beaten cedars will have to come down. For in Kentucky, when the forest is naked, and every shrub and hedge-row bare, what would become of our birds in the universal rigor and exposure of the world if there were no evergreens—nature's hostelries for the homeless ones? Living in the depths of these, they can keep snow, ice, and wind at bay; prying eyes cannot watch them, nor enemies so well draw near; cones or seed or berries are their store; and in those untrodden chambers each can have the sacred company of his mate. But wintering here has terrible risks which few run. Scarcely in autumn have the leaves begun to drop from their high perches silently downward when the birds begin to drop away from the bare boughs silently southward. Lo! some morning the leaves are on the ground, and the birds have vanished. The species that remain, or that come to us then, wear the hues of the season, and melt into the tone of Nature's background—blues, grays, browns, with touches of white on tail and breast and wing for coming flecks of snow.

Save only him—proud, solitary stranger in our unfriendly land—the fiery grosbeak. Nature in Kentucky has no wintry harmonies for him. He could find these only among the tufts of the October sumac, or in the gum-tree when it stands a pillar of red twilight fire in the dark November woods, or in the far depths of the crimson sunset skies, where, indeed, he seems to have been nested, and whence to have come as a messenger of beauty, bearing on his wings the light of his diviner home.

With almost everything earthly that he touches this high herald of the trees is in contrast. Among his kind he is without a peer. Even when the whole company of summer voyagers have sailed back to Kentucky, singing and laughing and kissing one another under the enormous green umbrella of Nature's leaves, he still is beyond them all in loveliness. But when they have been wafted away again to brighter skies and to soft islands over the sea, and he is left alone on the edge of that Northern world which he has dared invade and inhabit, it is then, amid black clouds and drifting snows, that the gorgeous cardinal stands forth in the ideal picture of his destiny. For it is then that his beauty is most conspicuous, and that Death, lover of the peerless, strikes at him from afar. So

that he retires to the twilight solitude of his wild fortress. Let him even show his noble head and breast at a slit in its green window-shades, and a ray flashes from it to the eye of a cat; let him, as spring comes on, burst out in desperation and mount to the tree-tops which he loves, and his gleaming red coat betrays him to the poised hawk as to a distant sharp-shooter; in the barn near by an owl is waiting to do his night marketing at various tender-meat stalls; and, above all, the eye and heart of man are his diurnal and nocturnal foe. What wonder if he is so shy, so rare, so secluded, this flame-colored prisoner in dark-green chambers, who has only to be seen or heard and Death adjusts an arrow.

No vast Southern swamp or forest of pine here into which he may plunge. If he shuns man in Kentucky, he must haunt the long lonely river valleys where the wild cedars grow. If he comes into this immediate swarming pastoral region, where the people, with ancestral love of privacy, and not from any kindly thought of him, plant evergreens around their country homes, he must live under the very guns and amid the pitfalls of the enemy. Surely, could the first male of the species have foreseen how, through the generations of his race to come, both their beauty and their song, which were meant to announce them to Love, would also announce them to Death, he must have blanched snow-white with despair and turned as mute as a stone. Is it this flight from the inescapable just behind that makes the singing of the red-bird thoughtful and plaintive, and, indeed, nearly all the wild sounds of nature so like the outcry of the doomed? He will sit for a long time silent and motionless in the heart of a cedar, as if absorbed in the tragic memories of his race. Then, softly, wearily, he will call out to you and to the whole world: *Peace . . Peace . . Peace . . Peace . . Peace . .* !—the most melodious sigh that ever issued from the clefts of a dungeon.

For color and form, brilliant singing, his very enemies, and the bold nature he has never lost, I have long been most interested in this bird. Every year several pairs make their appearance about my place. This winter especially I have been feeding a pair; and there should be finer music in the spring, and a lustier brood in summer.

THE EXPLANATION

From 'The Choir Invisible.' Copyright, 1897, by The Macmillan Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

One mild afternoon of autumn she was walking with quiet dignity around her garden. She had just come from town where she had given to Jouett the last sitting for her portrait, and she was richly dressed in the satin gown and cap of lace which those who see the picture nowadays will remember. The finishing of it had saddened her a little; she meant to leave it to him; and she wondered whether, when he looked into the eyes of this portrait, he would at last understand: she had tried to tell him the truth; it was the truth that Jouett painted.

Thus she was thinking of the past as usual; and once she paused in the very spot where one sweet afternoon of May long ago he had leaned over the fence, holding in his hand his big black hat decorated with a Jacobin cockade, and had asked her consent to marry Amy. Was not yonder the very maple, in the shade of which he and she sat some weeks later while she had talked with him about the ideals of life? She laughed, but she touched her handkerchief to her eyes as she turned to pass on. Then she stopped abruptly.

Coming down the garden walk toward her with a light rapid step, his head in the air, a smile on his fresh noble face, an earnest look in his gray eyes, was a tall young fellow of some eighteen years. A few feet off he lifted his hat with a free, gallant air, uncovering a head of dark-red hair, closely curling.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, in a voice that fell on her ear like music long remembered. "Is this Mrs. Falconer?"

"Yes," she replied, beginning to tremble, "I am Mrs. Falconer."

"Then I should like to introduce myself to you, dearest madam. I am John Gray, the son of your old friend, and my father sends me to you to stay with you if you will let me. And he desires me to deliver this letter."

"John Gray!" she cried, running forward and searching his face. "*You* John Gray! *You!* Take off your hat!" For

a moment she looked at his forehead and his hair, her eyes became blinded with tears. She threw her arms around his neck with a sob and covered his face with kisses.

"Madam," said the young fellow, stooping to pick up his hat, and laughing outright at his own blushes and confusion, "I don't wonder that my father thinks so much of you!"

"I never did that to your father!" she retorted. Beneath the wrinkled ivory of her skin a tinge of faintest pink appeared and disappeared.

Half an hour later she was sitting at a western window. Young John Gray had gone to the library to write to his father and mother, announcing his arrival; and in her lap lay his father's letter which with tremulous fingers she was now wiping her spectacles to read. In all these years she had never allowed herself to think of *her* John Gray as having grown older; she saw him still young, as when he used to lean over the garden fence. But now the presence of his son had the effect of suddenly pushing the father far on into life; and her heart ached with this first realization that he too must have passed the climbing-point and have set his feet on the shaded downward slope that leads to the quiet valley.

His letter began lightly:

"I send John to you with the wish that you will be to the son the same inspiring soul you once were to the father. You will find him headstrong and with great notions of what he is to be in the world. But he is warm-hearted and clean-hearted. Let him do for you the things I used to do; let him hold the yarn on his arms for you to wind off, and read to you your favorite novels; he is a good reader for a young fellow. And will you get out your spinning-wheel some night when the logs are roaring in the fireplace and let him hear its music? Will you some time with your own hands make him a johnny-cake on a new ash shingle? I want him to know a woman who can do all these things and still be a great lady. And lay upon him all the burdens that in any way you can, so that he shall not think too much of what he may some day do in life, but of what he is actually doing. We get great reports of the Transylvania University, of the bar of Lexington, of the civilization that I foresaw would spring up in Kentucky; and I send

John to you with the wish that he hear lectures and afterwards go into the office of some one whom I shall name, and finally marry and settle there for life. You recall this as the wish of my own; through John, then, I shall accomplish it—through John shall be done what I could not do. You see how stubborn I am! I have given him the names of my school-children. He is to find out those of them who still live there, and to tell me of those who have passed away or been scattered.

"I do not know, but if at the end of life I should be left alone here, perhaps I shall make my way back to Kentucky to John, as the old tree falls beside the young one."

From this point the tone of the letter changed.

"And now I am going to open to you what no other eye has ever seen, must ever see—one page in the book of my life."

When she reached these words with a contraction of the heart and a loud throbbing of the pulses in her ears, she got up and locked the letter in her bureau. Then, commanding herself, she went to the dining-room, and with her own hands prepared the supper table; got out her finest linen, glass, silver; had the sconces lighted, extra candelabra brought in; gave orders for especial dishes to be cooked, and when everything was served, seated her guest at the foot of the table and let him preside as though it were his old rightful place. Ah, how like his father he was! Several times, when the father's name was mentioned, he quite choked up with tears.

At an early hour he sought rest from the fatigue of travel. She was left alone. The house was quiet. She summoned the negro girl who slept on the floor in her room and who was always with her of evenings:

"You can go to the cabin till bedtime. And when you come in, don't make any noise. And don't speak to me. I shall be asleep."

Then seating herself beside the little candle stand which mercifully for her had shed its light on so many books in the great lonely bed-chamber, she reread those last words:

"And now I am going to open to you what no other eye has ever seen, must ever see—one page in the book of my life:

"Can you remember the summer I left Kentucky? On reaching Philadelphia I called on a certain family consisting as I afterwards ascertained, of father, mother, and daughter; and being in search of lodgings, I was asked to become a member of their household. This offer was embraced, the more eagerly because I was sick for a home that summer and in need of some kind soul to lean on in my weakness. I had indeed been led for these reasons to seek their acquaintance—the father and mother having known my own parents early in life, so that they had seemed old friends even before I met them. You will thus understand how natural a haven with my loneliness and amid such memories this house became to me, and upon what grounds I stood in my association with its members from the beginning.

"When the lawsuit went against me and I was wrongfully thrown into jail for debt, their faithful interest only deepened. Very poor themselves, they would yet have made any sacrifice in my behalf. During the months of my imprisonment they were often with me, bringing every comfort and brightening the dulness of many an hour.

"Upon my release I returned gladly to their household, welcomed I could not say with what joyous affection. Soon afterwards I found a position in the office of a law firm and got my start in life.

"And now I cross the path of some things that cannot be written. But you who know what my life and character had been will nobly understand: remember your last words to me.

"One day I offered my hand to the daughter. I told her the whole truth; that there was someone else—not free; that no one could take the place this other was filling at that moment, would fill always. Nevertheless, if she would accept me on these conditions, everything that it was in my power to promise she should have.

"She said that in time she would win the rest.

"A few weeks later that letter came from you, bringing the intelligence that changed everything. (Do you remember my reply? I seem only this moment to have dropped the pen.) As soon as I could control myself, I told her that now you were free, that it was but justice and kindness alike to her and to me that I should give her the chance to reconsider the en-

gagement. A week passed, I went again. I warned her how different the situation had become. I could promise less than before—I could not say how little. A month later I went again.

"Ah, well—that is all!

"The summer after my marriage I traveled to Virginia regarding a landsuit. One day I rode far out of my course into the part of the country where you had lived. I remained some days strolling over the silent woods and fields, noting the bushes on the lawn, such as you had carried over into Kentucky, hunting out the quiet nooks where you were used to read in your girlhood. Those long, sweet, sacred summer days alone with you there before you were ever married! O *Jessica! Jessica! Jessica! Jessica!* And to this day the sight of peach blossoms in the spring—the rustle of autumn leaves under my feet! Can you recall the lines of Malory? *'Men and women could love together seven years, and then was love truth and faithfulness.'* How many more than seven have I loved you!—you who never gave me anything but friendship, but who would in time, I hope, have given me everything if I had come back. Ah, I did come back! I have forever been coming back! Many a time even now, as soon as I have hurried through the joyous gateways of sleep, I come back over the mountains to you as naturally as though there had been no years to separate and to age. Let me tell you all this! My very life would be incomplete without it! I owed something to you long before I owed anything to another: a duty can never set aside a duty. And as to what I have owed you since, it becomes more and more the noblest earthly debt that I shall ever leave unpaid. I did not know you perfectly when we parted: I was too young, too ignorant of the world, too ignorant of many women. A man must have touched their coarseness in order to appreciate their refinement; have been wounded by untruthfulness to understand their delicate honour; he must have been driven to turn his eyes mercifully away from their stain before he can ever look with all the reverence and gratitude of his heart and soul upon their brows of chastity.

"But my life otherwise. I take it for granted that you

would like to know where I stand, what I have become, whether I have kept faith with the ideals of my youth.

"I have succeeded, perhaps reached now what men call the highest point of their worldly prosperity, made good my resolve that no human power should defeat me. All that Macbeth had not I have: a quiet throne of my own, children, wife, troops of friends, duties, honours, ease. There have been times when with natural misgiving lest I had wandered too far these many summers on a sea of glory, I have prepared for myself the lament of Wolsey on his fall: yet ill fortune has not overwhelmed me or mine.

"All this prosperity, as the mere fruit of my toil, has been less easy than for many. I may not boast with the Apostle that I have fought a good fight, but I can say that I have fought a hard one. The fight will always be hard for any man who undertakes to conquer life with the few and simple weapons I have used and who will accept victory only upon such terms as I have demanded. For be my success small or great, it has been won without wilful wrong of a single human being and without inner compromise or other form of self-abasement. No man can look me in the eyes and say I ever wronged him for my own profit; none may charge that I have smiled on him in order to use him, or called him my friend that I might make him do for me the work of a servant.

"Do not imagine I fail to realize that I have added my full share to the general evil of the world; in part unconsciously, in part against my conscious will. It is the knowledge of this influence of imperfection forever flowing from myself to all others, that has taught me charity with all the wrongs that flow from others toward me. As I have clung to myself despite the evil, so I have clung to the world despite all the evil that is in the world. To lose faith in men, not in humanity; to see justice go down and not believe in the triumph of injustice; for every wrong that you weakly deal another or another deals you to love more and more the fairness and beauty of what is right; and so to turn with ever-increasing love from imperfection that is in us all to the Perfection that is above us all—the perfection that is God: this is one of the ideals of actual duty that you once said were to be as candles in my hand. Many a time this candle has gone out; but as quickly as I

could snatch any torch—with your sacred name on my lips—it has been relighted.

"My candles are all beginning to burn low now. For as we advance far on into life, one by one our duties end, one by one the lights go out. Not much ahead of me now must lurk the great mortal changes, coming always nearer, always faster. As they approach, I look less to my candles, more towards my lighthouses—those distant unfailing beacons that cast their rays over the stormy sea of this life from the calm ocean of the Infinite. I know this: that if I should live to be an old man, my duties ended and my candles gone, it is these that will shine in upon me in that vacant darkness. And I have this belief: that if we did but recognize them aright, these ideals at the close of life would become one with the ideals of our youth. We lost them as we left mortal youth behind; we regain them as we enter upon youth immortal.

"If I have kept unbroken faith with any of mine, thank you. And thank God!"

HEMP

From 'The Reign of Law.' Copyright, 1900, by The Macmillan Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

THE Anglo-Saxon farmers had scarce conquered foothold, stronghold, freehold in the Western wilderness before they became sowers of hemp—with remembrance of Virginia, with remembrance of dear ancestral Britain. Away back in the days when they lived with wife, child, flock in frontier wooden fortresses and hardly ventured forth for water, salt, game, tillage—in the very summer of that wild daylight ride of Tomlinson and Bell, by comparison with which, my children, the midnight ride of Paul Revere was as tame as the pitching of a rocking-horse in a boy's nursery—on that history-making twelfth of August, of the year 1782, when these two backwoods riflemen, during that same Revolution, the Kentuckians then fighting a branch of that same British army, rushed out of Bryan's Station for the rousing of the settlements and the saving of the West—hemp was growing tall and thick near the walls of the fort.

Hemp in Kentucky in 1782—early landmark in the history

of the soil, of the people. Cultivated first for the needs of cabin and clearing solely; for twine and rope, towel and table, sheet and shirt. By and by not for cabin and clearing only; not for tow-homespun, fur-clad Kentucky alone. To the north had begun the building of ships, American ships for American commerce, for American arms, for a nation which Nature had herself created and had distinguished as a seafaring race. To the south had begun the raising of cotton. As the great period of shipbuilding went on—greatest during the twenty years or more ending in 1860; as the great period of cotton-raising and cotton baling went on—never so great before as that in that same year—the two parts of the nation looked equally to the one border plateau lying between them, to several counties of Kentucky, for the most of the nation's hemp! It was in those days of the North that the *Constitution* was rigged with Russian hemp on one side, with American hemp on the other, for a patriotic test of the superiority of home-grown, home-prepared fibre; and thanks to the latter, before those days ended with the outbreak of the Civil War, the country had become second to Great Britain alone in her ocean craft, and but little behind that mistress of the seas. So that in response to this double demand for hemp on the American ship and hemp on the southern plantation, at the close of that period of national history on land and sea, from those few counties of Kentucky, in the year 1859, were taken well-nigh forty thousand tons of the well-cleaned bast.

What history it has wrought in those years, directly for the republic, indirectly for the world! What ineffaceable marks it left on Kentucky itself, land, land-owners! To make way for it, a forest the like of which no human eye will ever see again was felled; and with the forest went its pastures, its waters. The roads of Kentucky, those long limestone turnpikes connecting the towns and villages with the farms—they were early made necessary by the hauling of the hemp. For the sake of it slaves were perpetually being trained, hired, bartered; lands perpetually rented and sold; fortunes made or lost. The advancing price of farms, the westward movement of poor families and consequently of the Kentuckians over cheaper territory, whither they carried the same passion for the cultivation of the same plant,—thus making *Missouri* the

second hemp-producing state in the Union,—the regulation of the hours in the Kentucky cabin, in the house, at the rope-walk, in the factory,—what phase of life went unaffected by the pursuit and fascination of it? Thought, care, hope, of the farmer oftentimes throughout the entire year! Upon it depending, it may be, the college of his son, the accomplishments of his daughter, the luxuries of his wife, the house he would build, the stock he could own. His own pleasures also: his deer hunting in the South, his fox hunting at home, his fishing on the great lakes, his excursions on the old floating palaces of the Mississippi down to New Orleans—all these depending in large measure upon his hemp, that thickest gold-dust of his golden acres.

With the Civil War began the long decline, lasting still. The record stands that throughout the one hundred and twenty-five odd years elapsing from the entrance of the Anglo-Saxon farmers into the wilderness down to the present time, a few counties of Kentucky have furnished army and navy, the entire country, with all but a little part of the native hemp consumed. Little comparatively is cultivated in Kentucky now. The traveller may still see it here and there, crowning those ever-renewing, self-renewing, inexhaustible fields. But the time cannot be far distant when the industry there will have become extinct. Its place in the nation's markets will be still further taken by metals, by other fibres, by finer varieties of the same fibre, by the same variety cultivated in soils less valuable. The history of it in Kentucky will be ended, and, being ended, lost.

Some morning when the roar of March winds is no more heard in the tossing woods, but along still brown boughs a faint, veil-like greenness runs; when every spring, welling out of the soaked earth, trickles through banks of sod unbarred by ice; before a bee is abroad under the calling sky; before the red of applebuds becomes a sign in the low orchards, or the high song of the thrush is pouring forth far away at wet, pale-green sunsets, the sower, the earliest sower of the hemp, goes forth into the fields.

Warm they must be, soft and warm, those fields, its chosen birthplace. Upturned by the plough, crossed and recrossed by the harrow, clodless, levelled, deep, fine, fertile—some extinct

river-bottom, some valley threaded by streams, some table-land of mild rays, moist airs, alluvial or limestone soils—such is the favorite cradle of the hemp in Nature. Back and forth with measured tread, with measured distance, broadcast the sower sows, scattering with plenteous hand those small oval-shaped fruits, gray-green, black-striped, heavily packed with living marrow.

Lightly covered over by drag or harrow, under the rolled earth now they lie, those mighty, those inert seeds. Down into the darkness about them the sun rays penetrate day by day, stroking them with the brushes of light, prodding them with spears of flame. Drops of nightly dews, drops from the coursing clouds, trickle down to them, moistening the dryness, closing up the little hollows of the ground, drawing the particles of maternal earth more closely. Suddenly—as an insect that has been feigning death cautiously unrolls itself and starts into action—in each seed the great miracle of life begins. Each awakens as from a sleep, as from pretended death. It starts, it moves, it bursts its ashen woody shell, it takes two opposite courses, the white, fibril-tapered root hurrying away from the sun; the tiny stem, bearing its lance-like leaves, ascending graceful, brave like a palm.

Some morning, not many days later, the farmer, walking out into his barn lot and casting a look in the direction of his field, sees—or does he not see?—the surface of it less dark. What is that uncertain flush low on the ground, that irresistible rush of multitudinous green? A fortnight, and the field is brown no longer. Overflowing it, burying it out of sight, is the shallow tidal sea of the hemp, ever rippling. Green are the woods now with their varied greenness. Green are the pastures. Green here and there are the fields: with the bluish green of young oats and wheat; with the gray green of young barley and rye; with orderly dots of dull dark green in vast array—the hills of Indian maize. But as the eye sweeps the whole landscape undulating far and near, from the hues of tree, pasture, and corn of every kind, it turns to the color of the hemp. With that in view, all other shades in nature seem dead and count for nothing. Far reflected, conspicuous, brilliant, strange; masses of living emerald saturated with blazing sunlight.

Darker, always darker turns the hemp as it rushes upward: scarce darker as to the stemless stalks which are hidden now; but darker in the tops. Yet here two shades of greenness: the male plants paler, smaller, maturing earlier, dying first; the females darker, taller, living longer, more luxuriant of foliage and flowering heads.

A hundred days from the sowing, and those flowering heads have come forth with their mass of leaves and bloom and earliest fruits, elastic, swaying six, ten, twelve feet from the ground and ripe for cutting. A hundred days reckoning from the last of March or the last of April, so that it is July, it is August. And now, borne far through the steaming air floats an odor, balsamic, startling: the odor of those plumes and stalks and blossoms from which is exuding freely the narcotic resin of the great nettle. The nostril expands quickly, the lungs swell out deeply to draw it in: the fragrance once known in childhood, ever in the memory afterward and able to bring back to the wanderer homesick thoughts of midsummer days in the shadowy, many-toned woods, over into which is blown the smell of the hempfields.

Who apparently could number the acres of these in the days gone by? A land of hemp, ready for the cutting! The oats heavy-headed, rustling, have turned to gold and been stacked in the stubble or stored in the lofts of white, bursting barns. The heavy-headed, rustling wheat has turned to gold and been stacked in the stubble or sent through the whirling thresher. The barley and the rye are garnered and gone, the landscape has many bare and open spaces. But separating these everywhere, rise the fields of Indian corn now in blade and tassel; and—more valuable than all that has been sown and harvested or remains to be—everywhere the impenetrable thickets of the hemp.

Impenetrable! For close together stand the stalks, making common cause for the soil and light, each but one of many, the fibre being better when so grown—as is also the fibre of men. Impenetrable and therefore weedless; for no plant life can flourish there, nor animal nor bird. Scarce a beetle runs bewilderingly through those forbidding colossal solitudes. The field sparrow will flutter away from pollen-bearing to pollen-receiving top, trying to beguile you from its nest hidden near

the edge. The crow and the blackbird will seem to love it, having a keen eye for the cutworm, its only enemy. The quail does love it, not for itself, but for its protection, leading her brood into the labyrinths out of the dusty road when danger draws near. Best of all winged creatures it is loved by the iris-eyed, burnish-breasted, murmuring doves, already beginning to gather in the deadened tree-tops with crops eager for the seed. Well remembered also by the long-flight passenger pigeon, coming into the land for the mast. Best of all wild things whose safety lies not in the wing but in the foot, it is loved by the hare for its young, for refuge. Those lithe, velvety, summer-thin bodies! Observe carefully the tops of the still hemp: are they slightly shaken? Among the bases of those stalks a cotton-tail is threading its way inward beyond reach of its pursuer. Are they shaken violently, parted clean and wide to the right and left? It is the path of the dog following the hot scent—ever baffled.

A hundred days to lift out of those tiny seed these powerful stalks, hollow, hairy, covered with their tough fibre,—that strength of cables when the big ships are tugged at by the joined fury of wind and ocean. And now some morning at the corner of the field stand the black men with hooks and whetstones. The hook, a keen, straight blade, bent at right angles to the handle two feet from the hand. Let these men be the strongest; no weakling can handle the hemp from seed to seed again. A heart, the doors and walls of which are in perfect order, through which flows freely the full stream of a healthy man's red blood; lungs deep, clear, easily filled, easily emptied; a body that can bend and twist and be straightened again in ceaseless rhythmical movement; limbs tireless; the very spirit of primeval man conquering primeval nature—all these go into the cutting of the hemp. The leader strides to the edge, and throwing forward his left arm, along which the muscles play, he grasps as much as it will embrace, bends the stalk over, and with his right hand draws the blade through them an inch or more from the ground. When he has gathered his armful, he turns and flings it down behind him, so that it lies spread out, covering when fallen the same space it filled while standing. And so he crosses the broad acres, and so each of the big black followers, stepping one by one to a place be-

hind him, until the long, wavering whitish green swaths of the prostrate hemp lie shimmering across the fields. Strongest now is the smell of it, impregnating the clothing of the men, spreading far throughout the air.

So it lies a week or more drying, dying, till the sap is out of the stalks, till the leaves and blossoms and earliest ripened or unripened fruits wither and drop off, giving back to the soil the nourishment they have drawn from it; the whole top being thus otherwise wasted—that part of the hemp which every year the dreamy millions of the Orient still consume in quantities beyond human computation, and for the love of which the very history of this plant is lost in the antiquity of India and Persia, its home—land of narcotics and desires and dreams.

Then the rakers with enormous wooden rakes; they draw the stalks into bundles, tying each with the hemp itself. Following the binders, move the wagon-beds or slides, gathering the bundles and carrying them to where, huge, flat, and round, the stacks begin to rise. At last these are well built; the gates of the field are closed or the bars put up; wagons and laborers are gone; the brown fields stand deserted.

One day something is gone from earth and sky: Autumn has come, season of scales and balances, when the Earth, brought to judgment for its fruits, says, "I have done what I could—now let me rest!"

Fall! and everywhere the sights and sounds of falling. In the woods, through the cool silvery air, the leaves, so indispensable once, so useless now. Bright day after bright day, dripping night after dripping night, the never ending filtering or gusty fall of leaves. The fall of walnuts, dropping from bare boughs with muffled boom into the deep grass. The fall of the hickory-nut, rattling noisily down through the scaly limbs and scattering its hulls among the stones of the brook below. The fall of the buckeyes, rolling like balls of mahogany into the little dust paths made by sheep in the hot months when they had sought those roofs of leaves. The fall of acorns, leaping out of their matted green cups as they strike the rooty earth. The fall of red haw, persimmon, and pawpaw, and the odorous wild plum in its valley thickets. The fall of all seeds whatsoever of the forest, now made ripe in their high places

and sent back to the ground, there to be folded in against the time when they shall arise again as the living generations; the homing, downward flight of the seeds in the many-colored woods all over the quiet land.

In the fields, too, the sights and sounds of falling, the fall of the standing fatness. The silent fall of the tobacco, to be hung head downward in fragrant sheds and barns. The felling whack of the corn-knife and the rustling of the blades, as the workman gathers within his arm the topheavy stalks and presses them into the bulging shock. The fall of pumpkins into the slow-drawn wagons, the shaded side of them still white with the morning rime. In the orchards, the fall of apples shaken thunderously down, and the piling of these in sprawling heaps near the cider mills. In the vineyards the fall of sugaring grapes into the baskets and the bearing of them to the winepress in the cool sunshine, where there is the late droning of bees about the sweet pomace.

But of all that the earth has yielded with or without the farmer's help, of all that he can call his own within the limits of his land, nothing pleases him better than those still brown fields where the shapely stacks stand amid the deadened trees. Two months have passed, the workmen are at it again. The stacks are torn down, the bundles scattered, the hemp spread out as once before. There to lie till it shall be dew-retted or rotted; there to suffer freeze and thaw, chill rains, locking frosts and loosening snows—all the action of the elements—until the gums holding together the filaments of the fibre rot out and dissolve, until the bast be separated from the woody portion of the stalk, and the stalk itself be decayed and easily broken.

Some day you walk across the spread hemp, your foot goes through at each step, you stoop and taking several stalks, snap them readily in your fingers. The ends stick out clean apart; and lo! hanging between them, there it is at last—a festoon of wet, coarse, dark gray riband, wealth of the hemp, sail of the wild Scythian centuries before Horace ever sang of him, sail of the Roman, dress of the Saxon and Celt, dress of the Kentucky pioneer.

The rakers reappear at intervals of dry weather, and draw the hemp into armfuls and set it up in shocks of convenient

size, wide flared at the bottom, well pressed in and bound at the top, so that the slanting sides may catch the drying sun and the sturdy base resist the strong winds. And now the fields are as dark brown camps of armies—each shock a soldier's tent. Yet not dark always; at times snow-covered; and then the white tents gleam for miles in the winter sunshine—the snow-white tents of the camping hemp.

Throughout the winter and on into early spring, as days may be warm or the hemp dry, the breaking continues. At each nightfall, cleaned and baled, it is hauled on wagon-beds or slides to the barns or the hemphouses, where it is weighed for the work and wages of the day.

Last of all, the brakes having been taken from the field, some night—dear sport for the lads!—takes place the burning of the "hempherds," thus returning their elements to the soil. To kindle a handful of tow and fling it as a firebrand into one of those masses of tinder; to see the flames spread and the sparks rush like swarms of red bees skyward through the smoke into the awful abysses of the night; to run from gray heap to gray heap, igniting the long line of signal fires, until the whole earth seems a conflagration and the heavens are as rosy as at morn; to look far away and descry on the horizon an array of answering lights; not in one direction only, but leagues away, to see the fainter, ever fainter glow of burning hempherds—this, too, is one of the experiences, one of the memories.

And now along the turnpikes the great loaded creaking wagons pass slowly to the towns, bearing the hemp to the factories, thence to be scattered over land and sea. Some day, when the winds of March are dying down, the sower enters the field and begins where he began twelve months before.

A round year of the earth's changes enters into the creation of the hemp. The planet has described its vast orbit ere it be grown and finished. All seasons are its servitors; all contradictions and extremes of nature meet in its making. The vernal patience of the warming soil; the long, fierce arrows of the summer heat, the long silvery arrows of the summer rain; autumn's dead skies and sobbing winds; winter's sternest, all-tightening frosts. Of none but strong virtues is it the sum. sickness or infirmity it knows not. It will have a mother

young and vigorous, or none; an old or weak or exhausted soil cannot produce it. It will endure no roof of shade, basking only in the eye of the fatherly sun, and demanding the whole sky for the walls of its nursery.

Ah! type, too, of our life, which also is earth-sown, earth-rooted; which must struggle upward, be cut down, rooted and broken, ere the separation take place between our dross and our worth—poor perishable shard and immortal fibre. Oh, the mystery, the mystery of that growth from the casting of the soul as a seed into the dark earth, until the time when, led through all natural changes and cleansed of weakness, it is borne from the field of its nativity for the long service.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON

[1779—1849]

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

WASHINGTON ALLSTON, one of the most considerable writers of verse in the Southern literature of the early nineteenth century, was born at Charleston in 1779 of a well-known Carolinian family. Having graduated at Harvard College he returned for a brief period to Charleston and sold his property in order to go abroad to study the art in which he was, in the eyes of the contemporary world, to gain his chief distinction. For three years he studied at the Royal Academy, which was then under the Presidency of another American, Benjamin West, who became a close friend of Allston. During the next four years he lived in Rome, where he had the good fortune to gain the lasting friendship of Coleridge. In 1809 Allston returned to America, but in 1811 he was again in London, where he remained during seven years and where he brought out in 1813 his only volume of verse, 'The Sylphs of the Seasons and Other Poems.' In 1818 he settled at Boston and devoted himself to his art, although his poetic voice never remained long silent. In 1830 he married the daughter of Richard Henry Dana and removed to Cambridgeport. In 1841 he published his romance, 'Monaldi,' which had been composed twenty years previous. He died in 1849, having been the friend of many great men, of Coleridge and Wordsworth and Lamb and of the chief literary men of America. His personality seems to have been gentle and winning; his character of that remarkable purity which is to be met with so frequently in the early history of American letters and on the origin of which the philosophic historian of our literature will, some day, profitably speculate. Allston, at all events, received his *testimonium probitatis* from that man of his time who was, from the point of view of character, most worthy and competent to write it, namely Southey. The latter wrote in his "Vision of Judgment":

". . . . . he who, returning
Rich in praise to his native shores, hath left a remembrance
Long to be honoured and loved on the banks of Thames and Tiber:
So may America, prizing in time the worth she possesses,
Give to that hand free scope and boast hereafter of Allston."

Before proceeding to discuss Allston's verse, a few words, and a few only, may be given to his prose. This consists of the 'Lectures on Art' posthumously published by Dana, the romance 'Monaldi' and one brief specimen of what, in its day, was held to belong to the then undefined *genre* of the short-story, "The Hypochondriac." None of this prose, it may be confessed at once, is in any degree memorable. Perhaps we are as platitudinous to-day as were the men of the early nineteenth century; at all events we are freer from complicated preconceptions. Hence to say of Allston's 'Lectures' that they strive to interpret art in the light of ethical and religious platitudes, is merely to say that he was of his time and under the domination of its conventions of thought—conventions from which not even a Ruskin could liberate himself entirely. Of Allston's prose fiction a similar criticism must be made. He wrote in the age of pseudo-Gothic, pseudo-philosophical romance, quite amorphous and as far removed as is conceivable from any conscientious imitation of life. When we approach his poetry there is an altogether different story to tell. Poetry, as Arnold said long ago, is the one thing that, in the long run, has a chance of not being altogether vanity. The reason for this is not far to seek. Poetry alone is comparatively free of trammels of mode and usage and may express the essential emotions of man with almost equal freedom in any age. It was not given to Allston, of course, even here, to write for all time, but certainly to produce a small body of work which has more than a merely historic value and interest.

This body of poetic work is very unequal in accomplishment. It would be rather absurd to-day to repeat the saying of Allston's brother-in-law, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., that his work gives him a place among the chief poets of his country. It was not at all absurd, though even then it was slightly extravagant, in the year 1850, when the remark was made. It is fair to say then that Allston is a true minor poet of that Southern and hence American literature which, as it recedes in the distance, is slowly but surely coming to assume its true proportions. We need to apply the historical estimate because Allston's verse, to be frank, is not intrinsically very attractive to-day. But in the days when Longfellow was a great poet Washington Allston was not a very small one. His chief defect was shared in a greater or less degree by nearly all of his American contemporaries. Like them he lacked a firm grasp on the essential principles of poetic art. His verse is nearly always smooth, it is sometimes sweet. For all that, Allston never really knew what poetic form is. Here a problem arises again for a hypothetical historian of American literature. How was it possible for Washington Allston, a man of genuine cultivation, of prolonged

artistic training and the friend of Wordsworth, to write seven smooth heroic couplets and in all good faith to believe that he had written a sonnet? Superficially this question may appear trivial. As a matter of fact, it goes deep. A satisfactory answer to it would involve, I suspect, the solution of a good many problems in regard to the earlier literature of America. But Allston's verse deserves a more detailed consideration.

"The Sylphs of the Seasons," which gave its title to Allston's single volume of verse, is a smooth and readable poem which would have been a very great deal better, had it not been written in one of those fatally facile metres which dispense with the necessity of severe artistic self-restraint and were the bane of nearly every American poet of that time. The poem shows a gently constructive fancy and its pleasantest touches come rather from Allston the painter than from Allston the poet.

"The walls with jetty darkness teemed
While down them crystal columns streamed,
And each a mountain torrent seemed
High flashing through the night."

"The Two Painters," which comes next in length to "The Sylphs of the Seasons," is a far more interesting and meritorious piece of work. It is the satirical story of two rascally and unskilful painters who are judged in the infernal regions by Leonardo da Vinci, to whom Miños has temporarily relegated his power. The poem lacks neither satirical nor imaginative energy and bears a curious resemblance to a brilliant piece of work by the recent German poet Ludwig Fulda. The poem is even fuller of fine pictorial touches than "The Sylphs of the Seasons." The description of the flight of Mercury is a good example.

"He, at the word,
High-bounding wings his airy flight,
So swift his form eludes the sight;
Nor aught is seen his course to mark,
Save when athwart the regions dark
His brazen helm is spied afar,
Bright trailing like a falling star."

"The Angel and the Nightingale," Allston's third poem of any length, is perhaps even better than either of the two preceding ones. It is written in a variation of the Spenserian stanza and the gentle verses undulate along pleasantly and not without sweetness. The description of the birds of the air coming from the farthest isles of the sea to do homage to the nightingale and her powers of song

is very nearly the best thing that Allston ever wrote and will be quoted at the end of this article. And yet even in these lines, which represent Allston very fairly, his artistic helplessness and his uncertainty of touch are apparent. For instance, he spoils a line that might have been genuinely impressive,

"The mountain-pines stand sentry over time,"

by the disturbing assonance of "pines" and "time"; the syntax here, too, is awkward enough to puzzle a professed grammarian. So that one receives a little shock of surprise at meeting two lines such as,

"Flash on the eagle in his downward flight
Bending his conquered majesty to song,"

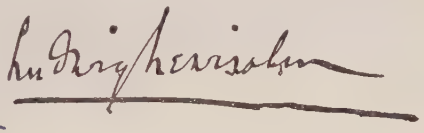
which ring out without a single dissonance. But the man who could write those two lines and not a few others equal to them had poetic talent which should not be underrated.

Allston's briefer poems are not nearly so interesting as the three which have been discussed. One exception alone must be made to this statement in favor of his short ode, "America to Great Britain." This poem has never lacked praise and appreciation, and justly not. The sentiment was one which naturally shook Allston with a stronger emotion than was habitual to him, and under the stress of this emotion he achieved a rhythmical effect that is pregnant, sonorous, and original. The fifth line of each stanza, if read with a marked cæsural pause after the proper syllable, is a noble metrical invention uniting the effects of high ardor and tense restraint. But this poem stands alone. As a rule when he leaves the prop and guidance of a complicated poetic form and essays light, lyric metres, his verse becomes insipid. So soon, however, as he casts his thoughts into the mould of a severe and difficult form, his verses become stronger, richer and more imaginative. Many such occur in his so-called sonnets, although these never come within measurable distance of that legitimate sonnet-form which the consent of ages and the practice of great poets have consecrated. But even this faulty form strengthens and purifies his poetic power. Into it are cast the firmest and most dignified lines he ever wrote, which may be quoted at once:

ON MICHAEL ANGELO

"'Tis not to honour thee by verse of mine
I bear a record of thy wondrous power;
Thou stand'st alone, and needest not to shine
With borrowed lustre; for the light is thine
Which no man giveth; and, though comets lower

Portentous round thy sphere, thou still art bright;
Though many a satellite about thee fall,
Leaving their stations merged in trackless night,
Yet take not they from that supernal light
Which lives within thee, sole, and free of all."



THE SYLPH OF AUTUMN

From 'Sylphs of the Seasons.'

And now, in accents deep and low,
Like voice of fondly-cherished woe,
The Sylph of Autumn said:—
"Though I may not of raptures sing,
That graced the gentle song of Spring,
Like Summer, playful pleasures bring,
Thy youthful heart to glad;

"Yet still may I in hope aspire
Thy heart to touch with chaster fire,
And purifying love:
For I with vision high and holy,
And spell of quickening melancholy,
Thy soul from sublunary folly
First raised to worlds above.

"What though be mine the treasures fair
Of purple grape, and yellow pear,
And fruits of various hue,
And harvests rich of golden grain,
That dance in waves along the plain
To merry song of reaping swain,
Beneath the welkin blue!

"With these I may not urge my suit,
Of Summer's patient toil the fruit,
For mortal purpose given:

Nor may it fit my sober mood
To sing of sweetly murmuring flood,
Or dyes of many-colored wood,
That mock the bow of heaven.

"But, know, 't was mine the secret power
That waked thee at the midnight hour
In bleak November's reign:
'T was I the spell around thee cast,
When thou didst hear the hollow blast
In murmurs tell of pleasures past,
That ne'er would come again:

"And led thee, when the storm was o'er,
To hear the sullen ocean roar,
By dreadful calm oppressed;
Which still, though not a breeze was there,
Its mountain-billows heaved in air,
As if a living thing it were,
That strove in vain for rest.

" 'T was I, when thou, subdued by woe,
Didst watch the leaves descending slow,
To each a moral gave;
And, as they moved in mournful train,
With rustling sound, along the plain,
Taught them to sing a seraph's strain
Of peace within the grave.

"And then, upraised thy streaming eye,
I met thee in the western sky
In pomp of evening cloud,
That, while with varying form it rolled,
Some wizard's castle seemed of gold,
And now a crimsoned knight of old,
Or king in purple proud.

"And last, as sunk the setting sun,
And Evening with her shadows dun
The gorgeous pageant past,

'T was then of life a mimic show,
Of human grandeur here below,
Which thus beneath the fatal blow
Of Death must fall at last.

"O, then with what aspiring gaze
Didst thou thy trancèd vision raise
To yonder orbs on high,
And think how wondrous, how sublime,
'T were upwards to their spheres to climb,
And live beyond the reach of Time,
Child of Eternity!"

THE POWER OF SONG

From 'The Angel and the Bird.'

She loved the world so lovely she had made,
And well the grateful world the gift repaid:
Its all was hers; for e'en the tiny moan
That came so faintly from the brook beneath
Now seemed her breast to heave, and forth to breathe,
And blend in deeper sadness with her own.
No, never round the heart did sadder murmur wreathe.

So time went on, and tributary strains
From hill and dale, and from the breezy plains,
Came pouring all, to lose themselves in her.
Then, lost in ecstasy, how all night long
Her own sweet tribe would sit to hear her song!
Sure ne'er was known such soul-dissolving stir
In soft Italia's courts, her melting race among.

Then went her fame abroad; and from the sea,
And from the far-off isles, wherever tree
Gave shelter to the wing,—from every clime
Endeared to bird, or where the spicy grove
Embalms the gale, or where, the clouds above,
The mountain pine stands sentry over time,—
The winged pilgrims came,—for fashion, or for love.

And now the wondering moon would see her light
Flash on the eagle in his downward flight,
  Bending his conquered majesty to song;
And then afar along the snowy host
Of albatross, from off the stormy coast
  Of dreary Horn, that veered the clouds among,
Like to a gallant fleet by ocean-tempest tost;

And then it seemed, in one vast, jagged sheet,
Some rising thunder-cloud's broad breast to meet,
  Upheaving heavily above the sea;
But soon the seeming tempest nearer drew;
And then it broke: then how his files to view
  The Western chieftain wheeled,—how loftily!—
The mighty wingèd prince, the condor of Peru.

But how describe the ever-flowing throng,
Of warring note and plume, that poured along
  The tracts of air; or how the welkin rung,
As onward, like the crackling rush of flame,
With flap, and whiz, and whirr of wings, they came?
  But hushed again was all; nor wing nor tongue
Stirred in the charmèd air that breathed the Bird of fame.

Nor easy was the task in words to paint
The congregated mass, of forms so quaint,
  So wild and fierce and beautiful, and now,
Together mixed, o'erspread the enchanted wood.
Suffice to say, that gentler crowd ne'er stood
  In princely hall, where all is smile and bow.
In sooth, our polished birds were quite as true and good.

As if of ancient feud each breast bereft,
Or haply each at home its feud had left,
  A high-bred sympathy here seemed to wend
Its oily way, and, like a summer stream,
Made all that on it looked more lovely seem.
  So all were pleased, as gently each did bend
To see so smooth and bright his mirrored image beam.

Then side by side were seen the tiny form
Of wizard petrel, brewer of the storm,
And giant ostrich from Zahara's plain;
Next the fierce hawk, the robber of the skies,
With gentle dove, of soft, beseeching eyes;
And there, from Belgian fen, the bowing crane,
And dainty Eastern queen, the bird of Paradise.

Yet one there was that seemed with none to pair,
But rather like a flower that grew in air,
Which ever and anon, as there it stood,
Would ope its petal to the passing gale,
And then, with fitful gleam, its hues exhale,—
The little humming-bird. So Fortune wooed
Seems to the dreaming Bard; so bright,—so dim,—so frail!

'T was passing faith, I ween, such sight to see,—
These strange and motley tribes as one agree;
But one the power that hither bade them hie,—
The magic power of Song: though some would fain
The motive deem but hope of fame to gain
For taste refined;—and what beneath the sky
Could harden o'er the heart to self-applauding strain?

Ah, darling self! what transformations come
Aye at thy bidding,—eloquent or dumb,
Or loose or pure, as might beseem the time!
E'en as with man, in purple or in cowl,
So with the feathered race: hence many an owl
Hath doffed his mousing mien for look sublime,
And ruffian vulture smoothed to peace his bloody scowl.

THE YOUNG TROUBADOUR

The House of Este's bannered pile
Lay glittering in the morning sun,
And many a warlike trophy, won
From swarthy Moor and Arab dun,
Seemed grimly through the air to smile.

And all her knights from Palestine,
As called in jubilant array
From out their tombs, stood, fiercely gay,
In mail and casque, to grace the day
That weds the heir of Este's line.

For all along the banquet-hall
Was pedestalled, as if in life,
The mail that each had worn in strife,
To greet Count Julian's lovely wife,
Fair Isabel of Sinigal.

And many a noble, far and near,
And pilgrims from the Holy Land,
And all renowned for voice or hand
In minstrelsy, in many a land,
From every courtly clime were there.

But one there was, a wandering Boy,
A stranger to his native soil,
Whom penury had doomed to moil,
But grateful, in the Poet's toil,
Who could not pine for other joy.

With heart and head that seemed as one,
His loved guitar his only store,
From court to court he made his tour,
A gentle, happy Troubadour,
Whose quiet spirit envied none.

And with the Bride the Troubadour,
Now honored as her favored page,
Had come his tiny skill to wage
With other bards of riper age
In bridal song and festal lore.

Yet thought not he of rival art;
He sang not for a sounding name;
He loved the Muse because she came
Unasked, and gave him more than fame,—
The pure, sweet music of the heart.

There stood within a lonely dell
A broken fountain, called of yore
The Lover's Fount, where, bending o'er,
A marble Cupid once did pour
The sweetest drops that ever fell.

* * * * * *

Beside this fountain's grassy brink,
The little Bard now sought to train
His wandering thoughts, and build a strain
For knightly ears; but all in vain;
On knightly themes he could not think.

He sang of Este's martial lord;
He numbered o'er each gallant deed,
And made afresh the caitiffs bleed,
That fell before his barbèd steed,
Or oped their cleft helms to his sword.

And yet his soul could not, as once,
The madness catch, and outward glow,
With flashing eye and knotted brow;
A softer mood would o'er him grow,
Do all he could,—a little dunce!

And then he tried the tournament,
And sang how Julian's mighty lance
O'erthrew the chivalry of France;
Then how he fell beneath a glance
From one bright eye,—which through him went.

Ah, now he touched the magic chord
That waked his soul through all her springs;
His true guitar itself now sings,
As if alive its happy strings,
Mingling its life with every word.

Ah, *now he feels!*—for that bright eye
Himself had felt in kindness beam,
And now, his Lady fair the theme,
His spirit trod, as in a dream,
The purple meadows of the sky.

For there alone her virtues took
A bodied form, substantial, true,
That to the inward senses grew,
In angel shapes, distinct to view,
On which 't were bliss enough to look.

The trancèd Boy, now starting, stood,
And gently breathed his last address:
"O happy husband to possess
A wife so formed to love, to bless,
A wife so beautiful, so good!"

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN

All hail! thou noble land,
Our Fathers' native soil!
O, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine,—
O'er the main our naval line
Like the milky-way shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have past
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,

Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the Bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;—
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;—

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,—
Between let Ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One."

ROSALIE

"O, pour upon my soul again
That sad, unearthly strain,
That seems from other worlds to plain;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies!

"No,—never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow,

As from a thousand gushing springs,
Unknown before; that with it brings
This nameless light,—if light it be,—
That veils the world I see.

"For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres;
And something blent of smiles and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
O, nothing, sure, the stars beneath
Can mould a sadness like to this,—
So like angelic bliss."

So, at that dreamy hour of day
When the last lingering ray
Stops on the highest cloud to play,—
So thought the gentle Rosalie,
As on her maiden reverie
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

The Earth has had her visitation. Like to this
She hath not known, save when the mounting waters
Made of her orb one universal ocean.
For now the Tree that grew in Paradise,
The deadly Tree that first gave Evil motion,
And sent its poison through Earth's sons and daughters,
Had struck again its root in every land;
And now its fruit was ripe,—about to fall,—
And now a mighty Kingdom raised the hand,
To pluck and eat. Then from his throne stepped forth
The King of Hell, and stood upon the Earth:
But not, as once, upon the Earth to crawl.
A Nation's congregated form he took,
Till, drunk with sin and blood, Earth to her centre shook.

ART

O Art, high gift of Heaven! how oft defamed
When seeming praised! To most a craft that fits,
By dead, prescriptive Rule, the scattered bits
Of gathered knowledge; even so misnamed
By some who would invoke thee; but not so
By him—the noble Tuscan—who gave birth
To forms unseen of man, unknown to earth,
Now living habitants; he felt the glow
Of thy revealing touch, that brought to view
The invisible Idea; and he knew,
E'en by his inward sense, its form was true:
'T was life to life responding—highest truth!
So, through Elisha's faith, the Hebrew Youth
Beheld the thin blue air to fiery chariots grow.

ON THE LATE S. T. COLERIDGE

And thou art gone, most loved, most honored friend!
No, never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of Earth its pure ideal tones,
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathomed deep,
The Human Soul—as when, pushed off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep,
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seemed
As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below—yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever round us streamed.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he loved: thy living Truths are left

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

[1780—1851]

CHARLES W. KENT

THE grandfather of John James Audubon was a poor fisherman of Sable d'Olonne, about forty-five miles from Nantes, but poor as he was in every other respect he was rich in children. Old inhabitants of the little village recalled the pious parents and their bodyguard of twenty-one children on their way to the simple church services. Of this numerous progeny but two were sons and of these only one, the twentieth born, lived to any considerable age. In this child was the restless spirit of his times. Perhaps under no circumstances would he have resisted the wooings of the sea; but he did not have to resist any temptation, for the old fisherman encouraged his son's spirit of adventure by giving him a shirt, a dress of warm clothing, a parental blessing, a cane, and a firm injunction to seek his own fortune.

The youth may have needed the cane on his tramp to Nantes, but he soon dispensed with it and shipped as a boy before the mast on a fishing-smack bound for the coast of America. An able-bodied sailor with a talent and a stomach for the sea, he rose so rapidly in his calling that before thirty he was master of a small merchant fleet making frequent voyages to the West Indies and America. With a keen eye for the main chance, this farseeing adventurer laid the foundation for his considerable fortune by purchasing land in St. Domingo and on the American continent. In France he purchased a beautiful home near the city of Nantes and gave to his honored father this solacing refuge for his extreme old age.

It was on a visit to his Louisiana estates that this shrewd and prosperous Frenchman met and married Anne Moynette, a fascinating Creole of proud Spanish extraction. Of this union came three sons and a daughter. The youngest of their sons, christened John James LaForest Audubon, was born on May 4, 1780 (or so the date is usually given), and near Mandeville on the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain. The uncertainty of the date is pointed out by John Burroughs and attributed to Audubon's carelessness in giving details as to his own life. Burroughs thinks this date inconsistent with the facts of his life and, therefore, believes that his birth was a few years later. At all events, he never knew his own

mother, whose pathetic death was occasioned by a miserable slave-uprising in St. Domingo where the Audubon family had gone to live.

Leaving his children in Louisiana, the elder Audubon returned to France and after a short while married again, giving his son the only mother he ever knew. At no time would he listen with patience to any mention of her as a stepmother, for, said he, "I was to her as a son of her own flesh and blood and she was to me a true mother." Indeed her greatest fault was her indulgent affection, which but for the father's insistence upon due discipline would have spoiled the lad beyond all cure. Even in spite of these rigid injunctions to study—especially of those subjects that would fit him for the sea or for warfare, the boy's spirit was afield with bird and nature. Hither his truant body followed often this insinuating "call of the wild" and returned laden with many curious and valuable reminders of his solitary excursions.

But neither the large collection, that elicited the admiration of the old seaman just back from his voyage, nor his son's unusual proficiency in dancing, nor even the young man's fancy for flute, flageolet, violin, or guitar, on each of which he played with skill, quite satisfied the practical father. On the contrary, he determined more resolutely than ever to superintend his son's education and give him the equipment with which to win fame under the Great Napoleon.

But the lad's passion for war had yielded to his passion for adventure, and with this his father so far concurred as to send him to America to take charge of his properties. After recovery from yellow fever contracted in New York immediately on arrival, young Audubon was put in charge of the Mill Grove property, near Philadelphia. Of his thoroughly delightful and care-free life at this time he wrote: "I had no vices: but was thoughtful, pensive, loving, fond of shooting, fishing, and riding, and had a passion for raising all sorts of fowls, which sources of interest and amusement fully occupied my time. It was one of my fancies to be ridiculously fond of dress: to hunt in black satin breeches, wear pumps when shooting, and dress in the finest ruffled shirts I could find in Paris." This merry-hearted young Frenchman, with his abiding love of music and dancing and with his skill in all athletic exercises, was singularly abstemious. "I ate no butcher's meat," he wrote, "lived chiefly on fruits, vegetables, and fish, and never drank a glass of wine or spirits until my wedding day."

This wedding day was oddly postponed. His disinclination to call on his neighbors, the Bakewells, his meeting with Bakewell *père* and later with the most attractive daughter, and his complete

surrender to her charms form the opening chapter of an idyllic romance. Outraged by the interference of one Da Costa, his father's agent, who presumed to oppose all of his plans and especially his marriage, he escaped a dastardly plot to transport him to India and returned to France. After a sojourn in the mother-country, where he increased his knowledge of drawing by lessons under the illustrious David, he set sail for America with authority to dismiss Da Costa and with provisional consent to his proposed marriage with Lucy Bakewell. For this adventurous youth adventure seemed made to hand. Perils of many kinds beset him on the high seas, but he braved them all and finally reached his American home.

The effort to convert Audubon into a staid business man was a costly experiment, for his imaginative temperament led him easily into disastrous speculations. His happiest venture was his marriage with Lucy Bakewell on April 8, 1808. This was the redeeming episode of his futile career as a merchant. His commercial experiences began in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1808, and after attaching themselves to several Southern towns closed in the city of their origin in 1819. Audubon was not only unfit for business of this prosaic type, but his whole enthusiastic nature was engaged elsewhere.

It is true that he did not have the scientific training and accuracy of a Darwin, a Cuvier, or an Agassiz; but he had a greater love for discovery and adventure than any one of these and resembled most Maury, the pathfinder of the seas, in his profound reverence for the inscrutable dealings of God with his humbler creations. His yearning desire was to know birds, for he had become their champion when as a child he had witnessed the death of a favorite parrot in an unequal combat. He would write their history too, not merely with the narrator's pen but with the artist's brush. Whatever might be his future avocation, taxidermist in Ohio, dancing-master in Kentucky, or drawing-master in Mississippi, his vocation was that of the devout observer of birds and their ways. By 1824 he had so many drawings completed that he went to Philadelphia to publish them and then to Europe to introduce them. He has recorded with sufficient detail the painful experiences of a sensitive artist doomed to hawking his own wares, priceless to him with memories and affections and too costly to those who could not count their real cost. His sufferings, however, were in no small measure offset by the acquaintances he made, and the friendships he formed with the most distinguished men of Great Britain and France. The generous recognition accorded him heartened him for his further labors.

In 1829 he returned to America for additional material for his books and, better still, for the joy of greeting again the members of his own family. Working as he went, he visited New Jersey and Western Pennsylvania, was elated in Louisville by the growth and progress of his boys, Victor and John Woodhouse, and within a few days was weeping for sheer love in the arms of his beloved wife at Bayou Sara, Louisiana. In all the time spent in the South, he was with avidity increasing his store of material. On his visit to Washington he had numerous beautiful drawings to show the President, Andrew Jackson, and other prominent citizens to whom his growing reputation now gained him easy access.

With his wife, he returned to Great Britain in 1830 and was soon settled in Edinburgh and busy in the preparation of his great work, 'The Ornithological Biography of the Birds in America.' This was published by Black of Edinburgh in March, 1831. During his absence in America, Audubon had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society and his renown had permeated the whole of Western Europe. Nevertheless subscriptions for his costly work had to be procured by personal canvass. To this task his wife and himself gave much time and care. He was very successful, and a few months after the publication of his work he could note with great satisfaction his financial progress.

Perhaps the magnificent scope claimed by the title of his book reminded him of the territory still unexplored in all America. This or some other cause induced him to return for a longer stay. He landed in New York, but in the next years was covering such widely separated areas as Florida, South Carolina, the Northern States, Canada, and Labrador. In Boston he decided to remain in America still another year but to send his youngest son, Victor, to England to take care of his interests. His own assiduous attention to drawing, with the sedentary life to which he was unaccustomed, brought on a serious illness from which he sought complete restoration by a quest for fresh material. He directed his journeyings mainly to the unexploited land of Labrador.

After a brief respite in New York, where he made ready and forwarded to Victor the remaining drawings needed for his second volume, he set out for the South, passing through the seaboard towns. These he describes with a small fraction of the real interest he took in the homes of birds. Lingering longest in Charleston, South Carolina, in the home of Rev. John Bachman, to whose daughters his own sons had become engaged, he was soon back in New York making arrangements for a visit to London and Edinburgh. He saw through the press the second and third volumes of his 'Ornitho-

logical Biography' and then came back to America to continue his interrupted explorations of the South. This tour was extended to Texas, where not the least noteworthy incident of his travels was his meeting with Samuel Houston, the President of the new republic.

In 1837 Audubon and his wife were again in Edinburgh and this time his son John, with his wife, was with them. He remained abroad until the fourth and fifth volumes of the 'Ornithology' were published, in November, 1838, and May, 1839, respectively. His great work was now complete. He could now look back on a stupendous task successfully accomplished. He had delivered one hundred and seventy-five copies for which the subscribers had agreed to pay $1000 a copy, and upon this competency he could fairly establish a home and rest.

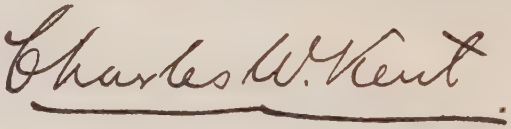
He did establish a home, in New York; first at 86 White Street, and later between Tenth Avenue and the river. His property of twenty-four acres was called after the pet name of his wife, Minnie's Land. A part of it is now known as Audubon Park. But the restless adventurer could not rest. Devoting himself first to bringing out an edition of his book with the figures reduced and lithographed, he saw it in the press in 1842, and before it appeared in 1844 he with his son Victor was off to the Far West. The unusual hardships and exposures of the Yellowstone trip proved too much for even the robust old traveller who had never yet known defeat. His accumulating years had brought with them their infirmities, and after this trying trip of eight months he was never himself again. Nevertheless he was able to complete the first volume of his 'Quadrupeds and Biography of American Quadrupeds.' In due time the whole work was finished by his faithful sons.

Dr. Bachman wrote: "My poor friend Audubon! The outlines of his beautiful face and form are there, but his noble mind is all in ruins." This was in 1848. He had begun to droop from the day when he found that he could no longer focus his vision on his work. He gradually grew feebler and his eyes dimmer until the twenty-seventh of January. On that day he fell quietly asleep in death. Four days later the family and friends followed his remains to the resting place he had chosen in Trinity Cemetery.

To all the honors that came to him in his life others have been continually added. Parks are named after him, and in one at least there will be a statue of him representing him as he peered curiously at some winged specimen and made his accurate memorandum. In the Hall of Fame on University Heights, now a part of the city of his residence, they inscribed his name among the first and added this sentiment uttered by him:

> "The productions of Nature soon became my playmates. I felt that an intimacy with them not consisting of friendship merely but bordering on phrenzy must accompany my steps through life."

In this spirit he lived out his busy and eventful days, and, when in the course of time his steps could no longer answer to the beckonings of his "playmates," he calmly left his work to those who in all time should in his name honor and protect his feathered friends.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

Birds of America: London: 1830-1839
Ornithological Biographies: Edinburgh: 1831-1839
Bird Biographies (Reduced Edition): New York: 1840-1844
Quadrupeds and Biography of American Quadrupeds: New York: 1848 (Last volume published in 1854, after Audubon's death.)
Brief Biographies: Samuel Smiles: 1861
Audubon, the Naturalist of the New World: His Adventures and his Discoveries: Mrs. Horace Roscoe Stebbing St. John: Boston: 1864: New York, 1875
The Life and Adventures of John James Audubon, the Naturalist: Robert Buchanan: London, 1868
The Life of John James Audubon: Edited by his Widow, with Introduction by James Grant Filson: New York, 1869
Famous Men of Science: Sarah Knowles Bolton: Boston, 1889
Audubon and his Journals: Maria R. Audubon: New York, 1897
John James Audubon (Beacon Biographies): John Burroughs: Boston, 1902

WILD SWAN SHOOTING

This extract and the following are taken from 'The Life of John James Audubon, by his Widow.' Copyright permission granted by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE second morning after our arrival at Cash Creek, while I was straining my eyes to discover whether it was fairly day dawn or no, I heard a movement in the Indian camp, and discovered that a canoe, with half a dozen squaws and as many hunters, was about leaving for Tennessee. I had heard that there was a large lake opposite to us, where immense flocks of swans resorted every morning, and asking permission to join them, I seated myself on my haunches in the canoe, well provided with ammunition and a bottle of whiskey, and in a few minutes the paddles were at work, swiftly propelling us to the opposite shore. I was not much surprised to see the boat paddled by the squaws, but I was quite so to see the hunters stretch themselves out and go to sleep. On landing, the squaws took charge of the canoe, secured it, and went in search of nuts, while we gentlemen hunters made the best of our way through thick and thin to the lake. Its muddy shores were overgrown with a close growth of cotton trees, too large to be pushed aside, and too thick to pass through except by squeezing yourself at every few steps; and to add to the difficulty, every few rods we came to small nasty lagoons, which one must jump, leap, or swim, and this not without peril of broken limbs or drowning.

But when the lake burst on our view there were the swans by hundreds, and white as rich cream, either dipping their black bills in the water, or stretching out one leg on its surface, or gently floating along. According to the Indian mode of hunting, we had divided, and approached the lagoon from different sides. The moment our vedette was seen, it seemed as if thousands of large, fat, and heavy swans were startled, and as they made away from him they drew towards the ambush of death; for the trees had hunters behind them, whose touch of the trigger would carry destruction among them. As the first party fired, the game rose and flew within easy distance of the party on the opposite side, when they again fired, and I saw the water covered with birds floating with their backs

downwards, and their heads sunk in the water, and their legs kicking in the air. When the sport was over we counted more than fifty of these beautiful birds, whose skins were intended for the ladies in Europe. There were plenty of geese and ducks, but no one condescended to give them a shot. A conch was sounded, and after a while the squaws came dragging the canoe, and collecting the dead game, which was taken to the river's edge, fastened to the canoe, and before dusk we were again landed at our camping ground. I had heard of sportsmen in England who walked a whole day, and after firing a pound of powder returned in great glee, bringing one partridge; and I could not help wondering what they would think of the spoil we were bearing from Swan Lake.

The fires were soon lighted, and a soup of pecan nuts and bear fat made and eaten. The hunters stretched themselves with their feet close to the camp-fires, intended to burn all night. The squaws then began to skin the birds, and I retired, very well satisfied with my Christmas sport.

THE EARTHQUAKE

I HAD never witnessed anything of the kind before, although like every other person, I knew of earthquakes by description. But what is description compared with reality? Who can tell of the sensations which I experienced when I found myself rocking, as it were, upon my horse, and with him moved to and fro like a child in a cradle, with the most imminent danger around me? The fearful convulsion, however, lasted only a few minutes, and the heavens again brightened as quickly as they had become obscured; my horse brought his feet to the natural position, raised his head, and galloped off as if loose and frolicking without a rider.

I was not, however, without great apprehension respecting my family, from which I was many miles distant, fearful that where they were the shock might have caused greater havoc than that I had witnessed. I gave the bridle to my steed, and was glad to see him appear as anxious to get home as myself. The pace at which he galloped accomplished this sooner than I had expected, and I found, with much pleasure, that hardly any greater harm had taken place than the ap-

prehension excited for my own safety. Shock succeeded shock almost every day or night for several weeks, diminishing however, so gradually, as to dwindle away into mere vibrations of the earth. Strange to say, I for one became so accustomed to the feeling, as rather to enjoy the fears manifested by others. I never can forget the effects of one of the slighter shocks which took place when I was at a friend's house, where I had gone to enjoy the merriment that in our western country attends a wedding. The ceremony being performed, supper over, and the fiddles tuned, dancing became the order of the moment. This was merrily followed up to a late hour, when the party retired to rest. We were in what is called, with great propriety, a log-house; one of large dimensions, and solidly constructed. The owner was a physician, and in one corner were not only his lancets, tourniquets, amputating knives, and other sanguinary apparatus, but all the drugs which he employed for the relief of his patients, arranged in jars and phials of different sizes. These had some days before made a narrow escape from destruction, but had been fortunately preserved by closing the doors of the cases in which they were contained.

As I have said, we had all retired to rest. Morning was fast approaching, when the rumbling noise that precedes the earthquake began so loudly as to awaken the whole party and drive them out of bed in the greatest consternation. The scene which ensued was humorous in the extreme. Fear knows no restraint. Every person, old and young, filled with alarm at the creaking of the log-house, and apprehending instant destruction, rushed wildly out to the grass enclosure fronting the building. The full moon was slowly descending from her throne, covered at times by clouds that rolled heavily along, as if to conceal from her view the scenes of terror which prevailed on earth below.

On the grass-plot we all met, in such condition as rendered it next to impossible to discriminate any of the party, all huddled together in a state of almost perfect nudity. The earth waved like a field of corn before the breeze; the birds left their perches, and flew about not knowing whither; and the doctor, recollecting the danger of his gallipots, ran to his office, to prevent their dancing off the shelves to the floor.

Never for a moment did he think of closing the doors, but, spreading his arms, jumped about the front of the cases, pushing back here and there the falling jars, but with so little success, that before the shock was over he had lost nearly all he possessed.

The shock at length ceased, and the frightened females, now sensible of their dishabille, fled to their several apartments. The earthquakes produced more serious consequences in other places. Near New Madrid, and for some distance on the Mississippi, the earth was rent asunder in several places, one or two islands sunk forever, and the inhabitants who escaped fled in dismay towards the eastern shores.

EARLY SETTLERS

I THINK I see them harnessing their horses, and attaching them to their wagons, which are already fitted with bedding, provisions, and the younger children; while on their outside are fastened spinning-wheels and looms, a bucket filled with tar and tallow swings betwixt the hind wheels. Several axes are secured to the bolster, and the feeding-trough of the horses contains pots, kettles, and pans. The servant now becomes a driver, riding the near saddled horse, the wife is mounted on another, the worthy husband shoulders his gun, and his sons, clad in plain, substantial homespun, drive the cattle ahead, and lead the procession, followed by the hounds and other dogs. Their day's journey is short and not agreeable. The cattle, stubborn or wild, frequently leave the road for the woods, giving the travellers much trouble; the harness of the horses here and there gives way, and immediate repair is needed. A basket which has accidentally dropped must be gone after, for nothing that they have can be spared. The roads are bad, and now and then all hands are called to push on the wagon, or prevent it from upsetting. Yet by sunset they have proceeded perhaps twenty miles. Fatigued, all assemble round the fire, which has been lighted; supper is prepared, and a camp being run up, there they pass the night. Days and weeks pass before they gain the end of their journey. They have crossed both the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. They have been travelling from the beginning of May to that

of September, and with heavy hearts they traverse the neighborhood of the Mississippi. But now arrived on the banks of the broad stream, they gaze in amazement on the dark deep woods around them. Boats of various kinds they see gliding downwards with the current, while others slowly ascend against it. A few inquiries are made at the nearest dwelling, and assisted by the inhabitants with their boats and canoes, they at once cross the river, and select their place of habitation. The exhalations arising from the swamps and morasses around them have a powerful effect on these new settlers, but all are intent on preparing for the winter. A small patch of ground is cleared by the axe and fire, a temporary cabin is erected; to each of the cattle is attached a bell before it is let loose into the neighboring canebrake, and the horses remain about the house, where they find sufficient food at that season. The first trading boat that stops at their landing enables them to provide themselves with some flour, fish-hooks, and ammunition, as well as other commodities. The looms are mounted, the spinning-wheels soon furnish yarn, and in a few weeks the family throw off their ragged clothes, and array themselves in suits adapted to the climate.

The father and sons meanwhile have sown turnips and other vegetables; and from some Kentucky flat-boat a supply of live poultry has been purchased. October tinges the leaves of the forest; the morning dews are heavy; the days hot and the nights chill, and the unacclimatised family in a few days are attacked with ague. The lingering disease almost prostrates their whole faculties. Fortunately the unhealthy season soon passes over, and the hoar-frosts make their appearance. Gradually each individual recovers strength. The largest ash trees are felled, their trunks are cut, split, and corded in front of the building; a large fire is lighted at night on the edge of the water, and soon a steamer calls to purchase the wood, and thus add to their comforts during the winter. This first fruit of their industry imparts new courage to them; their exertions multiply, and when spring returns the place has a cheerful look. Venison, bear's flesh, and turkeys, ducks and geese, with now and then some fish, have served to keep up their strength, and now their enlarged field is planted with corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. Their stock of cattle, too, has

augmented: the steamer which now stops there, as if by preference, buys a calf or pig, together with their wood. Their store of provisions is renewed, and brighter rays of hope enliven their spirits.

The sons discover a swamp covered with excellent timber, and as they have seen many great rafts of saw-logs, bound for the saw-mills of New Orleans, floating past their dwelling, they resolve to try the success of a little enterprise. A few cross-saws are purchased, and some broad-wheeled "carry-logs" are made by themselves. Log after log is hauled to the bank of the river, and in a short time their first raft is made on the shore, and loaded with cordwood. When the next freshet sets it afloat it is secured by long grape vines or cables, until, the proper time being arrived, the husband and sons embark on it and float down the mighty stream. After encountering many difficulties, they arrive in safety at New Orleans, where they dispose of their stock, the money obtained for which may be said to be all profit; supply themselves with such articles as may add to their convenience or comfort, and with light hearts procure a passage on the upper deck of a steamer at a very cheap rate, on account of the benefit of their labors in taking in wood or otherwise. Every successive year has increased their savings. They now possess a large stock of horses, cows, and hogs, with abundance of provisions, and domestic comforts of every kind. The daughters have been married to the sons of neighboring squatters, and have gained sisters to themselves by the marriage of their brothers.

THE RETURN TO BAYOU SARA

I ARRIVED at Bayou Sara with rent and wasted clothes and uncut hair, and altogether looking like the Wandering Jew.

The steamer which brought me was on her way to New Orleans, and I was put ashore in a small boat about midnight, and left to grope my way on a dark, rainy, and sultry night to the village, about one mile distant. That awful scourge the yellow fever prevailed, and was taking off the citizens with greater rapidity than had ever before been known. When I arrived, the desolation was so great that one large hotel was deserted, and I walked in, finding the doors all open, and the

furniture in the house, but not a living person. The inmates had all gone to the pine woods. I walked to the post-office, roused the postmaster, and learned to my joy that my wife and son were well at Mrs. Percy's. He had no accommodation for me, but recommended me to a tavern where I might find a bed. The atmosphere was calm, heavy, and suffocating, and it seemed to me as if I were breathing death while hunting for this tavern; finding it, the landlord told me he had not a spare bed, but mentioned a German at the end of the village who might take me in; I walked over there, and was kindly received. The German was a man of cultivation and taste, and a lover of natural science, and had collected a variety of interesting objects. He gave me some refreshment, and offered me a horse to ride to Mrs. Percy's. The horse was soon at the door, and with many thanks I bade him adieu. My anxiety to reach my beloved wife and child was so great that I resolved to make a straight course through the woods, which I thought I knew thoroughly, and hardly caring where I should cross the bayou. In less than two hours I reached its shores, but the horse refused to enter the water, and snorting suddenly, turned and made off through the woods, as if desirous of crossing at some other place, and when he reached the shore again walked in, and crossed me safely to the other side. The sky was overcast, and the mosquitoes plentiful; but I thought I recognized the spot where I had watched the habits of a wild cat, or a deer, as the clouds broke away, and the stars now and then peeped through to help me make my way through the gloomy forests. But in this I was mistaken, for when day dawned I found myself in woods which were unknown to me. However, I chanced to meet a black man, who told me where I was, and that I had passed Mrs. Percy's plantation two miles. Turning my horse's head, and putting spurs to him, a brisk gallop soon brought me to the house. It was early, but I found my beloved wife up and engaged in giving a lesson to her pupils, and, holding and kissing her, I was once more happy, and all my toils and trials were forgotten.

After a few days' rest I began to think of the future, and to look about to see what I could do to hasten the publication of my drawings. My wife was receiving a

large income,—nearly three thousand dollars a year,—from her industry and talents, which she generously offered me to help forward their publication; and I resolved on a new effort to increase the amount by my own energy and labor. Numerous pupils desired lessons in music, French, and drawing. From Woodville I received a special invitation to teach dancing, and a class of sixty was soon organized. I went to begin my duties, dressed myself at the hotel, and with my fiddle under my arm entered the ball-room. I found my music highly appreciated, and immediately commenced proceedings.

I placed all the gentlemen in a line reaching across the hall, thinking to give the young ladies time to compose themselves and get ready when they were called. How I toiled before I could get one graceful step or motion! I broke my bow and nearly my violin in my excitement and impatience! The gentlemen were soon fatigued. The ladies were next placed in the same order and made to walk the steps; and then came the trial for both parties to proceed at the same time, while I pushed one here and another there, and was all the while singing myself, to assist their movements. Many of the parents were present, and were delighted. After this first lesson was over I was requested to *dance to my own music,* which I did until the whole room came down in thunders of applause, in clapping of hands and shouting, which put an end to my first lesson and to an amusing comedy. Lessons in fencing followed to the young gentlemen, and I went to bed extremely fatigued.

The dancing speculation fetched two thousand dollars; and with this capital and my wife's savings I was now able to foresee a successful issue to my great ornithological work.

THE TALE OF A "LIVE OAKER"

THE condition of a man lost in the woods is one of the most perplexing that could be imagined by a person who has not himself been in a like predicament. Every object he sees he at first thinks he recognizes; and while his whole mind is bent on searching for more that may gradually lead to his extrication, he goes on committing greater errors the farther he proceeds. This was the case with the live oaker. The sun

was now setting with a fiery aspect, and by degrees it sunk in its full circular form, as if giving warning of a sultry to-morrow. Myriads of insects, delighted at its departure, now filled the air on buzzing wings. Each piping frog arose from the muddy pool in which it had concealed itself, the squirrel retired to its hole, the crow to its roost, and, far above, the harsh croaking voice of the heron announced that, full of anxiety, it was wending its way to the miry interior of some distant swamp. Now the woods began to resound to the shrill cries of the owl and the breeze, as it swept among the columnar stems of the forest trees, laden with heavy and chilling dew. Alas! no moon, with her silvery light, shone on the dreary scene, and the *lost one,* wearied and vexed, laid himself down on the damp ground. Prayer is always consolatory to man in every difficulty or danger, and the woodsman fervently prayed to his Maker, wished his family a happier night than it was his lot to experience, and with a feverish anxiety waited the return of day. You may imagine the length of that cold, dull, moonless night. With the dawn of day came the usual fogs of those latitudes. The poor man started on his feet, and with a sorrowful heart pursued a course which he thought might lead him to some familiar object, although, indeed, he scarcely knew what he was doing. No longer had he the trace of a track to guide him, and yet, as the sun rose, he calculated the many hours of daylight he had before him, and the farther he went, continued to walk the faster. But vain were all his hopes: that day was spent in fruitless endeavors to regain the path that led to his home, and when night again approached, the terror that had been gradually spreading over his mind—together with the nervous debility induced by fatigue, anxiety, and hunger—rendered him almost frantic. He told me that at this moment he beat his breast, tore his hair, and, had it not been for the piety with which his parents had in early life imbued his mind, and which had become habitual, would have cursed his existence.

Famished as he now was, he laid himself on the ground, and fed on the weeds and grass that grew around him. That night was spent in the greatest agony and terror. "I knew my situation," he said to me. "I was fully aware that, unless Almighty God came to my assistance, I must perish in those

uninhabited woods. I knew that I had walked more than fifty miles, although I had not met with a brook from which I could quench my thirst, or even allay the burning heat of my parched lips and bloodshot eyes.

"I knew that if I could not meet with some stream I must die, for my axe was my only weapon; and although deer and bears now and then started within a few yards or even feet of me, not one of them could I kill; and although I was in the midst of abundance, not a mouthful did I expect to procure, to satisfy the cravings of my empty stomach. Sir, may God preserve you from ever feeling as I did the whole of that day!" For several days after no one can imagine the condition in which he was, for when he related to me this painful adventure, he assured me he had lost all recollection of what had happened. "God," he continued, "must have taken pity on me, one day, for as I ran wildly through those dreadful pine barrens I met with a tortoise. I gazed upon it with delight and amazement, and although I knew that, were I to follow it undisturbed, it would lead me to some water, my hunger and thirst would not allow me to refrain from satisfying both by eating its flesh and drinking its blood. With one stroke of my axe the beast was cut in two; in a few moments I despatched all but the shell. Oh, sir, how much I thanked God, whose kindness had put the tortoise in my way! I felt greatly renewed. I sat down at the foot of a pine, gazed on the heavens, thought of my poor wife and children, and again and again thanked my God for my life, for now I felt less distracted in mind, and more assured that before long I must recover my way, and get back to my home." The lost one remained and passed the night at the foot of the same tree under which his repast had been made. Refreshed by a sound sleep, he started at dawn to resume his weary march. The sun rose bright, and he followed the direction of his shadows. Still the dreariness of the woods was the same, and he was on the point of giving up in despair, when he observed a raccoon lying squatted in the grass. Raising his axe, he drove it with such violence through the helpless animal, that it expired without a struggle. What he had done with the turtle he now did with the raccoon, the greater part of which he actually devoured at one meal. With more comfortable feelings he

then resumed his wanderings,—his journey I cannot say,—for although in the possession of all his faculties, and in broad daylight, he was worse off than a lame man groping his way in the dark out of a dungeon, of which he knew not where the door stood. Days one after another passed—nay, weeks in succession. He fed now on cabbage trees, then on frogs and snakes. All that fell in his way was welcome and savory. Yet he became daily more emaciated, and at length he could scarcely crawl; forty days had elapsed, by his own reckoning, when he at last reached the banks of the river. His clothes in tatters, his once bright axe dimmed with rust, his face begrimed with beard, his hair matted, and his feeble frame little better than a skeleton covered with parchment, there he laid himself down to die. Amid the perturbed dreams of his fevered fancy, he thought he heard the noise of oars far away on the silent river. He listened, but the sounds died away on his ear. It was indeed a dream, the last glimmer of expiring hope, and now the light of life was about to be quenched for ever. But again the sound of oars awoke him from his lethargy. He listened so eagerly that the hum of a fly could not have escaped his ear. They were indeed the measured beats of oars; and now, joy to the forlorn soul! the sound of human voices thrilled to his heart, and awoke the tumultuous pulses of returning hope. On his knees did the eye of God see that poor man, by the broad, still stream, that glittered in the sunbeams, and human eyes soon saw him too, for round that headland covered with tangled brushwood boldly advances the little boat, propelled by its lusty rowers. The lost one raises his feeble voice on high; it was a loud shrill scream of joy and fear. The rowers pause, and look around. Another, but feebler scream, and they observe him. It comes—his heart flutters, his sight is dimmed, his brain reels, he gasps for breath! It comes—it has run upon the beach, and the lost one is found.

This is no tale of fiction, but the relation of an actual occurrence, which might be embellished, no doubt, but which is better in the plain garb of truth. The notes by which I recorded it were written in the cabin of the once lost "live oaker," about four years after the painful incident occurred. His amiable wife and loving children were present at the re-

cital, and never shall I forget the tears that flowed from them as they listened to it, albeit it had long been more familiar to them than a tale twice told. It only remains for me to say that the distance between the cabin and the live oak hummock to which the woodsman was bound scarcely exceeded eight miles, while the part of the river at which he was found was thirty-eight miles from his house. Calculating his daily wanderings at ten miles, we may believe that they amounted in all to four hundred. He must therefore have rambled in a circuitous direction, which people generally do in such circumstances. Nothing but the great strength of his constitution and the merciful aid of his Maker could have supported him for so long a time.

THE FLORIDA WRECKERS

Long before I reached the lovely islets that border the south-eastern shores of the Floridas, the accounts I had heard of "The Wreckers" had deeply prejudiced me against them. Often had I been informed of the cruel and cowardly methods which it was alleged they employed to allure vessels of all nations to the dreaded reefs, that they might plunder their cargoes, and rob their crews and passengers of their effects. I therefore could have little desire to meet with such men under any circumstances, much less to become liable to receive their aid; and with the name of "wrecker" there were associated in my mind ideas of piratical depredation, barbarous usage, and even murder. One fair afternoon, while I was standing on the polished deck of the United States revenue cutter, the Marion, a sail hove in sight, bearing in an opposite course, close-hauled to the wind. The gentle sway of her masts, as she rocked to and fro in the breeze, brought to my mind the wavings of the reeds on the fertile banks of the Mississippi. By and by the vessel, altering her course, approached us. The Marion, like a sea-bird with extended wings, swept through the waters, gently inclining to either side, while the unknown vessel leaped as it were from wave to wave, like the dolphin in eager pursuit of his prey. In a short time we were gliding side by side, and the commander of the strange schooner saluted our captain, who promptly returned

the compliment. What a beautiful vessel, we all thought, how trim, how clean rigged, and how well manned. She swims like a duck, and now, with a broad sheer, off she makes for the reefs, a few miles under our lee. There in that narrow passage, well known to her commander, she rolls, tumbles, and dances like a giddy thing, her copper sheathing now gleaming, and again disappearing, under the waves. But the passage is made, and now, hauling on the wind, she resumes her former course, and gradually recedes from the view. Reader, it was a Florida wrecker. When at the Tortugas, I paid a visit to several vessels of this kind, in company with my friend Robert Day, Esq. We had observed the regularity and quickness of the men then employed at their arduous tasks, and as we approached the largest schooner, I admired her form, so well adapted to her occupation, her great breadth of beam, her light draught, the correctness of her water-line, the neatness of her painted sides, the smoothness of her well-greased masts, and the beauty of her rigging. We were welcomed on board with all the frankness of our native tars. Silence and order prevailed on her decks. The commander and the second officer led us into a spacious cabin, well lighted, and furnished with every convenience for fifteen or more passengers. The former brought me his collection of marine shells, and whenever I pointed to one that I had not seen before, offered it with so much kindness, that I found it necessary to be careful in expressing my admiration of any particular shell. He had also many eggs of rare birds, which were all handed over to me, with an assurance that before the month should expire a new set could easily be procured; for, said he, "we have much idle time on the reefs at this season." Dinner was served, and we partook of their fare, which consisted of fish, fowl and other materials. These rovers were both from down east, were stout active men, cleanly and smart in their attire. In a short time we were all extremely social and merry. They thought my visit to the Tortugas in quest of birds was rather a curious fancy, but notwithstanding, they expressed their pleasure while looking at some of my drawings, and offered their services in procuring specimens. Expeditions far and near were proposed, and on settling that one of them was to take place on the morrow, we parted friends. Early next morning several of

these kind men accompanied me to a small key called Booby Island, about ten miles distant from the lighthouse. Their boats were well manned, and rowed with long and steady strokes, such as whalers and men-of-war's men are wont to draw. The captain sang, and at times, by way of frolic, ran a race with our own beautiful bark. The Booby Isle was soon reached, and our sport there was equal to any we had elsewhere. They were capital shots, had excellent guns, and knew more about boobies and noddies than nine-tenths of the best naturalists in the world.

But what will you say when I tell you that the "Florida wreckers" are excellent at a deer-hunt, and that at certain seasons, "when business is slack," they are wont to land on some extensive key, and in a few hours procure a supply of delicious venison. Some days after the same party took me on an expedition in quest of seashells. There we were all in the water at times to the waist, and now and then much deeper. Now they would dip like ducks, and on emerging would hold up a beautiful shell. This occupation they seemed to enjoy above all others. The duties of the Marion having been performed, intimation of our intended departure reached the wreckers. An invitation was sent me to go and see them on board their vessel, which I accepted. Their object on this occasion was to present me with some superb corals, shells, live turtles of the hawk-billed species, and a great quantity of eggs. Not a picayune would they receive in return, but putting some letters in my hands, requested me to be so good as to put them in the mail at Charleston, adding that they were for their wives down east. So anxious did they appear to be to do all they could for me, that they proposed to sail before the Marion, and meet her under weigh, to give me some birds that were rare on the coast, and of which they knew the haunts. Circumstances connected with the service prevented this, however, and with sincere regret, and a good portion of friendship, I bade these excellent fellows adieu. How different, thought I, is often the knowledge of things acquired from personal observation, from that obtained by report.

THE PANTHER HUNT

I ENTERED the squatter's cabin, and immediately opened a conversation with him respecting the situation of the swamp and its natural productions. He told me he thought it the very place I ought to visit, spoke of the game which it contained, and pointed to some bear and deer skins, adding, that the individuals to which they had belonged formed but a small portion of the number of those animals which he had shot within it. My heart swelled with delight; and on asking if he would accompany me through the great swamp, and allow me to become an inmate of his humble but hospitable mansion, I was gratified to find that he cordially assented to all my proposals, so I immediately unstrapped my drawing materials, laid up my gun, and sat down to partake of the homely but wholesome fare intended for the supper of the squatter, his wife, and his two sons. The quietness of the evening seemed in perfect accordance with the gentle demeanour of the family. The wife and children, I more than once thought, seemed to look upon me as a strange sort of person, going about, as I told them I was, in search of birds and plants; and were I here to relate the many questions which they put to me, in return for those which I addressed to them, the catalogue would occupy several pages. The husband, a native of Connecticut, had heard of the existence of such men as myself, both in our own country and abroad, and seemed greatly pleased to have me under his roof. Supper over, I asked my kind host what had induced him to remove to this wild and solitary spot. "The people are growing too numerous now to thrive in New England," was his answer. I thought of the state of some parts of Europe, and calculating the denseness of their population, compared with that of New England, exclaimed to myself, how much more difficult must it be for men to thrive in thóse populous countries! The conversation then changed, and the squatter, his sons and myself spoke of hunting and fishing, until at length tired, we laid ourselves down on pallets of bear-skins, and reposed in peace on the floor of the only apartment of which the hut consisted. Day dawned, and the squatter's call to his hogs, which, being almost in a wild state, were suffered to seek the greater portion of

their food in the woods, awakened me. Being ready dressed, I was not long in joining him. The hogs and their young came grunting at the well-known call of their owner, who threw them a few ears of corn, and counted them, but told me that for some weeks their number had been greatly diminished by the ravages committed upon them by a large panther, by which name the cougar is designated in America, and that the ravenous animal did not content himself with the flesh of his pigs, but now and then carried off one of his calves, notwithstanding the many attempts he had made to shoot it. The "painter," as he sometimes called it, had on several occasions robbed him of a dead deer; and to these exploits, the squatter added several remarkable feats of audacity which it had performed, to give me an idea of the formidable character of the beast. Delighted by his description, I offered to assist him in destroying the enemy; at which he was highly pleased, but assured me that unless some of his neighbors should join us with their dogs and his own, the attempt would prove fruitless. Soon after, mounting a horse, he went off to his neighbors, several of whom lived at a distance of some miles, and appointed a day of meeting. The hunters accordingly made their appearance one fine morning at the door of the cabin, just as the sun was emerging from beneath the horizon. They were five in number, and fully equipped for the chase, being mounted on horses, which in some parts of Europe might appear sorry nags, but which in strength, speed, and bottom, are better fitted for pursuing a cougar or a bear through woods and morasses than any in their country. A pack of large ugly curs was already engaged in making acquaintance with those of the squatter. He and myself mounted his two best horses, whilst his sons were bestriding others of inferior quality. Few words were uttered by the party until we had reached the edge of the swamp, where it was agreed that all should disperse, and seek for the fresh track of the "painter," it being previously settled that the discoverer should blow his horn, and remain on the spot until the rest should join him. In less than an hour the sound of the horn was clearly heard, and sticking close to the squatter, off we went through the thick woods, guided only by the now-and-then repeated call of the distant huntsman. We soon reached the spot, and in a short time the rest of the party came

up. The best dog was sent forward to track the cougar, and in a few moments the whole pack was observed diligently trailing and bearing in their course for the interior of the swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim, and the party followed the dogs at separate distances, but in sight of each other, determined to shoot at no other game than the panther.

The dogs soon began to mouth, and suddenly quickened their pace. My companions concluded that the beast was on the ground, and putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed the curs, guided by their voices. The noise of the dogs increased, when all of a sudden their mode of barking became altered, and the squatter urging me to push on, told me that the beast was *treed,* by which he meant, that it had got upon some low branch of a large tree to rest for a few moments, and that should we not succeed in shooting him when thus situated, we might expect a long chase of it. As we approached the spot, we all by degrees united into a body, but on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again, and galloped off to surround it. Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse, as it advanced slowly towards the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the cougar was seen to leap to the ground, and bound off with such velocity as to show that he was very unwilling to stand our fire longer. The dogs set off in pursuit with great eagerness, and a deafening cry. The hunter who had fired came up and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his forelegs, near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim. A slight trail of blood was discovered on the ground, but the curs proceeded at such a rate that we merely noticed this, and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on towards the centre of the swamp. One bayou was crossed, then another still larger and more muddy, but the dogs were brushing forward, and as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them, and advance on foot. These determined hunters knew that the cougar, being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where in all probability he would remain for a considerable time, and that it would be easy to follow the track of the dogs. We dismounted, took off the saddles and bridles, set the bells

attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hoppled the animals, and left them to shift for themselves. Now, kind reader, follow the group marching through the swamp, crossing muddy pools, and making the best of their way over fallen trees, and amongst the tangled rushes that now and then covered acres of ground. If you are a hunter yourself all this will appear nothing to you; but if crowded assemblies of "beauty and fashion," or the quiet enjoyment of your "pleasure grounds" delight you, I must mend my pen before I attempt to give you an idea of the pleasure felt on such an expedition. After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs: each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently. We felt assured that the cougar was treed, and that he would rest for some time to recover from his fatigue. As we came up to the dogs, we discovered the ferocious animal lying across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cotton-wood tree. His broad breast lay towards us; his eyes were at one time bent on us and again on the dogs beneath and around him; one of his fore-legs hung loosely by his side, and he lay crouched, with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground, attacked on all sides by the enraged curs. The infuriated cougar fought with desperate valour; but the squatter advancing in front of the party, and, almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. The cougar writhed for a moment in agony, and in another lay dead. The sun was now sinking in the west. Two of the hunters separated from the rest to procure venison, whilst the squatter's sons were ordered to make the best of their way home, to be ready to feed the hogs in the morning. The rest of the party agreed to camp on the spot. The cougar was despoiled of his skin, and the carcass left to the hungry dogs. Whilst engaged in preparing our camp, we heard the report of a gun, and soon after one of our hunters returned with a small deer. A fire was lighted, and each hunter displayed his "pone" of bread, along with a flask of whisky. The deer was skinned in a

trice, and slices placed on sticks before the fire. These materials afforded us an excellent meal; and as the night grew darker, stories and songs went round, until my companions, fatigued, laid themselves down, close under the smoke of the fire, and soon fell asleep. I walked for some minutes round the camp to contemplate the beauties of that Nature, from which I have certainly derived my greatest pleasure. I thought of the occurrences of the day; and glancing my eye around, remarked the singular effects produced by the phosphorescent qualities of the large decayed trunks, which lay in all directions around me. How easy, I thought, would it be for the confused and agitated mind of a person bewildered in a swamp like this to imagine in each of these luminous masses some wondrous and fearful being, the very sight of which might make the hair stand erect on his head! The thought of being myself placed in such a predicament burst upon my mind; and I hastened to join my companions, beside whom I laid me down and slept, assured that no enemy would approach us without first rousing the dogs, which were growling in fierce dispute over the remains of the cougar. At daybreak we left our camp, the squatter bearing on his shoulders the skin of the late destroyer of his stock, and retraced our steps until we found our horses, which had not strayed far from the place where we left them. These we soon saddled; and jogging along in a direct course, guided by the sun, congratulating each other on the destruction of so formidable a neighbour as the panther had been, we soon arrived at my host's cabin. The five neighbours partook of such refreshments as the house could afford, and, dispersing, returned to their homes, leaving me to follow my favorite pursuits.

A VISIT TO PRESIDENT HOUSTON

We landed at Houston, the capital of Texas, drenched to the skin, and were kindly received on board the steamer Yellow Stone, Captain West, who gave us his stateroom to change our clothes, and furnished us refreshments and dinner.

The Buffalo Bayou had risen about six feet, and the neighbouring prairies were partly covered with water: there was a wild and desolate look cast on the surrounding scenery.

We had already passed two little girls encamped on the bank of the bayou, under the cover of a few clap-boards, cooking a scanty meal; shanties, cargoes of hogsheads, barrels, etc., were spread about the landing; and Indians drunk and hallooing were stumbling about in the mud in every direction. These poor beings had come here to enter into a treaty proposed by the whites; many of them were young and well looking, and with far less decorations than I have seen before on such occasions. The chief of the tribe is an old and corpulent man.

We walked towards the President's house, accompanied by the secretary of the navy, and as soon as we rose above the bank, we saw before us a level of far-extending prairie, destitute of timber, and rather poor soil. Houses half finished, and most of them without roofs, tents, and a liberty pole, with the capitol, were all exhibited to our view at once. We approached the President's mansion, however, wading through water above our ankles. This abode of President Houston is a small log-house, consisting of two rooms, and a passage through, after the Southern fashion. The moment we stepped over the threshold, on the right hand of the passage we found ourselves ushered into what in other countries would be called the ante-chamber; the ground floor however was muddy and filthy, a large fire was burning, a small table covered with paper and writing materials, was in the centre, camp-beds, trunks, and different materials, were strewed around the room. We were at once presented to several members of the cabinet, some of whom bore the stamp of men of intellectual ability, simple though bold, in their general appearance. Here we were presented to Mr. Crawford, an agent of the British Minister to Mexico, who has come here on some secret mission.

The President was engaged in the opposite room on national business, and we could not see him for some time. Meanwhile we amused ourselves by walking to the capitol, which was yet without a roof, and the floors, benches, and tables of both houses of Congress were as well saturated with water as our clothes had been in the morning. Being invited by one of the great men of the place to enter a booth to take a drink of grog with him, we did so; but I was rather surprised that he offered his name, instead of the cash to the bar-keeper.

We first caught sight of President Houston as he walked

from one of the grog-shops, where he had been to prevent the sale of ardent spirits. He was on his way to his house, and wore a large gray coarse hat; and the bulk of his figure reminded me of the appearance of General Hopkins of Virginia, for like him he is upwards of six feet high, and strong in proportion. But I observed a scowl in the expression of his eyes, that was forbidding and disagreeable. We reached his abode before him, but he soon came, and we were presented to His Excellency. He was dressed in a fancy velvet coat, and trousers trimmed with broad gold lace; around his neck was tied a cravat somewhat in the style of seventy-six. He received us kindly, was desirous of retaining us for awhile, and offered us every facility within his power. He at once removed us from the ante-room to his private chamber, which by the way was not much cleaner than the former. We were severally introduced by him to the different members of his Cabinet and staff, and at once asked to drink grog with him, which we did, wishing success to his new republic. Our talk was short; but the impression which was made on my mind at the time by himself, his officers, and his place of abode, can never be forgotten.

We returned to our boat through a melee of Indians and blackguards of all sorts. In giving a last glance back we once more noticed a number of horses rambling about the grounds, or tied beneath the few trees that have been spared by the axe. We also saw a liberty pole, erected on the anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto, on the twenty-first of last April, and were informed that a brave tar, who rigged the Texan flag on that occasion, had been personally rewarded by President Houston, with a town lot, a doubloon, and the privilege of keeping a ferry across the Buffalo Bayou at the town, where the bayou forks diverge in opposite directions.

ISAAC ERWIN AVERY

[1871—1904]

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

ISAAC ERWIN AVERY, second son of Judge Alphonso C. Avery, was born near Morganton, Burke County, North Carolina, December 1, 1871, and died in Charlotte, April 2, 1904. During his senior year at Trinity College, North Carolina, young Avery began the study of law, but as editor of *The Trinity Archive* and later as associate editor of *The Morganton Herald* his literary talent pointed the way to journalism rather than to law as the vocation for which he was best fitted. In March, 1894, he sailed for China, having been appointed secretary to the consul-general at Shanghai. The next year he was appointed vice consul-general and became a regular contributor to *The North China Daily News,* perhaps the leading English paper in the Orient.

Returning to North Carolina in 1898, Avery was soon recognized as the most versatile newspaper man in the State. From January 1, 1900, until his death, he was city editor of *The Charlotte Daily Observer,* in which his "Variety of Idle Comment" appeared every Monday morning.

Immediately after his untimely death there was an insistent demand for a volume of selections from his writings. A board of editors was appointed and, in 1905, 'Idle Comments,' a book of 271 pages, was published from the press of The Avery Publishing Company, Charlotte. The reception of this volume has more than justified the hopes of the editors.

Avery found his themes and his inspirations in the life that was passing about him. There is an utter absence of bookishness in his style, but there is the presence of a culture that is cosmopolitan though less academic than social. His reading was wide but intermittent and purely eclectic, while his study of men and things was constant and penetrating. His forte lay in picturesque description, in vivid recital, and in subtle analysis of moods.

He wrote with great rapidity and under exacting conditions, but when one considers the sheer volume of his work and the uniform freshness of his style one begins to realize that the basis of this man's inspiration was a sympathy almost as wide and deep as life itself. The most difficult task that confronted his editors was that of classifying under approximately adequate headings the multiform products

of his pen. They took shape at last as follows: 1. In and about a newspaper office; 2. Charlotte and her neighbors; 3. Character sketches; 4. Negro types; 5. Woman and her world; 6. Children; 7. Animals; 8. Christmas; 9. Southern life and manners; 10. Anecdotes; 11. Observations on literature; 12. Ideals of writing and speaking; 13. Music and drama; 14. Reflections on life and death; 15. Miscellany.

Avery eschewed long sentences, pompous words, and hackneyed phrases. His style was his own, and his fame will rest upon it rather than upon the content of his contributions. The historian, however, will find in his work a certain local color, a charm of setting, a realism of detail, a wealth of social incident, and an ability to interpret the passing and particular in terms of the abiding and elemental that will prove of invaluable aid in writing the history of North Carolina or of the South in years to come.

No one knew Avery better than Mr. J. P. Caldwell, editor of *The Charlotte Observer,* who thus sums up his breadth of theme and adequacy of expression. "A man of the world, of contact with all sorts and conditions of humanity, he had closely studied his fellows and looked 'quite through the deeds of men.' A commentator upon their virtues and vices, their merits and weaknesses, he brought to every discussion the subtlest analysis, and with perfect, sometimes startling, fidelity, 'held the mirror up to Nature.' His pen was adapted with utmost facility to every subject he touched, and he touched none but to adorn or illumine it. Amiable, sweet of spirit, he yet might feel that a person, a custom or an institution called for invective or ridicule, and he was a torrent. Anon a child, a flower, a friendless one appealed to him, and his pen caressed them, as his heart was attuned to the music of the spheres. His humor was exquisite; his pathos tear-compelling. He was the master of a rich vocabulary—the master; that is the word. It responded immediately to every demand upon it, and thus he attempted no figure that was not complete; he drew no picture that did not stand out on the canvas in colors of living light. The writer professes some familiarity with the contemporaneous newspaper writers of the South, and is sure that he indulges no exuberance of language, that personal affection warps his judgment not at all, when he says that for original thought, for power or felicity of expression, Isaac Erwin Avery had not an equal among them."

By way of summary and comparison, it may be said that Avery belongs to the impressionist school. Whatever he touched he vitalized. In the breadth of his sympathies, in the range of his portrayals, in the distinctness of his pictures, in his equal comradeship with humor and pathos. in the play of sentiment which never degenerates into

sentimentality, in his quick, clear vision of passing life, he suggests both Chaucer and Holmes. In his ability to invest the commonplace with beauty and to reproduce it with charm, his work is a heritage not only to literature but to life.*

C. Alphonso Smith.

THE SIMPLE STYLE

All the selections are from 'Idle Comments.' Copyright, 1905, by The Avery Publishing Company. By kind permission of the publishers.

To have a thing to tell and to tell it—that is the spirit of modern writing. Time was when the world found sheer fascination in voluminous and bitter controversy as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, and the thought of putting the vernacular or plain speech in books was horrifying. Only now and then, through many ages, did a great, simple light shine. Most brains were beclouded with ponderous phrases. There was a rumbling in the head and words poured on paper with the limitless ease of a schoolboy's commas. To write grandly, mystically, transcendentally—that was the old-time idea. Judged by present standards, this was a waste of raw material and quite boring. The classics that live and are best known are strongest in simplicity, in the easy telling of a thing.

And the easiest writing is the hardest writing. Which is a compliment to the new school, whose demand is to trim to the briefest statement of truth or opinion. Maybe the principle is too business-like for beauty, but it gains in other respects. Blackstone knew the law, but one of the *New York Sun's* cracks could take any of Blackstone's volumes, rewrite it in half size, and never lose an argument or fact. The newspaper theory is to nail the dynamic point in the first paragraph, to then swing to your rhetorical introduction, development and conclusion, and to play up your stuff so that you may hold interest till the last line is read. Style and clean diction are not forgotten, but writing for writing's sake is the unforgivable

*See also the memorial sketch prefixed to 'Idle Comments.'

crime. With such a criterion it is small wonder that the new school scorns the methods of the past.

"I have always had one idea in writing an editorial," said one of the best-known Southern editors to the writer. "I have in mind a man in the middle of a crowd and I want to brush aside everything and reach him, hold him as quickly as possible. The man represents the main point that I wish to make, and I feel hampered till I have clinched him." 'Tis the same idea, you see. No matter what the subject may be, writing that has a thing to tell and tells it without ever losing sight of a purpose—why, that writing commands attention and is durable.

KID SLOAN

Kid Sloan died yesterday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at St. Peter's Hospital. The cause of his death was alcoholism. It would be no kindness to Kid to try to let him down light by saying that he died from some other sickness. As he had anticipated, he passed out the liquor way, and if he had any voice in the matter now he would sneer at an effort to disguise the truth.

This history of Kid Sloan—or David Wilson Sloan—was published in *The Observer* a few days ago. He was a waif who was hurled around the world laughingly but violently. He knew nothing but a print shop and humanity, and he knew both well. He was thirty-eight years of age—old in experience, young in heart, and one of the swiftest compositors in the United States.

Kid was born in Stanly County, but he had lived in almost every part of America, and he knew the manners and sayings of many peoples. In a Bohemian sense he was a thorough man of the world and his fund of anecdote was enormous. He absorbed color at every point he touched and put it to no use except to amuse his friends. He had lost the faculty of being surprised at anything in the world, but his sense of humor kept him blithe and fresh until his being was finally engulfed in rum. After his death it is remembered that he was the quaintest and the most interesting personage in the town. He accomplished nothing that was worth while, but he was utterly fascinating.

Kid was a morphine fiend, an opium fiend, and a drunkard, but he never did a mean or a malicious thing in his life. He was the sort of a man who would pick up a strange, friendless dog and carry it home and give it half of his last crust. He never had much to give, but he was always perfectly willing to give all that he had. When his body writhed bitterly with the torture of self-punishment, he yet radiated laughter. He was ever the chiefest figure in every group that opened to receive him, and, no matter what hell he placed upon his own soul, he spent the best part of his thirty-eight years in giving mirth that was sweet and wholesome by essence and strength. No man who ever met Kid Sloan can forget him—can forget that tiny, warped form or the droll, incisive speech that fell from the thin, seamed lips. Kid might have been an Eastern philosopher transplanted. He was out of place here—a weird little personality that understood everything about and was never understood; a pitiful little chap who laughed and made others laugh, harmed no one but himself, and died without ever having grieved or lost a friend.

Kid would have understood this obituary, for he liked plain speech and hated "slopping over." He never lied about anything and he shall not be lied about.

The immediate particulars relating to his death are briefly told. He used morphine and cocaine for many years, and there was hardly a part of his body that had not been pricked by the hypodermic needle. He was one of the few men who ever managed to quit the king drug. After he shook off the drug habit he alternately worked and drank whiskey. Two weeks ago he indulged in a colossal spree and topped it with overmuch laudanum. Before he had time to recover himself or put up another of his brilliant, laughing fights, his heart was as good as a dead one and the doctors who looked at him shook their heads.

To quote Kid's own use of the vernacular, he had "pied his form." In describing the unpleasant duties incident to the work of a sheriff in a certain wild section of Utah, Kid once said that the sheriff's office was "on the hook." And the blurred story that told Kid's life has been lifted from the hook by the Master Foreman.

Who shall say that mercy will not follow the reading?

GABRIEL THE MIDGET

A good many people were interested in the little midget, Gabriel, who did stunts in "A Son of Rest," the production that Mr. Nat Wills presented at the Academy a few nights ago. The little chap made everybody laugh, and seemed very happy while on the stage, but, when viewed closely, it was noticed that there are deep lines on his face and the sorrow of all the ages in his eyes. He is twenty-five years old, and is no larger than a six-year-old boy; and yet he has a man's ideas and a man's intelligence. The sight of a midget makes one shudder. To feel grown up and to have a man's heart and wishes, and then to speak in a thin, piping voice and strut around in No. 1 shoes—ah, it must be awful! No wonder the poor little chap looked sad; and one wonders how the deuce he manages to live at all. He can't do anything to amuse himself. At the hotel the women in the company teased and played with him, and his eyes looked both fierce and sorrowful. Maybe he is like other men: maybe he dreams of holding a soft, delicate head close against his throat; and here the big, frowsy blonde mocks him by patting his head. Little Harold Hooper came up and looked longingly at the midget, with an interrogation point in his eyes. He wanted to invite Gabriel to come out and play with him, and the expression in Gabriel's eyes showed that if Harold made that amiable request he would do his best to slay the first-born of the proprietor of the Central Hotel. Really, a midget must be a keen disappointment to himself. Being a giant is bad enough, because as one potters around he comes across mighty few giantesses who move more gracefully than cows; but being a midget! To have people pity you and look at you as if you were a new kind of fine, red bug—that's the destiny of a midget. Surely the Lord wouldn't hold a little fellow like that responsible for anything he might do. If you were a midget, wouldn't you feel like getting a large pistol and tottering along and shooting somebody just as a mild way of expressing the terrible bitterness that was in your soul?

HAPPINESS IN THE MADHOUSE

In the western part of this State there was a woman, and she was a good woman. She married when she was young and she had many children; and she nursed and cooked and stinted and kept her nose to the grindstone for thirty years or more. She had, to begin with, sentimental eyes and an imaginative temperament; but her sole recreation during the best years of her life was riding four miles to church every Sunday morning, and her greatest social amusement consisted in feeding the preacher, who always wore a goose-quill toothpick. Her husband died; her children grew up and married; and she, uncertain in her head, was taken to a hospital for those who be mentally unwell. And she found Paradise on earth. She foregathered with a lot of other old ladies who wore their Sunday clothes all the time; sat in sunshiny corners and knitted; talked baby lore and the making of pies; did all things in amity and labored not at all. At length she, too, was cured and sent away—back to the half-deserted home and the ever-present grind. But the memory of the other old ladies with their delightful illusions and their embroidery, and the rocking chair close to the geranium pots, lingered with her and she wept inconsolably. And she, nine times a mother and a woman of consequence in the work-a-day world, made her people take her back to the madhouse. When the heavy doors had closed behind her, she went down the long corridor with a girlish flush on her cheek and a bright light in her eyes. For in the little group that plied needles at the end of the narrow carpeted lane she had found the only rest and peace she had ever known.

A BABY'S FIRST RIDE

Swathed in clothes enough to suffocate him, and handled as carefully as if he had been the only jellyfish in the world, a new baby was carried down the steps the other day and given his first view of the world. A spectator, who realized that he was in the presence of an awe-inspiring proposition, took careful note of the surroundings. The only things in sight of the baby after he came into the open were a small negro boy

leading a poor cow, a homely man with a red nose, a young woman with an ill-fitting skirt, the iceman, a country dog, and a lot of trees covered with dead, yellow leaves. And the baby cried. Of course he cried. He and the tired woman with the love-lighted eyes had been staying in there together having such a dreamy, comfy time talking and crooning to each other; and he had builded a grand vision of the outside, sunshiny place where the birds sang and flowers wafted faint perfumery. And here were the nose, the dog, and the iceman. Certainly he was disappointed and wept and wanted to go back and be with the low-voiced, tired woman. He knew that he hadn't been treated fairly, and he rightly argued that when a baby leaves the dark room for the first time he should enjoy a bigger celebration than any débutante. There should be only beautiful people on the premises, and a wealth of flowers, and somebody should sing a Christmas carol. The formal introduction to the new kingdom where he must live and love and suffer, and suffer and love and live and die should be triumphant and gladsome. For, after all, who can gauge the importance of the first world-impression on the tiny soul—just out from Heaven and soon to creep out from the love-lighted eyes?

TYPES OF THE OLD SOUTH

There is one type that the writer rejoices to have seen before he dies. 'Tis the old Southern lady. In her one sees the elegance and composure of a princess. Viewed surface-wise, she is as a rare cameo—like fragile porcelain in her fineness. In her yet live sympathy and understanding; and she will not let romance die, nor faith, nor the fair idealization of love. You would like to bend and kiss her hand—you know not why. You may seek her as the best companion of youth; the most tactful comforter; the tenderest philosopher. Her living is a blessing; her love a mantle that would shield from all hurt. She exacts little and would give so much; offering the clean, unselfish strength of completed womanhood to bring the peace that looks out of her own eyes. She is the most wondrous, yet the most natural and most graceful, picture in the South. You have seen her—this old lady? She is very human as she sits there and gazes out at the dying sun. And

yet there is about her a hush, a quietude that seems over and above the things of earth and nearest to Heaven itself.

The modern Southern son hasn't the manners of his father. He lacks something and laughs at the lack of it. He is bolder, and not so composed. The old prints which show the features of men of the Colonial days portray a grave, distinctive something that might be termed the spirit of the Revolution. That passed. On the faces of the ante-bellum men there is an expression just as fine, but not so severe. It is warmer; suggests a bow that might have graced a French salon in the old *régime;* speaks silently of velvety voices and utter deference. Does the Southern man of the present generation face this picture equably, appreciatively? Or is manner a virtue that comes with time, and is it the rightful privilege of youth to shrug its shoulders at the insistent courtesy that is worn so easily by him whose eyes are dim and whose hair shows the touch of frost? What dignity will there be in a portrait of the present generation? The writer has seen, with curious, democratic eyes, a prince and a good many noblemen. They seemed not to be grandees. They were not fussy or haughty. They had the same simple manner that is worn by the older gentlemen of the South. And, mark you this, the Southerner can uncover his head as the social peer of any living man. At least, his father can. The standard of manners may never change, though it may be lowered. It is being lowered with an ignorant laugh. Watch the maid and the man on the street and then observe how old people speak together. And the laugh must give way to a sigh.

OUTFLANKED

Col. Peter Akers, the celebrated auctioneer, who was in Charlotte last week, tells a story that he declares is original and has never been published. He was a Confederate soldier and fought under Stonewall Jackson, and loves most to talk of that leader.

"Jackson," said he, "was the greatest military genius the world has ever seen. With a handful of barefooted men he flanked large armies and whipped three or four armies in a

day. His genius was displayed oftenest in that flank movement.

"When he died, St. Peter sent two angels for him. They searched the field, the hospitals—the whole army, but could not find him. They returned and told this to St. Peter. Said he, 'Why, he has flanked you both and has been here six hours.'"

VIOLETS

The violets again—little wet violets, and there is the clean, sweet breath of spring. One would lift his head and drink deep—taste this newness, this grateful freshness that is about. There is a quicker leap of life, and Nature seems to stir with a kind of tenderness. There is deeper glow on the faces of children—easier happiness on a tiny, nestling face—girlhood comes to outward whiteness again—the cool, crisp sign of spring. And in all is the subtle charm of violets—little human, tremulous things, gentle as love's whisper, pure as purity. Restful, quaint little flower, too—simple, appealing flower to lay on a baby that has died—to give as seemly tribute to womanhood—to press against the face as easement for tired heart. . . . Such a dear, peaceful little flower, all alone in flowerland—emblems of the world's simplest and best, and waiting to mock a false face or adorn the beauty that comes from the soul.

GEORGE WILLIAM BAGBY

[1828—1883]

CHURCHILL GIBSON CHAMBERLAYNE

GEORGE WILLIAM BAGBY, M.D., editor, humorist, dialect writer, story writer, lecturer, poet, and essayist, was born in Buckingham County, Virginia, on August 13, 1828. Dr. Bagby, came of Virginia stock on both sides, his father, George Bagby, being a native of King and Queen County, and his mother, Virginia Young Evans, of Buckingham County. He was the eldest child of his parents, whose home at the time of his birth was in Lynchburg, where his father was engaged in business as a merchant, and it was in Lynchburg that he spent the first few years of his life.

When not yet six years old Dr. Bagby lost his mother. She had long been in poor health and her son really never knew her; a matter of life-long regret to which years afterward he feelingly referred in the most touching of all his writings, "The Old Virginia Gentleman." Such recollections of home life in childhood as he had in after years were connected with the memory of his aunts, to whose early kindness he paid grateful tribute in his "Good Eatings," a production thoroughly characteristic in its combination of the humorous and the pathetic. Shortly after the death of his mother he was sent to Dr. Page's boarding-school at Ça Ira, in Buckingham County, and later to the Rev. Mr. Ballantyne's school at Prince Edward Court House.

Dr. Bagby was destined, however, to have the benefit of a mental training obtained outside his native State and in surroundings totally dissimilar to those in which he had been brought up. This widening of his horizon occurred early in the forties when he was sent to the North to complete his education. His first experience under these changed conditions was gained at the Edgehill School, Princeton, New Jersey, of which Dr. John S. Hart was the principal. Here he spent a year or two, and then entered Delaware College, where he remained until the end of his sophomore year. In 1846 he matriculated as a medical student at the University of Pennsylvania, from which institution he was graduated three years later. Returning to Lynchburg, Virginia, where his father was still living, he intended to practise his profession there; but he did not long adhere to this purpose, for his tastes were largely literary, and to the profession of letters he naturally and quickly gravitated.

Dr. Bagby's first venture in the field of literature was an editorial on "Christmas" which appeared in the *Virginian* of Lynchburg. The editor of the *Virginian,* James McDonald, Esq., and Dr. Bagby were kindred spirits and soon became close friends. In the absence of the former, Dr. Bagby would often take his place, in this way serving his apprenticeship to editorial work, in which he later achieved so large a measure of success. Following the article on "Christmas," appeared a description of the snow-coasting down St. Paul's Hill in Lynchburg, and an account of a skating adventure. Sketch after sketch rapidly followed, all of them, it may be said, as well worthy to live as some of the earlier essays of Lamb or Thackeray. Among them was the short but exquisite essay, "The Sacred Furniture Warerooms." On account of the poverty of literary apparatus in Virginia at that time they appeared for the most part as editorials in the *Virginian.*

Early in the fifties Dr. Bagby and his friend, the late George Woodville Latham, afterward immortalized in the famous "Letters of Mozis Addums to Billy Ivvins," came into joint possession of the Lynchburg *Express,* a paper that had been founded some time before. Under their brilliant editorship the *Express* enjoyed a wide circle of readers, but it was never a success financially and after a few years the two friends gave it up. It was while Dr. Bagby was editing the *Express* that he wrote for *Harper's Magazine* the article called "My Wife and My Theory About Wives." Nothing more characteristic ever came from his pen, and for this very reason it is indescribable. It has been referred to as "a specimen of sentimental extravaganza worthy of the hand which traced the shadowy and sacred image of the lost love of Sir Roger De Coverley."

Upon the collapse of the *Express,* Dr. Bagby obtained an appointment to the position of correspondent at Washington of the New Orleans *Crescent.* Besides the *Crescent* he corresponded regularly for the Charleston *Mercury* and the Richmond *Dispatch,* at the same time writing copiously for the *Southern Literary Messenger* and occasionally for the *Atlantic Monthly.* For the country at large those were ominous days. The Washington that Dr. Bagby knew, the Washington pictured in the "Letters of Mozis Addums to Billy Ivvins," was the Washington of Buchanan's administration. The shadow of the coming war was over everything. The merriment that runs through every page of these "Letters" is like the merriment of children playing at the close of a chill autumn day, when even the liveliest movements seem to hint at weariness and the loudest laughter comes hushed and low.

In the early part of 1860 Dr. Bagby succeeded John R. Thompson as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger.* It was at best

an inauspicious time for literary ventures, but above all inauspicious for taking charge of a literary magazine published at the South and looking for support to the people of the South. As never before or since in the history of the country, the pre-Revolutionary period perhaps excepted, politics was the topic of the day; throughout the South it was the all-absorbing topic. However, in spite of these adverse conditions and those others, far worse, that soon followed, Dr. Bagby's genius for literary labors enabled him to conduct the *Messenger* until 1864. In this year the proprietorship of the magazine changed.

At the outbreak of the war, though totally unfit physically for service in the field, Dr. Bagby was prompt to volunteer, and was with the troops in the campaign of first Manassas. Here he soon attracted the attention of General Beauregard's chief-of-staff, by whom he was relieved in part of duties he was incapable of performing and detailed for clerical work at headquarters. But before long his health proved inadequate for even this service and he was given a final discharge from the army. Returning to Richmond he resumed his editorial and other literary work, and with his pen, his only remaining weapon, continued to contribute to the defence of his country. Among his writings of this period, the poem, "The Empty Sleeve," holds a high place. His life during the whole four years of the war was a very busy one. The work in connection with the *Southern Literary Messenger* was but a small part of his labors; he was associate editor of the Richmond *Whig,* correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury,* Mobile *Register,* Memphis *Appeal,* and Columbus (Ga.) *Herald,* and occasional contributor to the Richmond *Examiner* and the *Southern Illustrated News.*

In 1863 Dr. Bagby married Miss Lucy Parke Chamberlayne, of Richmond, daughter of Dr. Lewis Webb Chamberlayne, and sister of Captain John Hampden Chamberlayne, afterward editor of the Richmond *State.*

Immediately after the war Dr. Bagby went to New York, intending to devote himself to journalism and literature, but his eyesight failing him he soon returned to Virginia and entered the lecturing field, where a brilliant success awaited him. The profession was not wholly new to him; before the war he had been fairly successful with a lecture called "An Apology for Fools," but now in the winter of 1865-66 his lecture on "Bacon and Greens, or the Native Virginian" took the city of Richmond by storm, and was as great a success throughout Virginia and Maryland. This lecture was soon followed by others, among them "Women Folks," and "The Disease Called Love."

In 1868 Dr. Bagby established himself at Orange Court House as

editor and proprietor of the *Native Virginian,* from time to time leaving his editorial work to deliver one of his lectures. In December of the year following, his old friend, Hon. James McDonald, then Secretary of State of Virginia, appointed him assistant secretary and, as such, custodian of the State Library at Richmond. Dr. Bagby held this office through three administrations, discharging with great fidelity the duties of his position. To this period of his life belong his "Reminiscences of Canal Life" and "What I Did with my Fifty Millions." During these years too he composed and delivered some of his best lectures, among them "The Old Virginia Gentleman" and "The Virginia Negro." The latter was intended for wide delivery at the North, but a single brief experience in New York City was sufficient to convince him that the time had not yet come when a Southern man could speak to a Northern audience on the subject of the Negro with any hope of being heard. "Meekinses Twinses," perhaps the most humorous of all his creations, and "Jud Brownin's Account of Rubenstein's Playing," the sketch that gave him widest fame, also belong to this time.

Next Dr. Bagby made a trip through Virginia, describing each stage in letters which were published in the *State.* These letters surpass in descriptive power and depth of thought every other production of the kind in the history of Virginia journalism. A like series, written for the Baltimore *Sun,* was published under the title "New England through the Back Door." This was Dr. Bagby's last important contribution to literature; shortly after it was written his health began rapidly to fail. But he continued to write until his strength gave way entirely and he was forced to lay down his pen forever. After a long and painful illness, the result of dyspepsia, against which he had contended all his life, he died at Richmond on November 29, 1883.

Among his contemporaries Dr. Bagby was most widely known as a humorist and dialect writer. In the circle of his friends, however, it was understood that his efforts of a light kind, irresistibly amusing as many of them are, were but the diversions of a mind that was thoroughly at home in the higher regions of thought and that found there its truest and most natural pleasures. But of his speculations upon the fundamental questions of philosophy, which interested him deeply, he left no record. Had he done so his fame might have been greater, at all events it would have been different. As it is he must be judged by writings which he himself perhaps would have considered but an inadequate exponent of his real self. These writings, however, are numerous enough and differ among themselves sufficiently in character to make the determination of Dr. Bagby's place in literature a task far from easy.

Dr. Bagby's writings taken as a whole are not only a luminous commentary upon the Virginia civilization, character, and life in the period between 1830 and 1865, they are also a mirror in which that civilization, character, and life can be seen and seen without distortion. Dr. Bagby was a passionate lover of his native State, and an ardent admirer of much that she could rightly claim as preëminently her own, but he was no blind worshipper of all that called itself Virginian. His eyes penetrated below the surface, the appearances of things, to the things themselves. What he saw there worthy of praise, he praised; but at the same time he censured without hesitation whatever he thought called for censure. Of the weaknesses, the foibles of his fellow countrymen, he was a severe critic, frequently making use of that deadliest of weapons, ridicule. He could be sarcastic, too, upon occasion, and his thrusts, if in the main gentle, were unsparing.

Although Dr. Bagby's reputation rests to so large an extent upon his humorous writings, it may be held that he was at his best when he was most serious. As a matter of fact a vein of seriousness runs through all his work; for even those of his writings that are justly celebrated for their rare fun contain single lines or long passages full of an indefinable pathos that stirs the heart to its depths. Of such a character is his famous sketch "Jud Brownin's Account of Rubenstein's Playing." On the other hand, again, in his most serious compositions his irrepressible humor will not infrequently show itself, thus lighting up what otherwise might be thought a shade too sombre. This rare faculty of so combining the serious with the light that neither the one nor the other is unduly prominent, and neither is lost in the other, is one of the most distinguishing characteristics of Dr. Bagby's genius. Another of these characteristics is his acute sense of fitness; he does not overdo things. When painting the sublime or the horrible he never becomes grandiloquent, and with him the pathetic never degenerates into bathos. Akin to this is his ability to lift the description of the common and every-day to a plane above the commonplace. How many men before and since Dr. Bagby's time have fished for flat-back in one of the many muddy rivers in Virginia, but how few have written, or could have written of their experiences as Dr. Bagby wrote of "Fishing in the Appomattox!"

But a criticism of Dr. Bagby as an author would be incomplete were no reference made to that human and personal element in his work which lends to his writings their greatest charm. Dr. Bagby possessed a highly poetic imagination, but it may be doubted if he could ever have written as movingly of a journey through the wonders of any foreign land as he did of a trip he once made from

Lynchburg to Richmond on the old James River and Kanawha Canal. The reason is not far to seek. In addition to his imagination he possessed a heart that burned with love for what was peculiarly his own, that is, Virginia. And by Virginia he understood not only the people, white and colored, master and slave, but also the land itself, its mountains and valleys, its red-clay hillsides and muddy streams, the rolling country of the Piedmont section and the flat sandy stretches of Tidewater, the woods and the fields, the great rambling mansions of the well-to-do planters, and the clay-chinked cabins of the poor whites. For him few sounds were sweeter than the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will breaking the silence of the night, few sights lovelier than the slow flight of the buzzard circling in the upper air through a long hot summer day. The things that he heard and saw affected him deeply, affected him not merely because they were there and he had eyes to see and ears to hear, but as well because they had always been there and were part and parcel of the Virginia that he loved. In other words, in Dr. Bagby Virginia found an incomparable interpreter, not because of his receptive mind alone, or his poetic imagination, or his passionately loving and loyal heart, but because of all these, and because to him had been given in quite an extraordinary degree the ability to express the deep emotions of his soul.*

Churchill Gibson Chamberlayne

*No complete edition of Dr. Bagby's works has ever been published, and for the most part his writings still lie buried in the pages of the ephemeral publications in which they first saw the light. In 1884 there appeared at Richmond a modest volume, entitled 'Selections from the Miscellaneous Writings of Dr. George W. Bagby.' This was followed the next year by a second volume. The publication of these 'Selections' was Mrs. Bagby's tribute to the memory of her husband; the edition was privately printed and the number of copies limited. This book has now become so rare that it is practically impossible to obtain a copy except at a library sale.

THE SACRED FURNITURE WAREROOMS

All extracts are from 'Selections from the Miscellaneous Writings of Doctor George W. Bagby.' 1884-1885. By kind permission of Mrs. Bagby.

THE stranger in Lynchburg who stops at the City Hotel, in passing to and fro, will not fail to be struck with the singular aspect of a building not far from his lodgings. Upon the front of this building, which stands a little back from the house-line of the street, he will find marked—

E. J. FOLKES

FURNITURE WAREROOMS

The shape of the house so marked is unlike the shape of houses appropriated to business purposes; but what will most curiously attract the stranger's eye is a little belfry perched above the gable. No bell swings in that belfry. Under a hastily-made shed-porch in front of the house will be found a number of rocking chairs, tables, and other articles, showing what may be expected inside. In the sweet summer mornings, the proprietor may not unfrequently be seen seated in one of his rocking chairs, quietly reading a newspaper.

If a stranger will venture to open either of the two folding doors that give ingress to this building, he will find the interior filled to repletion with all manner of furniture. Let him go boldly in among the multitude of bureaus, sofas, washstands, pier-tables, and lounges. All is very still there. The bright and glossy crowd of dumb domestics are patiently awaiting owners to come and claim them. One is reminded of those Northern Intelligence Offices where hosts of Irish and German girls sit, without speaking, day after day; only here the servants are not flesh and blood, but structures of rosewood, mahogany, and marble.

A strange and not wholly pleasant feeling creeps over the visitor as he gazes on the inanimate forms that people the broad wareroom.

If this furniture had been used, if it were old, and black, and rickety, the feeling should be desolate indeed. But now that it is new, and rich, and beautiful, it should suggest cheerful fancies only. Hither the young couple will come to fur-

nish their house—their *home*—sweet, because it is *theirs*. In yonder tall wardrobe will hang the spotless white dresses of the bride, and the brave black finery of the groom. The glass on that marble-topped bureau will reflect the blushes of her pure young face, and the drawers will be proud to hold the delicate laces and the manifold "nice nothings" that pertain to her in right of her sex. Upon that gold-embroidered *tête-à-tête* the happy pair will tell each other the story of their love-days—again and again—tiring never of that sweet time when the breeze blew fresh and fragrant from the ever-nearing Isles of Hope. Surely the dumb furniture is eloquent, and tells charming stories!

Nevertheless, to the visitor, meditating in the midst of the wareroom, there comes through all the meshes of his silver-woven fancies, a something, out of keeping with the place, breathing awe upon him.

What is this? And why comes it?

It is the nameless spirit that clings to and lingers in and around every unpeopled habitation; and it comes here with peculiar solemnity and power, because this wareroom was once the tabernacle and house of the Most High God! Yea, it was even so; and albeit the pulpit hung with green, the old-fashioned plain benches, and the deep-toned bell are gone, the stranger may still see that this was once a church. Here the mysterious rites that conjoin the transient mortal with the Source infinite and eternal of life, were performed. Here religion, in its terror and its tenderness, in the sublimity of its hope and the boundlessness of its despair, was preached by lips fired almost to prophecy; here prayers as pure as ever trembled up to God's throne were uttered; and here repentance as sincere as ever transformed erring men was felt and avowed. Can a soul know its unseen tragedies in time and place, and leave no mute record there? Can the glow and the joy of a faith that dulls the last sharp pang, and triumphs over decay be felt, and the spot that saw the birth of that faith bear no witness of it? Can celestial ministers bring messages of everlasting peace to the fear-harrowed soul, and no lingering trace, perceptible to the finer senses, remain upon the walls hallowed by the touches of their wings, and on the floor pressed once by their noiseless sandals? Nay, truly. If the

fireside delights and all the "fair humanities" that endear the humblest dwelling, will cluster about the broken hearthstone, and redeem with tenderest suggestion the horror of the charred and fallen rafters, how much more shall the higher emotions of religion hallow holier places, and with greater tenacity cling to ruined shrines and deserted churches!

But the palpable awe of the sacred wareroom must be vague and fleeting to the stranger. It is deep, it is lasting to him who remembers the old church in its prime, when the white palings in front enclosed a little yard, green with a patch of sward on either side, and a little paper-mulberry tree in the centre of each patch; when the bell, tolling early on a bright Sunday morning, summoned the children, clean with starched white clothes, to the Sabbath-school; when the mind, fretted now and hardened with business cares, was concerned about the questions of the catechism, and the ear familiar with the getting-by-heart hum of the hundred round-faced scholars.

Graver was the time when the morning service came. The little yard was filled then with gentlemen grouped about the mulberry tree, after they had assisted the ladies in at the right-hand door. Youths were there, arrayed in their best, watching the fair faces and the charming figures as they came walking or tripped lightly out of carriages.

Within all was hushed. The scholars, who shortwhile hummed so loudly, were silent now, and sat demurely by their parents' sides, with restless feet that could not touch the floor. Soon, overcome with heat, the little forms would be stretched upon the bench, the moist young brows, protected by a kindly handkerchief, reposing in a father's or a mother's lap.

Alas! they who slept sweet slumbers in the happy day when this wareroom was a church, shall sleep thus again no more. The hands whose gentle touches wakened those sleepers when the sermon ended, have mouldered into dust, or tremble now with the palsy of age. The flight of years has made men and women of those children who in this wareroom first heard the public accents of prayer and praise. Their youth is gone, and with it the wonder and the beauty of life, and almost of religion.

Memories still more solemn come to him who once sat

in this sanctuary—memories of high religious festivals and revivals, with their excitement, their power, their terror, with that wondrous fascination which the sight of weeping men and women, repenting, and heart-broken, and joyful, must ever give.

But sadder yet, and sweeter than these, come memories imbued with the intense and mysterious charm of sacred music.

Ah! the singers, the singers that sang in this old church! Few, very few of them remain. Some sing no longer; some have wandered from the fold; some live in far states and in other cities; and some—are sleeping.

One noble old man, whose fine, venerable head kept time to the divine music in his heart, we all remember. Warm was he; true, upright, full of love toward his fellow-man, full of service to his Master, and not to be wearied in well-doing. Who that ever heard him can forget with what fervor he was wont to sing:

> All hail the power of Jesus' name,
> Let angels prostrate fall;
> Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown Him Lord of all,

lending his whole soul to the melodious utterance of that name he loved so well?

His earthly voice fell silent long ago; his honored dust reposes in the graveyard of his church; and there a marble obelisk rises to attest the esteem his townsmen justly bore him.

One other singer, the sweetest that ever sang in this old church, returns dim but beautiful to the filling eyes that gaze upon the dead space where once her living self—lovely in the dawn of womanhood and in the beauty of her guilelessness—sang praises to Him who is the source of beauty and of truth. How pure, how sweet, how tender, was her voice! the vocal life of her sinless heart! the fit, intelligent, worshipful, loving instrument to hymn the highest music!

Unhappy, unhappy singer! Neither thy beauty, nor thy sweetness, nor thy sinlessness, could save thee from the appointed sorrow. It is over now. The sweet voice is dumb, the lovely lips are ashes, and the true, stainless woman's heart shall throb no more, no more for ever. All of her that could fade

lies in the church-yard, not far from him, the noble Christian father and friend of humanity, whose voice often blended with her own sweet tones when on earth they sang together the songs of Zion. Over her, the leaves, dark and glossy-green, of the sombre oaks have lightly moved to the sighing winds of many vernal morns; and upon her tomb, through the long nights of many autumns, those leaves, grown sere, have fallen fast, as tears to weep her mournful fate. Peace be to her, and joy, and love!

Other singers there were in this old church, and others still who sang only in their hearts; all worthy to be named, and all too sadly well remembered and recalled by those who see the bowed forms, clad in deep crape, that tremblingly walk the aisles of the new church, and who miss the reverent faces from their accustomed pew, and hear no more the well-known voices in the choir.

Alas! for life's changes; alas! for those that have already come; and for those yet to come—unknown changes—but which *must* come—oh! how *shall* we bear them?

The new times demanded the new church; its Gothic beauty deserves the admiration it has received; its organ, touched by a master's hand, doth utter forth a glorious voice; but so long as one beam of the old church is fastened to another, and so long as memory holds her seat, so long there will be one who will turn from the finer architecture of the modern structure and forget the grander music of the organ, to muse over the simpler manners of the past, and to bring back the plain hymn-music and the singers that sang it of old in the Sacred Furniture Warerooms.

THE OLD VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN

His house was not jammed down within two inches and a half of "the main, plain road." Why? He held, as his father did before him, that it was immodest to expose even his house to the public gaze. Perhaps he had that lack of curiosity, which, the newspaper men tell us, is characteristic of the savage—most of us, you know, are descended from Pocahontas—and, at all events, it would never do to have his headquarters

on the very edge of a plantation of one thousand or two thousand acres.

What was there to see on the main, plain road? Nothing. Morning and evening the boys dashed by on their colts, hurrying to or from the Academy, so-called. On Sundays, carry-alls, buggies, and wagons, filled with women-folk and children, in split-bottom chairs, wended their way to Mt. Zion, a mile or two farther on in the woods. Twice a week the stage rattled along, nobody inside, a negro in the boot, the driver and the negro-trader, both drunk, on top. Once a month the lawyers, in their stick-gigs or "single-chairs," and the farmers on their plantation mares, chatting and spitting amicably, with switches poised in up-and-downy elbows, jogged on to court. And that was all that was to be seen on the main, plain road, except the doctor and the deputy-sheriff, with their leggings and saddle-bags.

Tramps there were none, unless you call the county idiot who stalked barefoot through the winter snow, fanning himself industriously the while with a turkey-wing fan, a tramp. Once a year the peddler, with his pack, or the plausible oil-cloth table-cloth man, put in an appearance; and that was literally all. Why, even the hares played in the middle of the lonesome road! And yet there was a life and animation along the country roads, especially about the country taverns, in the good old days (they *were* good) which we who remember them sadly miss in these times of rapid railroad transit.

A stranger would never dream that the narrow turning out of the main road, scarcely marked by a rut, led to a habitation better than a charcoal-burner's shed. But the drivers of the high-swung, bug-back family carriages of the period knew that turning "mighty well." So did many gentlemen, old and young, in all parts of the Commonwealth. "Oaklands," "Bellefield," "Mt. Airy," whatever it might be named, was the half-way house to "Cousin Tom's," "Uncle Randolph's," or "Grandpa's," twenty or thirty miles farther on. Also it was a convenient place to spend the night and mend the high-swung bug-back from Alpha to Omega when on your way to the White Sulphur, Richmond, or anywhere. Truth to tell, there was no getting around it; it drew like a magnet.

And whenever the road was adorned by a white-haired,

florid-faced gentleman astride a blooded horse, with his body-servant in charge of his portmanteau following at respectful distance behind, that party, you may be very sure, turned off the main plain road and disappeared in the depths of the forest. Col. Tidewater had come half the length of the State to try a little more of Judge Piedmont's Madeira, to know what on earth induced Piedmont to influence the Governor in making that appointment, and to inquire if it were possible that Piedmont intended to bring out Jimson—of all human beings, Jimson—for Congress?

"Disappeared in the depths of the forest!" Yes. And why? Because there must be plenty of wood where is no end of negroes, and fifteen or twenty miles of worm-fencing to keep in repair. So there was a forest on this side and on that of the old Virginia gentleman's home; sometimes on all sides; and the more woodland the better. How is a man to get along without clearing new ground every year? The boys must have *some* place to hunt squirrels. Everybody is obliged to have wild indigo to keep flies off his horse's head in summer. If you have no timber, what becomes of your hogs when you turn them out? How about fuel? Where is your plank to come from,-and your logs for new cabins and tobacco barns? Are you going to *buy* poles for this, that and the other? There's no use talking—negroes can't be healthy without wood, nor enjoy life without pine-knots when they go fishing at night.

Pleasant it was to trot through these forests on a hot summer day, or any other day, knowing what was to come at your journey's end. Pleasant, too, to bowl along under the arching boughs, albeit the ruts were terrible in places, and there were two or three immemorial holes, made by the butts of saw-logs (you could swear that the great mark in the centre of the road was the tail-trace of an Iguanodon, or some other Greek beast of prehistoric times)—two or three old holes, that made every vehicle, but chiefly the bug-back carriage, lurch and careen worse than a ship in a heavy sea.

But these were useful holes. They educated the young negro driver, and compelled the old one to keep his wrinkled, mealy hand in. They toned, or rather tuned up, the nerves of the young ladies, and gave them excuse for uttering the prettiest shrieks; whereat the long-legged cousin, leaning to the

left at an angle of ninety degrees, with his abominable red head forever inside the carriage window, would display his horsemanship in the most nimble, over-affectionate, and unpleasing manner—unpleasing to the young gentleman from the city, who was not a cousin, did not want to be a cousin, wasn't a bit proud of riding, but had "some sense of decency, and really a very high regard for the sensibilities of the most refined ladies in the whole State of Virginia, Sir!" Many were the short but fervent prayers ejaculated by the old ladies in consequence of these same holes, which came to be provocative of late piety, and on that account were never molested; and they were prized beyond measure by the freckle-face ten-year-old brother, who, standing up behind and hanging back by the carriage-straps, yelled with delight every time the bug-back went "way down," and wished from the bottom of his horrid boy's heart that "the blamed old thing would bust all to flinders and plump the whole caboodle smack into the middle of the mud puddle."

Col. Tidewater declared that Piedmont's forest road was the worst in the world, and enough to bring in jeopardy soul as well as body; to which Piedmont hotly replied that a five-mile stretch in August through the sand in Tidewater's county was eternity in Hades itself.

The forest once passed, a scene not of enchantment, though contrast often made it seem so, but of exceeding beauty, met the eye. Wide, very wide fields of waving corn, billowy seas of green or gold, as the season chanced to be, over which the scudding shadows chased and played, gladdened the heart with wealth far spread. Upon lowlands level as a floor, the plumed and tasseled corn stood tall and dense, rank behind rank in military alignment—a serried army, lush and strong. The rich, dark soil of the gently swelling knolls could scarcely be seen under the broad, lapping leaves of the mottled tobacco. The hills were carpeted with clover. Beneath the tree-clumps, fat cattle chewed the cud or peaceful sheep reposed, grateful for the shade. In the midst of this plenty, half-hidden in foliage over which the graceful shafts of the Lombardy poplar towered, with its bounteous garden and its orchards heavy with fruit near at hand, peered the old mansion, white or dusky-red or mellow-gray by the storm and shine of years.

Seen by the tired horseman, halting at the woodland's edge, this picture, steeped in the intense, quivering summer noonlight, filled the soul with unspeakable emotions of beauty, tenderness, peace, *home.*

—How calm could we rest
In that bosom of shade, with the friends we love best!

Sorrows and cares were there—where do they not penetrate? but oh! dear God, one day in these tranquil homes outweighed a fevered lifetime in the gayest cities of the globe. Tell me nothing; I undervalue naught that man's heart delights in; I dearly love operas and great pageants; but I do know—as I know nothing else—that the first years of human life, and the last, yea, if it be possible, all the years, should be passed in the country. The towns may do for a day, a week, a month at most; but Nature, Mother Nature, pure and clean, is for all time; yes, for eternity itself. What think you of heaven? Is it a narrow street, packed full of houses, with a theatre at one end and a beer saloon at the other? Nay! the city of God is under the trees and beside the living waters.

These homes of Virginia are ruins now; not like the ivied walls and towers of European lands, but ruins none the less. The houses, indeed, are still there, little changed, it may be, as to the outside; but the light, the life, the charm are gone for ever. "The soul is fled."

About these Virginia homes there was much that was unlike the houses I have seen in the more populous states of the North and in Canada. A Southerner traveling through Central Pennsylvania and Western New York to the falls of Niagara, and thence down the St. Lawrence, is painfully impressed by the scarcity—the absence, one might say,—of human beings around the houses and in the fields. There are no children playing in the cramped-up yards. The few laborers in the narrow fields make but a pitiful show, even at harvest time. The farms have a deserted look, that is most depressing to one accustomed to the sights and sounds of Virginia country life. For thirty miles below Quebec I watched the houses that thickly line the verdant river banks, but saw no human being—not one. The men were at work in the villages, the women were at the

wash-tubs or in the kitchens; and as for the children, I know not where they were.

How unlike Virginia of the olden time! There, people were astir, and something was always going on. The young master, with his troop of little darkies, was everywhere—in the yard, playing horses; in the fields, hunting larks or partridges; in the orchards, hunting for birds' nests; at the barn, sliding down the straw stacks; in the woods, twisting or smoking hares out of hollow trees; in the "branch," fishing or bathing (we call it "washing" in Virginia); in the patch, plugging half-ripe watermelons; or elsewhere, in some fun or mischief. "Young Mistiss," in her sun-bonnet, had her retinue of sable attendants, who, bare-armed and bare-footed, accompanied her in her rambles through the garden, the open woodland near the house, and sometimes as far as the big gate. By the way, whenever you heard the big gate slam, you might know that "comp'ny" was coming. And comp'ny was always coming—beaux to see the grown-up girls, neighbors, friends, strangers, kinsfolk—no end of them. Then some comely negro woman, with bright kerchief on her head, was ever passing to and fro, on business with her mistress; few days passed that did not witness the "drop-shot gang" of small Ethiops sweeping up the fallen leaves that disfigured the broad yard.

Some one was always coming or going. The gig, the double buggy, the carryall, the carriage, were in constant use. Horses, two or a dozen, were seldom wanting at the rack, and the boy of the family was sure to be on the horse-block, begging permission to "ride behind," or to carry the horse to the stable. Bringing in breakfast, dinner, and supper, and carrying the things back to the kitchen, kept three or four servants busy from dawn till long after dark. The mistress had a large provision store at the smoke-house, where there was much to do every day except Sunday. So, too, with the dairy. From the rooms set apart for weaving and spinning came the tireless droning of wheels and the clatter of looms—wonderful machines, that delighted the knots of white and black children gathered at the open doorways. How gracefully Aunt Sooky stepped back and forth with her thread, as it kept growing and lengthening on the spindle! Why, I can smell the wool-rolls

now, and see the brooches, and the shucks on which they were wound!

These were the scenes and occupations that gave life to the house. In the fields, from the time that the gangs of ploughers (we never called them ploughmen), moving steadily *en echelon*, turned up the rich sod, until the wheat was shocked, the corn laid by, the tobacco planted, suckered, primed, topped, cut, and hung in the golden sunshine to cure, there was something perpetually afoot to enliven the plantation. But who shall tell of harvest-time, when the field fairly swarmed with cutters, the binders, the shockers, the gleaners, all agog with excitement and joy? A murrain on your modern reapers and mowers! What care I if Cyrus McCormick *was* born in Rockbridge County? These new-fangled "contraptions" are to the old system what the little, dirty, black steam-tug is to the three-decker, with its cloud of snowy canvas towering to the skies—the grandest and most beautiful sight in the world. I wouldn't give Uncle Isham's picked man, "long Billy Carter," leading the field, with one good drink of whiskey in him —I wouldn't give one swing of his cradle and one "ketch" of his straw for all the mowers and reapers in creation.

But what was the harvest-field compared with threshing-time at the barn? Great goodness alive! Do you all remember that huge cog-wheel aloft, and the little cog-wheels, that big post that turned 'round, the thick shafts,—two horses to a shaft; eight or ten horses to a machine—(none of your one-horse, out-o'-door concerns—this was under a large shed, close to the barn), and how we sat on those shafts, and how we drove those horses, and hollered at 'em, and how the dust flew, and what a glorious, glorious racket, hubbub and confusion there was? Surely you do.

Then came beating-cider time. Bless me! how sick "us boys" used to get from drinking sweet cider and eating apple "pommels!" You recollect the cider press? None of your fish-traps, cut in two, and set on end, with an iron crank, but a good, honest beam, a foot and a half thick, and fifteen to twenty feet long, jobbed into a hole cut clean through a stout oak tree, with a wooden trough holding half a ton of rocks, and an affair with holes and pegs, to regulate the prizing. Now that was a press, a real press—not a gimcrack. Don't

ask me about corn-shuckings. It would take a separate lecture to describe them; besides, you already know more about them than I can tell you.

If the house, the barn, the fields were alive, so also were the woods. There the axe was ever plying. Timber to cut for cabins (the negroes increased so fast), for tobacco houses, and for fuel, new ground to clear, etc., etc. The crack of the gun was heard continually—the boys were shooting squirrels for Brunswick stew—and when the wild pigeons came there was an endless fusilade. As for sports, besides squirrels, 'coons and 'possums, there were partridges, robins, larks, and even kildees and bull-bats for shooting; but far above all these, was the *fox-hunt!* Ah! who can ever forget it? When the chase swept through the forest and across the hills, the hounds and the beagles in full, eager, piercing, passionate cry, making music for the very gods and driving the huntsmen stark mad. What were staked and ridered fences, tangled underwood, gullies, ditches, banks that were almost precipices, what was life, what was death to the young fellow just out of college, that glorious music ringing in his ears, his horse, a thing all fire and steel, going under him like a thunderbolt, and the fox not five hundred yards away? Tell me Southern country life was monotonous! Bah!

Why, something or somebody was forever stirring. In the dead of night, hours before day-break, some old negro was eternally getting up to chunk his fire, or to cut another stick or two. In the dead of winter, the wagons were busy hauling wood, to keep up the grand old fires in the big old fire-places. And at the worst, the boys could always jump a hare out of a briar-patch, and *then* such "hollering," such whistling, such whooping, such calling of dogs:—"here, here, here! who-eet! whoop! here!" as if Bedlam had broke loose.

Of church-going on Sunday, when the girls kept the carriage waiting; of warrant-tryings, vendues, election and general muster days, of parties of all kinds, from candy-stews and "infairs" up to the regular country balls at the county-seat, of fun at negro weddings, of fish-fries, barbecues, sailing-parties, sora and duck-shooting, rides and drives—the delights of Tidewater life—of dinings in and dinings out, of the Bishop's visit, of company come for all day in addition to the

company regularly domiciled for the week, month or half-year, I need not speak at length. Country life in Virginia tiresome! You are crazy!

The habitation of the old Virginia gentleman—house is too short a word to express it—always large enough, however small it might be, was sometimes stately, like the great, square house of "Rosewell," and others I might name. As a rule, to which, indeed, there were many exceptions, it was neither planned nor built—it grew: and that was its great charm. To be sure, the main structure or body of it had been put up with an eye not to convenience but to elbow-room and breathing space—without which no Virginian can live. But in course of time, as the children came along, as the family connexions increased, and as the desire, the necessity in fact, of keeping a free hotel grew upon him, the old gentlman kept adding a wing here and tacking a shed room there until the original building became mixed up, and, as it were, lost in the crowd of additions. In cold weather the old house was often miserably uncomfortable, but at all other times it was simply glorious. There was, of course, a large hall or passage, a parlor and dining-room, "the chamber" proper for the old lady and for everybody, and a fine old-time staircase leading to the guest-chamber, but the rest of the house ran mostly into nondescript apartments, access to which was not always easy. For the floors were on different levels, as they ought to be in an old country-house. Fail to step up or down at the proper time, and you were sure to bump your head or bruise your shins. Then there were dark closets, cuddies, and big old chests that came mayhap from England, say nothing of the garret, full of mystery, that stretched the whole length of the house. Here was romance for childhood—plenty of it. These irregular rooms, two steps up and three down before you got fairly into them, teemed with poetry; but your modern houses, with square rooms all on a dead level, are prosaic as dry-goods boxes.

A fine old house it was to play hide-and-seek in, to romp with the girls, to cut all sorts of capers without disturbing the old folks. Then these dark passages, these cuddies and closets, that big garret, never failed to harbor some good-natured old hip-shot fool of a family ghost, who was everlastingly "pro-

jicking" around at night after the girls had quit their talk, making the floors crack, the doors creak, and whispering his nonsense through the keyhole, as if he could scare you or anybody else! To modernize the old Virginian's house would kill that ghost, and if it be a crime to kill a live man, what an enormity it must be to kill one who has been dead a hundred years, who never harmed a living soul, and who, I suspect, was more fretted than sorry when the young ones would persist in hiding their heads under the bed-clothes for fear of him? "You little geese! it's nobody but me," and "whish, whish, whish," he would go on with his idiotic whispering.

The heavy, dark furniture; the huge sideboard; the quaint solid chairs; the more common article, with spraddled legs, scooped seats and stick backs; the diamond-paned book-case; the long horse-hair sofas, with round tasseled pillows, hard as logs of ebony, with nooks to hide them in; the graceful candle-stand; the gilt mirror, with its three compartments; the carved mantel, so high you could hardly reach the silver candlesticks on its narrow top; the bureaux, with swinging brass handles; the dressing tables; the high-post bedstead, with valance and tester; the—

But stay! It suddenly and painfully occurs to me—there are grown-up men and women in this room, actually here, immortal beings, who never laid eyes on a bed-wrench and pin, and who do not so much as know the meaning of cording a bed! Think of it! Yet these people live on. Ah me! the fashion of this world passeth away!

The massive dinner table, never big enough to hold all the dishes, some of which had to go on the hearth to be kept warm; the old-time silver, the heavy cut glassware, the glass pitchers for thick, rich milk—how it foamed, when they "poured it high!" The Canton china, thin as thin biscuit; the plainer blue dinner set for every day use, with the big apples on the little trees, the blue islands in a white sea, the man or woman that was always going over that short bridge, but stopped and stood provokingly in the middle—how they all come back to you! But I "lay" you have forgotten the band-boxes. Think of that again! Band-boxes have fled away from the face of this earth, but not to heaven; for they were much uglier than any sin I'm acquainted with. I recall the very pat-

tern of them—the red brick houses, with many windows, the clumsy trees, and that odd something, more like a pile of rocks than an elephant, but spouting clods of water, like an elephant who had got drunk on mud.

When you were a boy, did you sleep in a low-pitched, dormer-windowed room, with two little gable windows that looked out upon a narrow-necked chimney, just where the neck ended and the shoulder began? You didn't? Then I pity you; you must have had a mighty poor sort of boyhood. Why, I can see the moss growing on that chimney, can see how very thick the old thing is at the bottom, and, by George! there is the identical old toad (frog, we called him) that pops out every night from the slit in the wall at the side of the chimney. How well he looks! Hasn't changed a hair in forty years! Come! Let's "ketch" some lightning-bugs and feed him, right now!

Surely, you haven't forgotten the rainy days at the old country house? How the drops kept dropping, dropping from the eaves, and popping, popping up from the little trough worn into the earth below the eaves; how draggled and miserable the rooster looked, as you watched him from your seat in the deep window-sill; and how (tired of playing in-doors) you wondered if it would never, never stop raining. How you wandered from room to room, all over the house, upstairs and downstairs, eating cakes and apples, or buttered bread and raspberry jam; how at last you settled down in the old lady's chamber and held a hank till your arms ached, and you longed for bed-time to come. If you have never known such days, never seen the reel the hanks were placed on, nor the flax-wheels that clacked when the time came to stop winding, then you have neither seen nor known anything. You don't know how to "skin the cat," or to play "Ant'ny over;" you don't know how to drop a live coal in a little puddle of water, and explode it with an axe; you "don't know nothin',"—you have never been a Virginia boy.

Yes, your arms ached, poor little fellow, pining for out-door fun; they were sure to ache if you held the hank for Miss Mehaly Sidebottom, the poor lady who had lived in the family time out o' mind; but if you held it for a pretty girl—and what Virginia gentleman's house was without one—two—three—

half a dozen of them?—then your arms didn't give out half so soon, and you didn't know what it was to get hungry or sleepy. When you grew older, a rainy day in the country was worth untold money, for then you had the pretty girl all to yourself the livelong day in the drawing room. What music the rain made on the roof at night, and how you wished the long season in May would set in, raise all the creeks past fording, wash away all the bridges, and keep you there for ever.

And such girls! They were of a piece with the dear old house; they belonged to it of right, and it would not, and it could not have been what it was without them. Finer women, physically, I may have seen, with much more bone, a deal more of muscle and redder cheeks; but more grace, more elegance, more refinement, more guileless purity, were never found the whole world over, in any age, not even that of the halcyon. There was about these country girls—I mean no disparagement of their city sisters, for all Virginia girls were city girls in winter and country girls in summer, so happy was our peculiar social system—there was about these country girls I know not what of sauce—the word is a little too strong—of mischief, of spirit, of fire, of archness, coquetry, and bright winsomeness—tendrils these of a stock that was strong and true as heart could wish or Nature frame; for in essentials their character was based upon a confiding, trusting, loving, unselfish devotion—a complete, immaculate world of womanly virtue and home piety was theirs, the like of which, I boldly claim, was seldom approached, and never excelled, since the Almighty made man in His own image.

MEEKINSES TWINSES

Dedikatid
to the Hapy Man that aint Got but One Chile, & Him growed
Up, and Doin' up a Good Bisnis in a Far Distunt Lan',
whar He kant be Heered a cryin in the Nite fur
His Bottil,
I Dedikate This Wuk—
This Brocher, as they says in Frentch.
M. Addums.

Babis in ginrul is bald-heded, bo-legged disturbers uv the peece. They cums into this worl' frownin horrid, fists doubled up, red as peper, hot as jinjer, and hongry as hogs. You got to 'ten to um—got to drap all biznis and 'ten to um then and thar, or elts you'll heer from um erly and ofting. The nuss lanches um into life with a dram uv sum kind, and then wunders they luvs whiskey when they has growd up.

But twinses is mysteyus vizitatins uv Providens; a urthquake in 2 colyums, the rite and lef' wings uv a hurrykane that thar aint no accountin fur. They cums like claps uv live thunder out'n a clere sky in the midil of the day or nite (they aint a keering which), and konstirnates the naberhood. Nobody aint never prepared for um, and thar is a rushin 2 and fro uv doctors, nusses, and wimmin that shakes the chimblys and jars the whole visinty. A feerful tiem!

They fetches no bagige, not a rag, not a blame thing, not even a swaller-tail cote and a standin coller; but they cums to stay. Thar is much borrying of klothes—it takes nuf dry goods to set up a firm of twinses as to stok a good size Brod St. sto—and you've got to opin a milk depo and free bodin hous on the spot lookin fur yo' pay in a nuther and a beter worl'. Becoz twinses has but vage idees uv setlin bills.

Meny wimmin arives at yo' manshun, and thar is much miratin. The po' men fur sevrul bloks aroun gethers on the cornders uv the strete and wunders to eche uther if twinses is ketchin, like mezils and chikin pok. Thar minds is onesy. They goes to pothekerries to git sum intmint agin the things.

But taint no use, no manner uv use. Kwinine nor brimstone nor kerosiv sublimit nor nuthin knowd to man, can't

kepe um off. Twinses is misteyus things, and thar is no a kountin fur um one way nor the uther. Hey Blar, the drugger, can't put up nuthin to fend um off, nor Tom Doswil, with all his expeyunse, can't inshure um. If they ar a cumin, they ar a cumin; if they aint a cumin all creashun can't hurry um up. Twinses is the most obstnit and opinyunated kattil I know.

Thar is a nuther misteyus thing 'bout twinses. Them that wants um can't have um no how—thar is men at backgamon that never flings dublets, no matter how they ratle the box and blow on it for luck; and them that don't want um, and kin hardly turn roun thout treddin on childun, has um shure. Here they cum a hoopin and a holrin. Now me and Tom Cuckpotrik is the very pattun of men for twinses—was cut and dride you may say to be the fathers of twinses, but nary a twin have cum these 30 yeer, tho' we has bin dyin fur um. On the uther hand, look at Meekins; uv all and uv all humins! Meekins—but mo' anon. No; twinses is misteyus. To the rich man childun cum one at a tiem, like balls down the troft uv a ten-pin ally; but to the po man they cums

———2 by 2,
Like the elifint and the kangaroo.

Twinses is like the pistuns or the walkin beam of a steam-bote—when you lays one down you take the uther one up; and when they both opins thar skape-pipes and squalls at the same tiem, why, lettin off steme is a Quaker metin to it. F'yar well, vane worl', I'm a gwine home! No you aint—you're a gwine to 'ten to them twinses, 'ten to nuthin but them, if you don't want the hous to cum down; and a plezant tiem you'll hav uv it. You may talk to me 'bout Gypchun bondige, but a muther at ded of nite wrestlin with two ballin squallin twinses—one holrin to see if his holrin aint louder holrin than the holrin of the uther one holrin—a muther endurin uv that bondige sturs my sympathies mo'n the Gypchuns and Izralites combined.

A quare thing is that the man gits all the kredit fur twinses, while the woman that has to tote the hevy eend of the log all the tiem, don't git nun. Folks is inklined to blame her, and tell her, "no mo uv that, now." But the man puts on his hat

and walks 4th with an ar uv modist pride, like a rich man handin roun the plate fur the first tiem in church. "I don't take no kredit fur this," he kinder seems to say, "I reely don't, but still I want to git the kredit all the saim. Taint evry body has twinses, and then is umbil 'bout it like me." And they tell me thar is wimmin that actilly is envous and jellus of wimmin that has twinses, and wood fain git the resipe if thar was one. Well, thar is childun that brags 'bout bein sicker than uther childun, and its a twisted sort uv a worl' we liv in eny way. I don't understan it no way—nor I don't ever hope to. It gits me—got me long ago.

The last obzurvashun I got to make 'bout twinses ar this —they kin do mo kryin to the minit, and kiver a squar inch quicker and thicker, with ball and squall, than any other livin thing exsept a Linchbug ockshuneer uv lugs.

These few remox is drord 4th by Meekins. Uv all and of uv *all*—but I'm a comin to that dreckly. Peter Meekins is my naber—our back lots jins. He is the wevil-eatinest man I know. Somthin is always the matter with his durn tung, and from gum-biles to corns thar aint nuthin he don't hav, and keep on havin it. Dispepsy is his stanby, and when he aint got that, he fills up the chinx with dipthery. He can't barly walk, becoz he's got the furtogo. Things wont gee with him, so he's always in a state uv wo. Uv all and uv *all*. He takes a melunkoly vew. This worl' looks to him like a mixter uv misry, bluein and lamp-black. Uv all humins! I kinnot understan it. Thar aint mo'n enuf uv him to make a do-mat, he is very shucky and shaky, and is fraziled out at his edgis into somethin that ansers as hed, arms and legs. Now uv all and uv all humin beins who shood hav twinses but this same Meekins. It's a fac, by gum! and it jist knox me down, you know. I aint fetch breth good since I heerd it.

My wife must uv told me, but my mind hav bin so ockqupide with politix that I disremembered it till the uther day when I met him on the strete. He were very sadd. His chin wiggled and his nose wobbled, he were so very sadd.

"In the name uv mizry," says I, "Meekins, what's the matter?"

"Ah!" he says, groanin, and the water gethered in his eyes.

"How is yo drotted tung, now?" I says.

"Taint that," says he, and the teers cum a rollin down his holler cheex, and his nose trimbled.

"Tell, me quick," I says; "I feel so sorry fur you, and I want to do sumthin fur you rite away."

"Well," he says, in a vois that went to my very hart, "I were—I were took down with the twinses 'bout 3 month ago, and bin very lo ever sinse."

"What!" I ixclaimed, "you? uv all and uv all, *you*, got twinses? Giv me yo' han!" and I grabed him to congratulate him.

But I heerd sumthin like krokry crackin inside uv him, and feerin he wood cum to peeces in my han, I let him go.

"Yes," he says, "they has lit down upon me in my ole age, and they is hevy." And he weept.

"Well, well, well!" I says, "Uv all and uv *all*—this beats bobtail. Gearls uv corse?"

"No," he says, sorrerful, "two uv as fine a boy as ever swallered katnip."

"And you a cryin 'bout *that?*" says I.

"Two nusses," he says, "two cribs, two sets uv—uv—uv—everything—two———." And he sobbed—he actilly did.

"Cheer up, my lively lad (much lively 'bout him), cheer up," I says.

But he wood'n cheer a bit.

"Two baby carriges, two par uv shoes, two soots uv klothes, two everything, two much! too much! too much!" And he farly boohood.

Says I, "Meekins, fur goodniss sake don't giv way so—you'll bust the breechin uv yo very soul, if you kepe on that a way."

But he kep on, and throwin his face down into his hands, said in a pashun uv teers:

> Dubl tile and dubil trubil,
> Childun bile and babis bubbil.

I can stan a good deal, but my temper giv way at this. Says I, "You infurnil old son of a fopensapeny, if you don't stop howlin here in the strete in brord daylite, 'bout nuthin but twinses, I'll ketch you by the nap uv yo neck, fling you

into the middil of Mill's garding, and leave you thar, a mass of fragments for boys to fling at cats with."

This stopt him. "Ah!" he says, "Ah! this ar a worl' uv much wind on the stummick, and skeersly nuthin in the breeches pocket." And with that he shufild off his mortal kile in the dreckshun of his own house. I went to mine, madd, madd with a doub'l "d.". And I says to my wife:

"Did you know old Meekins had twinses?"

"Know it?" she says, "didn't I tell you the very day they was born?"

"May be you mout," I says; "but my mind hav bin so gummed and glued up with politix and Returnin Bodes that —"

"—you bored me every tiem you returned home till I wished them bodes, as you call um, was nailed over your mouth."

"Well," I says, "what *doo* you think uv it?"

That were the wrongest questun that ever I axed in all my life. It let down the tailbode uv her naterally lerge tumler cart of elloquense, and she drownded me then and thar.

"Think uv it?" she skreakt. "Think uv it? Its the outrageousest, owdashusest peece uv impertinense that's bin pepetrated in my naberhood in 40 odd year. Its a sin and a shame, and a shokin, overwhelmin skandil, that pepil pretendin to be desent shood act in that way. Genteel pepil, like sum I know, don't hav no twinses—they've got mo regard fur sersiety than to have um. But I know these Meekinses of old. They had um puppus—a puppus—" stompin her foot and drappin her nittin—"Gist to git into notis and git some good things to eat. And mo things has cum to the Meekinses since them twinses was born than I got pashunce to tell about. Bread, cake, pies, puddins, breakfasts, dinners, appils, oranges, prunes, ducks, potridges, Mallegy grapes,—thar's old Meekins a eatin sum this very minit—."

Shure nuf, there was old Meekins settin by his cellar dore a doin sum of the dolefullest chawin you ever see.

"Yes," she went on, "It's a delibrit, depe-lade plan to git notyriety and rise in sersiety. But they could'n deseeve *me*,—no! I never incouraged twinses, and never will. They gits no custard and thin biskit from *this* house, nor they never wont."

And then her wurds duv-taled and run into one nuther that fast that I couldn make out nuthin she said—nuthin but "Jib jib jib—jab jab jab—jibjab jibjab jibjab—jibber jabber jibber jabber jibber jabber—whing whang fing fang bing bang ding dang ling lang ping pang ting tang ring rang—r-r-r—atter-tatterclattersplatter."

Whew! I had heered of a heated turm, but here was a heated turmigint uv the wust kind with a venjunce. Jodge! she just did leeve me the top of my hed, and that were all. I were thankful fur that, becoz I see how it were in a flash—the old woman were black in the face with jellus envy uv the po' littil afflickted Mrs. Meekins, as good a woman as her husband is no count.

I riz.

"Madum!" says I, drawin myself up to my fool hight. "Madum!" I says in tones uv sopesuds and thunder. "Madum! taint no use, no erthly use. *I aint Aberham,*" and stoopin down and pokin my face into hern, "*nor you aint Sary, neither.* So shet rite up!"

She's 60 last grass if she's a day, and got Irish blud in her too, but she did'n even open her lips. She snifft me down with kontempt and konsintrated venum that druv me spang out'n the hous, and I found myself in the back poche, holrin at the pitch, tar and turpentine uv my vois, "gimme ar! gimme ar! fur mersy's sake gimme ar!" fur I were neerly dead, that whurlwind uv wurds had tak my breth away so.

Old Meekins's cook, Lizer, a likely woman, cum out'n the kitchin to see what were the matter. I recken she thot I were distrackted, but old Meekins didn' evin turn his hed, he were so bizzy with his Mallegy grapes.

My son Floojins, my yungest chile, 'bout nine year old goin on ten, and a good boy, tho' I say it—Floojins had heerd his muther what she said, and folrin me into the back poche, went down the steps, sayin as he went by,

"Doggon my skin uv kats! I'll fix him."

With that he began hunting round the yard till he diskivered a rusty old pad-lock, and takin good aim at Meekins, he let fly, and by the livins! he presto-vetoes him off'n the face of the erth. He jest blotted him rite out. Thar were the cheer he set in, thar were his hat and sum few skatrin grapes,

but Meekins was nowhar. Floojins had wiped him into thin air. I stood deff and dum with astonishment, for Wyman hisself never played a trick equl to that.

But bimeby, ten minutes by the wotch, here cum old Meekins out of the cellar, a site to see—a congloberashun uv blud, teers, har, eye-brows, skin and grape juist, feerful to behole. It were horribil, but it were funny, too. I lafft till I nearly died, and Lizer cum out, took the old man to the hydrant, washt him off with a dish-rag, and led him slow and paneful into the hous.

This brot me to my senses and shamed me so I didn' know what to do. So I lookt down in the yard to find Floojins. Nary Floojins did I find. But presintly I seen him in Mill's garding—he had gone thar to commune with his own littil innersent and confiden self. I put on my hat, went over to whar Mr. Bowers, the stove man, is a bildin sum houses, gethered me a piece of skantlin, and lit into that Floojins till you would a thot the Chesapeek & Ohier frate trane was a cummin in on tiem and a howlin.

It dun me good and it dun the boy good, but it didn't help Meekins. He lost enuf skelp to kiver a trab-ball, and I feel so sorry for him. I'me a goin to take up a subskripshun uv caf-skin to mend it. Dr. Koleman says the old man will be out in a week, if the urrosipelus don't set in and his tung don' git sore agin. But I'm not a going to bed till I do what's rite by po' old Meekins.

I've recht a good old age, hav traviled fur and wide, hav eat a heep, bin to Noth Kiliny, livd in Am'erst, seen much and dun meny things, but Meekins havin twinses lays over enything that ever hapined in my time. It's the ivent of the age. Uv all and uv *all*. Meekins! Twinses! I don't bleev it. 'Taint so. I kinnit onderstan it. My dride litenin bugs throws no lite on the subjec. It's a dark, misteyus mistery.

Mozis Addums.

Konfexnery & Fede Sto, Rockitts,
Dec. 27, a Teen Sebenty 6.

RUBENSTEIN'S PLAYING

"Jud, they say you heard Rubenstein play, when you were in New York."

"I did, in the cool."

"Well, tell us about it."

"What! me? I might's well tell you about the creation of the world."

"Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the blamedest biggest, cattycornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distractid billiard table on three legs. The lid was heisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a-tore the intire insides clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You bet he did; but don't interrup' me. When he first set down he 'peard to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wished he hadn' come. He tweedle-leedled a little on the trible, and twoodle-oodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin', and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, s'I, 'what sort of fool playin' is that?' And he says, 'Heish!' But presently his hands commenced chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doing of it; but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nuthin'. If he'd play me up a tune of some kind or other, I'd—"

"But my neighbor says 'Heish!' very impatient.

"I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and calling sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and I see that Ruben was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I set down agin'. It was the peep o' day. The light come faint from the east, the breeze blowed gently and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People begun to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just

then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms; a leetle more and it tetched the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed; the birds sang like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

"And I says to my neighbor, 'that's music, that is.'

"But he glar'd at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

"Presently the wind turned; it begun to thicken up and a kind of grey mist come over things; I got low-spirited d'rectly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on, and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—*I* never was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could a-cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with guitars did. Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I

didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me, mad as Tucker.

"Then, all of a sudden, old Ruben changed his tune. He ripped and he rar'd, he tipped and tar'd, he pranced and charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afeard of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball, all goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick, he giv 'em no rest, day nor night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt spang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"*'Go it, my Rube!'*

"Every blamed man, woman and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, 'Put him out! put him out!'

"'Put your great-grandmother's grizzly grey greenish cat into the middle of next month!' I says. 'Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me.'

"With that, some several p'licemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

"He had changed his tune again. He hopt-light ladies and tiptoed fine from eend to eend of the key-board. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven was lit, one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop-drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetenin' sweetness with white sugar, mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Ruben he kinder bowed, like he wanted

to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me.'

"He stopt a minute or two, to fetch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears and he scratched her cheeks till she fairly yelled. He knockt her down and he stompt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard-two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he crost over first lady, he balanced to pards, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, doubled and twisted and tied and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-leven thousand double bow-knots. By jings! It was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing, he fetched up his left wing, he fetched up his centre, he fetched up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-size guns, round shot, shell, shrapnel, grape, canister, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a'goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rockt —heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, my Mary Ann, hallelujah, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Jeroosal'm, Tump Tompson in a tumbler-car, Roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-

uddle — raddle-addle-addle-addle-addle — riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reetle-eetle-eetle-eetle-eetle—p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! Bang!

"With that *bang!* he lifted hisself bodily into the ar', and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows and his nose, striking every single solitary key on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

"When I come too, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to ag'in. Day was a breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas hotel, and I pledge you my word I didn't know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, 'Hot music on the half-shell for two!' I pintedly did."

JOSEPH GLOVER BALDWIN

[1815—1864]

GEORGE F. MELLEN

JOSEPH GLOVER BALDWIN, son of Joseph Clarke and Eliza Baldwin, was born in January, 1815, at Friendly Grove factory, near Winchester, Virginia. His ancestors, the Baldwins of Bucks County, England, were of ancient and honorable lineage. The name appears in the roll of Battle Abbey, in "Domesday Book," indeed on the pages of English history among the highly favored from Alfred the Great to Henry VIII. Their first settlement in this country was made at Milford, Connecticut, where brothers and kinsmen of the name purchased lands in 1639. On the father's side, Joseph G. Baldwin was a descendant of Nathaniel; on his mother's, of John Baldwin. The exact relationship of John to the other Baldwins is not certain, but the fact of settlement in the same town in the same year seems conclusive evidence of kinship. Nathaniel was registered as "a free planter"; John, as "a settler," the distinction being that the latter was not a member of the church.

By way of New Jersey and Ohio the two branches found their way to Virginia. The grandfather on the father's side was born in Connecticut, moved to Ohio, thence to Rockbridge County, Virginia, where he established the first woolen and cotton factory in the Valley of Virginia. The grandfather on the mother's side was Cornelius Baldwin, a graduate of Princeton College, a surgeon in the Revolutionary War, a popular and skilful physician, and a gentleman of character and social position. He married Mary Briscoe, daughter of Colonel Girard Briscoe, of Winchester, with which union are associated by descent and intermarriage, Briscoe G. Baldwin, John B. Baldwin, A. H. H. Stuart, and John W. Daniel, noted names in Virginia history.

The educational opportunities enjoyed by Baldwin were imperfect, though one would not suppose such to be the case from his diction, the variety of classical allusion, and the quotations from standard authors that scintillate throughout his writings. These evidences of culture, together with the apt phrase, the pointed simile, and the pithy remark, show unmistakably that wide reading had largely made amends for any defects of early education. In 1836, having acquired some familiarity, as he himself says, with Sir William Blackstone's 'Commentaries,' and deeming the oppor-

tunities for a young lawyer meagre in the Virginia home, where conditions were settled and litigation infrequent, where the only brief then known to the stripling was "being brief of money and brief of credit," he determined to begin his career in the newly opened Southwest. He had heard of the inflowing tide of immigration, the interminable confusion of titles and Indian claims, the reckless daring and wild profligacy, and the almost unbridled reign of lawlessness as inviting a munificent field of opportunity for the fledgling lawyer. With the scant outfit of a pony, clothing sufficient to fill a pair of saddlebags, and some Virginia bank bills, he left behind him the red hills of his native Shenandoah Valley home and leisurely pursued his way through Southwest Virginia, East Tennessee, and Alabama to a point in Mississippi where his shortness of funds urged the immediate pitching of his tent. He did not, could not debate the matter. The account of the motives underlying his move, the adventures and impressions along the journey, and his preparation for practice are told with a rich humor in his 'Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.' In East Tennessee he noticed that the farmers' pretty daughters worked barefooted in the field, ignoring the refinement of artificial society, while men believed thoroughly in the patronage of home institutions, as evidenced by the unreserved devotion paid to the numerous distilleries of the section.

Baldwin began the practice of law at De Kalb, in Kemper County, Mississippi. General Reuben Davis, in his 'Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians,' has left an interesting account of Baldwin's first case and the success that attended his efforts. De Kalb and Kemper County, with a sparse population not noted for wealth and culture, did not afford a promising field to a lawyer of his gifts. Interested and appreciative friends suggested and urged that he should go to a more inviting arena. Accordingly, at the end of two years, he moved to Gainesville, in Sumter County, Alabama, both county and town then being among the most prosperous in the State, though but recently acquired from the Indians and opened up to a settlement. Situated on the Tombigbee river, Gainesville, the shipping point of much of eastern Mississippi, whence he had migrated, was doing a flourishing business. Old settlers, in joyous reminiscence, tell of the time when successive cotton wagons, constituting trains in length from a quarter to a half a mile, rolled their bales into the streets of the place for shipment to Mobile. It was founded by a New England company, whose leading spirits gave to the town an air of wealth, culture, and aristocracy which the adversities of more recent years have not been able to obliterate. The surrounding country, slightly undulating, was picturesque and

inviting for habitation. Southward to Livingston, the county seat, westward to the Mississippi line, and northward to the Pickens County line, were lands in their virgin state as fertile as the overflowed banks of the Nile. This entire region was peopled by large slave-holders of the highest type of Southern aristocracy, who cultivated their fair domain like a garden and reveled in all the comforts and luxuries to be found in the planter's home. In wealth and population, then, Sumter County sprang with a bound to the front among Alabama counties. Truly those were "flush times" of which Baldwin wrote and of which he was a part. According to the census in 1840, eight years after the formation of the county, its population as then constituted amounted to thirty thousand, exceeding that of any other county in the State. It was a rich harvest field for the lawyers, whither they congregated like birds of the air. Here, Baldwin found a congenial field for the display of his talents and industry. Litigation and politics were largely the popular amusements and pastimes, and all hands patronized them freely, either in suing or being sued, running for office or supporting an office-seeker. Baldwin says: "It was a merry time with us craftsmen; and we brightened up mightily, and shook our quills joyously, like goslings in the midst of a shower. We look back to that good time, 'now past and gone,' with the pious gratitude and serene satisfaction with which wreckers near the Florida Keys contemplate the last fine storm."

The disposition on the part of the popular favorite and successful lawyer was then infectious, though hardly the mania characteristic of a later time. There was an irresistible charm attached to the search for political honors; there was an undeniable satisfaction in the popular approval expressed by the call to stand for office. Public life afforded a field for the most diversified gifts and for the most devoted public service. Like most of the prominent Virginians in Alabama, Baldwin belonged to the Whig party, and was one of the few Whigs whom Sumter County honored with office. In 1843, elected a member of the Legislature, he served with conspicuous fidelity. In 1849 he was a candidate for Congress, but was defeated by the Democratic candidate.

Having followed Baldwin thus far through his professional and political life, and having described in his social environment the conditions under which he lived, one is the better prepared to study and appreciate his writings, particularly that work upon which his fame rests. In 1853 appeared 'Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi,' and in 1855 'Party Leaders,' both published by D. Appleton and Company, New York. The former was dedicated to the "Old Folks at Home" in the Valley of the Shenandoah; the latter

to Briscoe Baldwin, in grateful acknowledgment of obligations conferred.

His great and enduring work is 'Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.' There is not a dull or commonplace page in the book, from the introduction of Ovid Bolus, the naturally dexterous and accomplished liar, to the voluntary withdrawal of the ignorant applicant for a law license. In a work maintaining so uniform a standard in the excellence and variety of rich humor, so sustained in its passages descriptive of ludicrous situation, and so faithful in character study, it is difficult to give an idea of the merit or the art of the book by detached quotation or description. A broad and genuine sympathy is manifest throughout. There is no breath of satire fanning into a glaring light the foibles of men and society; there is no sneer of ridicule gloating over the weaknesses of less favored mortals; there is no spirit of sarcasm venting its envy upon hollow pretense. It is true that shams and follies, rascalities and villainies are held up to view, but with such touches of subtle humor and with such suggestions of gracious charity as to be overshadowed in their hideous and repulsive forms by the mirth provoked. There is a freshness and spontaneity about it, showing it to be no imitation of any other work of the kind. In the originality of its characters and scenes and in the excellence of its style and narrative, it is worthy to rank with Longstreet's 'Georgia Scenes,' and Thompson's 'Major Jones's Courtship,' as a faithful transcript of past conditions.

While the scenes and characters have mainly to do with lawyers and legal procedure, no profession or occupation save the ministry is omitted from the "gallery of daubs." The ministry barely escapes in the character of the pedantic old-field schoolmaster, Burwell Shines, "a member of the Methodist Episcopal, otherwise called Wesleyan, persuasion of Christian individuals," who, when pursued by mischief-makers, heard the murderous and impious expression shouted at him, "Kill Shadbelly with his praying clothes on!" This omission must have been due to a concealed bump of excessive reverence on the cranium of the author, for from those days have come down as many jokes involving Methodist and Baptist preachers as of any other class.

The characters and caricatures that commend themselves with overflowing fun and merriment are many: the conceited stripling lawyer, who, as opposing counsel in a suit for slander, flies in dismay and disgrace before the furious onslaughts and withering ridicule of old Cæsar Kasm, known to the wags of the bar as old Sar Kasm; the glutton, Squire A., who is artfully and wickedly deprived of his fritters; Cave Burton, the professional teller of stories with-

out point or end; the haughty and self-consequential Virginians, who might breathe in Alabama, but lived in Virginia and never got acclimated elsewhere nor lost citizenship in the old home, where their treasure was and their heart also; the legal biography of Simon Suggs, Jr., a type of the mendacious and roguish lawyer; the pretentious and all-sufficient visitor to New Orleans, who, while at college in Knoxville, Tennessee, had learned all the usages of polite society in the best hotels and circles, but drank pineapple sop from a finger bowl at the St. Charles Hotel; the bullying coward, who in furnishing the "weepins" for a duel provoked with a demure son of Adam, by mistake of intent, handed the loaded pistol to his combatant; the shrewd, obliging gentleman of the old school, Francis Strother; the browbeating and supercilious lawyer; the Irish wit of Patrick McFadgin and Jo Heyfron; the hung court over the jackass, leaving its imperishable legacy of heartburnings and excitement in the hitherto quiet village of Splitskull; Sam Hale, who ran the Yankee school "marm" out of Livingston by his harrowing descriptions of the gross, inherited wickedness of the population, incorrigibly steeped in the science of criminology and perfectly practised in the whole catalogue of crimes; the pettifogging lawyer, who hung about the jail begging criminals to entrust their causes to him, and insisting on the plea of an old friendship that never existed; the stingy client, who sought advice as to instituting a suit for slander against a neighbor who had bidden him kiss his foot.

Not a few of the incidents sketched find their counterpart or parallel upon the pages of Alabama and Mississippi history. In Garrett's 'Reminiscences of the Public Men of Alabama,' the account of Columbus W. Lee and the young legislator, of Francis Strother Lyon and the debtor, and of Judge Huger and the Kentucky mule drover, have striking features in common respectively with old Cæsar Kasm and the young barrister, Francis Strother Lyon, and Jemmy O., of the Sumter bar, and Paul Beechim in his pineapple sop adventure; while in Claiborne's 'History of Mississippi' the sketch of Franklin E. Plummer, narrating the incident of his entertainment at the Frenchman's inn and bar, suggests the lavish hospitality of Ovid Bolus, who treats a regiment and charters a grocery for a day, knowing that he has not one cent with which to pay the owner.

As the point around which to weave his sketches Baldwin took the so-called shinplaster era, when commerce flourished upon the fictitious basis of universal credit and indefinite extension. Though he introduced pictures of the wildness of speculation and boldness of adventure that characterized the times, though he made disclosures of the frailties of men in selfish indulgence and business

peculation, yet above the weakness and wickedness with which they sported, above the fun and the mirth with which he invested them all, there runs the strong, sturdy, practical insight and wisdom of the man of the world. This the man of letters has clothed with the ornaments of a glowing imagination and illustrated with apt references from the masterpieces of literature. The Bible, Anacreon and Homer, Shakespeare and Milton, Burns and Goldsmith, Bulwer and Dickens, Johnson and Carlyle, Franklin and Emerson, the storehouses of English and American history, are appropriated for ready use.

Baldwin's other book, 'Party Leaders,' is entirely different in treatment and purpose. Sketches of Jefferson and Hamilton, Jackson, Clay, and Randolph are given, presenting in bold outline and pleasing discussion these distinguished personages and the prominent events in the country's history with which their names are associated. If it did nothing else, in its grasp of thought and clearness of style the work would exhibit the versatility of the author, who could with equal ease transfer his thought and pen from gay to grave themes.

In the autumn of 1853 Baldwin moved to Mobile and became a partner of the Hon. Philip Phillips, an influential member of that bar who acquired considerable reputation as a statesman. Having been disappointed in his hopes of political preferment, and seized by the currents that were drawing men of all classes, trades and professions to California, Baldwin moved to that State in 1854. There he saw the revival of "flush times" due to the gold excitement. In October, 1858, he was elected judge of the Supreme Court, and held the position up to January 1862, when he resigned and resumed the practice of law. As a member of this high tribunal, the Hon. Stephen J. Field, who sat with him as chief justice and was afterwards justice of the United States Supreme Court, says of him in his 'Reminiscences of the Early Days in California': "He was a profound lawyer, and some of his opinions are models of style and reasoning."

During the Civil War Baldwin went to Washington to ask permission of the authorities to visit his aged parents, still living in Virginia, but his request was denied. From the effects of a surgical operation for lockjaw he died suddenly September 30, 1864, and was buried with distinguished honors at San Francisco. Judge Baldwin was married in 1839 to Miss Sidney White, daughter of Judge John White, of Talladega, Alabama, one of the first circuit judges of the State. A singular fatality seems to have surrounded the six children born to this union, all the sons dying young.

To the foregoing outline of Baldwin's life little remains to be added. A further view of him will be presented through the tributes

of devoted friends and associates. Judge Field, in the work already referred to, says: "My friendship for Mr. Baldwin commenced long before he came to the bench, and it afterwards warmed into the attachment of a brother. He had a great and generous heart; there was no virtue of humanity of which he did not possess a goodly portion. He was always brimful of humor, throwing off his jokes, which sparkled without burning like the flashes of a rocket. There was no sting in his wit. You felt as full of merriment at one of his witticisms made at your expense, as when it was played upon another."

General Reuben Davis, in the 'Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians,' says: "In conversation he was the most entertaining man I ever knew, and his personal fascination made him the delight of every crowd he entered." Colonel T. B. Wetmore, an associate of the Sumter bar, is thus quoted in Brewer's 'Alabama': "Although great, he never celebrated his own importance; and although good, he made no record of his generosity. O for an hour's talk with some man like him, wearing his humanity as he used to wear it, with his hat about to turn a back summerset from his head, with his forehead growing broader, and his eyes sparkling brighter, as he advanced in anecdote, till he was shut out from vision by the tears his mirth created, and we were compelled to feel that there was at least one great man in the world who could be funny!"

JACKSON AND CLAY

From 'Party Leaders.

THERE were many points of similitude between these illustrious antagonists. As party men, they seemed to stand in irreconcilable antagonism. They were so in interest, in position, in feeling. Yet, with all this opposition, there was a striking correspondence between them, not only in character, but in many points of exterior resemblance.

Both were born, or received their earliest impressions, in Revolutionary times, or from the principles of the Revolution.

Jackson was the elder. But the spirit and genius of the

Revolution, outlasting the period of actual hostilities, was equally the inspiration of Clay's awakening and fervid mind.

Both were denied the advantages of education. Both made a new country the theatre of their earliest exertions. Both were natives of the South, and emigrated to a new Southern state, with a population like that of the state of their birth. Both were dependent alone upon their own exertions, and equally independent of adventitious aid. Both were the architects of their own fortunes. Both chose the profession of the law as their first introduction to the public; and both, though in unequal degree, encountered the same opposition, and met with early success. Both displayed from the start the same enterprising spirit, the same obduracy and vehemence of will, the same almost arrogant defiance of opposition, the same tenacity and continuity of purpose, the same moral and personal daring. Jackson introduced himself to the practice by undertaking the prosecution of suits, which others, of a profession not used to quail before danger or shrink from responsibility, were intimidated from representing. Clay enrolled himself, a boy, among the competitors of the strongest bar in Kentucky, and issued his writ against one of the most prominent and powerful of them, in favor of an obscure bar-keeper, at the certain cost of the defendant's deadly resentment; and defied that hatred to its extremest manifestations. Both early impressed themselves upon the community around them, and were distinguished for the same personal characteristics. Both rose at once to posts of honor and distinction; and at an early age enrolled their names, and to the last preserved them, among the first and highest of the republic. Both were men of quick perception; of prompt action; of acute penetration; of business capacity; of masculine common sense; of quick and unerring judgment of men; of singular fertility of resources; of remarkable power to create or avail themselves of circumstances; of consummate tact and management. Both were distinguished for grace and ease of manners, for happy and polished address, and for influence over the wills and affections of those who came within the circle of their acquaintance and associations. Both were of lithe, sinewy, and slender physical conformation; uniting strength with activity, and great powers of endurance with a happy facility of labor.

Both were men of the warmest affections; of the gentlest and most conciliating manners in social intercourse when they wished to please; of truth and loyalty, and steadfastness in friendship; bitter and defiant in their enmities; of extraordinary directness in their purposes; of a patient and indefatigable temper in following out their ends, or waiting for their accomplishment. Neither could brook a rival or opposition; and each had the imperial spirit of a conqueror not to be subdued, and the pride of leadership which could not follow. They were Americans both, intensely patriotic and national, loving their whole country, its honor, its glory, its institutions, its Union, with a love kindled early and quenched only in death.

They both spent much of their long lives, from youth to hoary age, in the public service, maintaining to the last, with only the modifications which age necessarily makes upon the mental and physical constitution, the same characteristics for which they were at first distinguished. They lived lives of storm, excitement and warfare; each in point of real authority equally at the head of his party; in and out of office equally acknowledged leaders; and they died each full of years and honors, and by the same lingering disease; professing towards the close of life, the same religion; and leaving upon the country, at the death of each prosperous and peaceful, a saddened sense of a great and common calamity.

These distinguished statesmen owed much of their effective greatness to circumstances, and especially to their early settlement in a new country. A young community, unorganized and free, furnishes an open, unoccupied field for energy and intellect. It gives them a fair chance and an even start. The community is impressible to the former's hand. The intrigues of cliques, the artificial arrangements of an old society, and the pre-occupation of predecessors do not obstruct the way. The people, by force of circumstances, stand in natural equality. They are as yet undivided into cliques or factions, or fixed to previous relations or parties, or bound down by ideas and prejudices to old men or old systems. The population of Tennessee and Kentucky in those days was a border people, full of enterprise, energy and boldness, men of warm hearts and generous temper, free alike from wealth and poverty; inde-

pendent in spirit, while dependent on each other for the reciprocal courtesies and benefits of neighborhood; and completely homogeneous in feeling and interest.

Such a community is eminently a practical people. Their ideas are about practical affairs. Their business is with the concrete. They have no time for refined theories or subtle disputations. Their business relates to the present and the material. Refined speculation comes with a refined and advanced society. What they have to do, they must do at once, and by the most expeditious and most effective means. To address them successfully, one must address their robust common sense, and their unsophisticated feelings. Bracing themselves up against difficulties and dangers, and forced to rely upon themselves for all things, the masculine qualities of heart and mind were early and strongly developed; and accordingly we find in the new settlements the bravest soldiery which the war called into the field.

There was much to do. The wilderness was to be improved into a country; and a policy fixed providing for the necessities of a society that wanted everything which government bestows, and to be divested of whatever governments repress.

As face answereth face in water, so must the popular favorite answer to the genius and character of the people. Only a bold, frank, decisive man could rise to power in such a community. He must shrink from no danger; he must fear no responsibility: he must wear no mask; he must wait for no cue; he must be able to appeal to the strong feelings and the manly common-sense of the people.

Honesty of purpose, earnestness and faithfulness, and above all, a boldness approaching recklessness, were the qualities essential for leadership among such a people. Trained to grapple closely with every question, to apply to a measure the touchstone of its practical working, to look into the nature, motives and feelings of men as they were presented almost naked to the eye, and to see the springs and curious mechanism of the human heart and character, these great men had early schooled themselves in the most valuable learning of statesmanship, and mastered a knowledge which all the books on statecraft and all the teachings of colleges could not supply.

The elaborate tricks and tinsel, the prettiness of expres-

sion, the balanced sentences and glittering periods of oratory, much less the artful dodges and the slippery equivocations of a tricksy politician, would find but a sorry audience, before the stern countenances, and the keen, penetrating eyes of the hunters, assembled around the rude rostrum, in 'coon caps and linsey-woolsey garments, leaning on their rifles, their sunburnt visages bent upon the face of the speaker, with an expression that indicated they were not to be trifled with. To come at once to the point, to seize the bull by the horns, to lead out boldly and roundly their propositions, to urge strong arguments in nervous language, to storm the enemy's batteries, to attack him in his strong-hold, to hurl at his head the merciless sarcasm, to cover him with ridicule, to denounce him and his principles in terms of fiery invective, to ply the warm appeal to the passions and sensibilities; these were the weapons of a warfare which was only effective when it was known that the hand was ready to wield, with the same alacrity, weapons of personal combat.

The habit of mingling freely with the people, brought the personal character of a public man in close contact and intimate acquaintance with them; and, in this way, he caught the spirit of the people, as well as communicated to them his own.

Though the circumstances of the two great rivals were so alike at the outset, their paths diverged in after life. The war with Great Britain and her Indian allies furnished the theatre upon which both of them first became introduced to the nation; in different characters, it is true. The genius of each was eminently military and executive. Jackson was a statesman in the camp; Clay a captain in the senate. Clay had early come before the people as an orator and politician; and it was natural for him to continue to labor in that field when his country, at the time more than at any former period, needed his services in the public councils. It is known, however, that at so high a rate did Madison appreciate his talents for military command, that he was about to tender him the appointment of commander of the forces, and was only withheld from the proffer, by the call for his services at the head of the war party in Congress. It is impossible to know the result of such an appointment upon the public interests, or upon the personal fortunes of Mr. Clay. But it were a falsifying of all the cal-

culations which men may make of the future, to suppose that such rare abilities, and such unsurpassed energies, would have been otherwise than successfully employed upon a theatre to which they were seemingly so signally adapted; and it needed but the *prestige* of the camp to have crowned a popularity and rounded out a fame, before which competition and rivalry must have hung their diminished heads. But this was fated not to be. The laurels of the hero were not to be blended in the fadeless wreath of orator, philanthropist, statesman, jurist, cabinet minister and diplomatist. Fortune could scarcely be reproached with injustice when, lavishing upon this favorite son the graces and accomplishments which lend a charm to social life, and all the qualifications and successes of every department of civil service, she refused to add the trophies of the soldier. Jackson's spirit, if not more active, was less fitted for the council-hall than the battle-field. His was not the elaborate eloquence of the senate. Swords, not words, were *his* arguments. His was the true Desmosthenic eloquence of action. He had neither the temper nor the abilities to parley. He could speak tersely, vigorously, movingly, but his words were the brief words of command. Action followed speech, as thunder the lightning. He had no patience for the solemn forms, the dull routine, the prosy speech-making, the timid platitudes, or the elaborate ratiocinations of legislative debate. Sudden and quick in opinion, as in quarrel, heart, soul and mind all mingled in his conclusions, and the energy that conceived a purpose, started it into overt act. With him, to think and to do were not so much two things as one. His eager and impatient soul would have fevered over a debate, on a proposition to declare war, or to provide means for prosecuting it, as the knight, Ivanhoe on his sick bed in the castle of Front de Boeuf, writhed in helpless impatience, when he heard the clangor of the warriors storming the battlements for his deliverance. Like Job's war-horse, he scented the battle from afar, and, at the sound of the trumpets, cried, ha! ha! The first man in resolution and daring in the community in which he lived, he did not so much rise to the command of the warlike troops, that flocked to the first standard unfurled in the young settlements, as the command naturally came to him; so, by native allegiance to greatness, the weak in distress and

terror turn, through instinct, for safety to the strong. Putting himself at the head of his raw recruits, he moved upon the Indian camps and conquered, as easily as he found the enemy. His work was as thorough as swift. He did nothing by halves. A war with him was nearly an extermination. It was always a complete destruction of the power of the foe. He took no security from an enemy except his prostration. He closed the war at New Orleans by one of the most signal victories, everything considered, upon record. But to do this, he assumed powers and responsibilities from which Nelson might have shrunk. But the event sanctified the means, if those were indeed equivocal. Arbuthnot and Ambrister were hung in Florida, notwithstanding the verdict of a court-martial; and the Spanish flag was no protection to those, who, under it, concocted designs against his country. His military career was short but brilliant. Without any military training or education, he discovered talents of the first order for arms, and brought raw militiamen to the strict subordination of the regular service. He was a rigid disciplinarian. He tolerated no license or disobedience in the camp. He could sit beside a sick soldier all night, and share his last crust with him, as with a brother; and shoot him the day after for sleeping on his post.

Jackson was an enthusiast; not a flaming zealot, but one of the Ironsides. He was built of the Cromwell stuff, without Cromwell's religious fanaticism. He had but little toleration for human weaknesses. He was incredulous of impossibilities. He was no patient hearer of excuses. Before his irrepressible energy difficulties had vanished, and he could not see why it was not so with others. He could not see why the Seminoles could not be driven out of Florida into the sea, as easily as he drove the Creeks into the Coosa. The spirit of a conqueror was his in a double measure. Upon the work in hand he concentrated all his powers, girded up his loins, strained every muscle, and put forth every energy of mind and soul and strength. He had no thought of failure. The world around was a blank to him except as the theatre on which he acted, and meat and drink, and air and light were only the instruments for success. Nothing was too costly an expenditure; no sacrifice was too great to attain it. With him, thus inspired, there was no such word as fail. Accordingly, there

was no such thing as failure in his history. The man who, rising from a sick bed with a broken arm in a sling, could place himself before a company of insurgent soldiers leaving the camp for home, and, holding a pistol in the bridle-hand, threaten to shoot down the first man that marched on, had nothing to learn of human audacity. Men of nerve quailed before him, as cowards quail before men of nerve. When the storms of wrath passed over his fiery soul, there was something as terrible in his voice and mien, as in the roused anger of the lion. The calm resolution of his placid movements, in its still and collected strength, conveyed an idea of power in repose, like the sea, broad, unfathomable, majestic, awaiting but the storm to waken its tides, and lash its waves into the sublime energy, that hurls on high and against the shore the armaments upon its bosom.

He was ever the same. He did not rise to passion to fall back into lassitude. The same even port of firm, calm, dignified composure marked his bearing, when the gusts of passion did not disturb his serenity. His air of command was not broken by any familiarity. Serious and earnest in small things and great, there was no time when impertinence could break in upon his dignity, or feel itself tolerated by his condescension. Whoever looked upon him, saw one whom it was better to have as a friend, and whom it was dangerous to have for an enemy. He required of his friends an undeviating fidelity; he freely gave what he exacted. He could excuse or was blind to everything in a friend except disloyalty to friendship; *that* with him was the unpardonable sin.

A CHARCOAL SKETCH OF FLUSH TIMES

From 'Flush Times of Alabama.'

This country was just settling up. Marvellous accounts had gone forth of the fertility of its virgin lands; and the productions of the soil were commanding a price remunerating to slave labor as it had never been remunerated before. Emigrants came flocking in from all quarters of the Union, especially from the slave-holding states. The new country seemed to be a reservoir, and every road leading to it a vagrant

stream of enterprise and adventure. Money, or what passed for money, was the only cheap thing to be had. Every cross-road and every avocation presented an opening,—through which a fortune was seen by the adventurer in near perspective. Credit was a thing of course. To refuse it—if the thing was ever done—were an insult for which a bowie-knife were not a too summary or exemplary means of redress. The state banks were issuing their bills by the sheet, like a patent steam printing-press *its* issues; and no other showing was asked of the applicant for the loan than an authentication of his great distress for money. Finance, even in its most exclusive quarter, had thus already got, in this wonderful revolution, to work upon the principles of the charity hospital. If an overseer grew tired of supervising a plantation and felt a call to the mercantile life, even if he omitted the compendious method of buying out a merchant wholesale, stock, house and good will, and laying down, at once, his bull-whip for the yard-stick,—all he had to do was to go on to New York, and present himself in Pearl Street with a letter avouching his citizenship, and a clean shirt, and he was regularly given a through ticket to speedy bankruptcy.

Under this stimulating process prices rose like smoke. Lots in obscure villages were held at city prices; lands, bought at the minimum cost of government, were sold at from thirty to forty dollars per acre, and considered dirt cheap at that. In short, the country had got to be a full ante-type of California, in all except the gold. Society was wholly unorganized; there was no restraining public opinion; the law was well-nigh powerless—and religion scarcely was heard of except as furnishing the oaths and *technics* of profanity. The world saw a fair experiment of what it would have been, if the fiat had never been pronounced which decreed subsistence as the price of labor.

Money, got without work, by those unaccustomed to it, turned the heads of its possessors, and they spent it with a recklessness like that with which they gained it. The pursuits of industry neglected, riot and coarse debauchery filled up the vacant hours. "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together;" and the eagles that flocked to the Southwest, were of the same sort as the *black eagles* the Duke of

Saxe-Weimar saw on his celebrated journey to the Natural Bridge. "The cankers of a long peace and a calm world"—there were no Mexican ward and filibuster expeditions in those days—gathered in the villages and cities by scores.

Even the little boys caught the taint of the general infection of morals; and I knew one of them—Jim Ellett by name—to give a man ten dollars to hold him up to bet at the table of a faro-bank. James was a fast youth; and I sincerely hope he may not fulfill his early promise, and some day be *assisted up still higher.*

The groceries—*vulgice*—doggeries, were in full blast in those days, no village having less than a half-dozen all busy all the time: gaming and horse-racing were polite and well patronized amusements. I knew of a judge to adjourn two courts (or court twice) to attend a horse-race, at which he officiated judicially and ministerially, and with more appropriateness than in the judicial chair. Occasionally the scene was diversified by a murder or two, which though perpetrated from behind a corner, or behind the back of the deceased, whenever the accused *chose* to stand his trial, was always found to be committed in self-defence, securing the homicide an honorable acquittal *at the hands of his peers.*

The old rules of business and the calculations of prudence were alike disregarded, and profligacy, in all the departments of the *crimen falsi,* held riotous carnival. Larceny grew not only respectable, but genteel, and ruffled it in all the pomp of purple and fine linen. Swindling was raised to the dignity of the fine arts. Felony came forth from its covert, put on more seemly habiliments, and took its seat with unabashed front in the upper places of the synagogue. Before the first circles of the patrons of this brilliant and dashing villany, Blunt Honesty felt as abashed as poor Halbert Glendinning by the courtly refinement and supercilious airs of Sir Piercie Shafton.

Public office represented, by its incumbents, the state of public morals with some approach to accuracy. Out of sixty-six receivers of public money in the new states, sixty-two were discovered to be defaulters; and the agent, sent to look into the affairs of a peccant office-holder in the Southwest, reported him *minus* some tens of thousands, but advised the government to retain him for a reason one of Æsop's fables

illustrates: the agent ingeniously surmising that the appointee succeeding would do his stealing without any regard to the proficiency already made by his predecessor; while the present incumbent would probably consider, in mercy to the treasury, that he *had* done *something* of the pious duty of providing for his household.

There was no petit larceny: there was all the difference between stealing by the small and the "operations" manipulated, that there is between a single assassination and an hundred thousand men killed in an opium war. The placeman robbed with the gorgeous magnificence of a Governor-General of Bengal.

The man of straw, not worth the buttons on his shirt, with a sublime audacity, bought lands and negroes, and provided times and terms of payment which a Wall Street capitalist would have to re-cast his arrangements to meet.

Oh, Paul Clifford and Augustus Tomlinson, philosophers of the road, practical and theoretical! if ye had lived to see those times, how great an improvement on your ruder scheme of distribution would these gentle arts have seemed; arts whereby, without risk, or loss of character, or the vulgar barbarism of personal violence, the same beneficial results flowed with no greater injury to the superstitions of moral education!

With the change of times and the imagination of wealth easily acquired came a change in the thoughts and habits of the people. "Old times were changed—old manners gone." Visions of affluence, such as crowded Dr. Samuel Johnson's mind, when advertising a sale of Thrale's brewery, and casting a soft sheep's eye towards Thrale's widow, thronged upon the popular fancy. Avarice and hope joined partnership. It was strange how the reptile arts of humanity, as at a faro table, warmed into life beneath their heat. The *cacoethes accrescendi* became epidemic. It seized upon the universal community. The pulpits even were not safe from its insidious invasion. What men anxiously desire they willingly believe; and all believed a good time was coming—nay, had come.

"Commerce was king"—and Rags, Tag and Bobtail his cabinet council. Rags was treasurer. Banks, chartered on a specie basis, did a very flourishing business on the promissory notes of the individual stockholders ingeniously substituted in

lieu of cash. They issued ten for one, the *one* being fictitious. They generously loaned all the directors could not use themselves, and were choice whether Bardolph was the endorser for Falstaff, or Falstaff borrowed on his own proper credit, or the funds advanced him by Shallow. The stampede towards the golden temple became general; the delusion prevailed far and wide that this thing was not a burlesque on commerce and finance. Even the directors of the banks began to have their doubts whether the intended swindle was not a failure. Like Lord Clive, when reproached for extortion to the extent of some millions in Bengal, they exclaimed, after the bubble burst, "When they thought of what they had got, and what they might have got, they were astounded at their own moderation."

The old capitalists for a while stood out. With the Tory conservatism of cash in hand, worked for, they couldn't reconcile their old notions to the new regime. They looked for the thing's ending, and *then* their time. But the stampede still kept on. Paper fortunes still multiplied—houses and lands changed hands—real estate see-sawed up as morals went down on the other end of the plank—men of straw, corpulent with bank bills, strutted past them on 'Change. They began, too, to think there might be something in this new thing. Peeping cautiously, like hedge-hogs out of their holes, they saw the stream of wealth and adventurers passing by—then, looking carefully around, they inched themselves half way out—then, sallying forth and snatching up a morsel, ran back, until, at last, grown more bold, *they* ran out too with their hoarded store, in full chase with the other unclean beasts of adventure. They never got back again. Jonah's gourd withered one night, and next morning the vermin that had nestled under its broad shade were left unprotected, a prey to the swift retribution that came upon them. They were left naked, or only clothed themselves with cursing (the Specie Circular on the United States Bank) as with a garment. To drop the figure: Shylock himself couldn't live in those times, so reversed was everything. Shaving paper and loaning money at a usury of fifty per cent. was for the first time since the Jews left Jerusalem, a breaking business to the operator.

The condition of society may be imagined:—vulgarity—ignorance—fussy and arrogant pretension—unmitigated rowdy-

ism—bullying insolence, if they did not rule the hour, *seemed* to wield unchecked dominion. The workings of these choice spirits were patent upon the face of society; and the modest, unobtrusive, retiring men of worth and character (for there were many, perhaps a large majority of such) were almost lost sight of in the hurly-burly of those strange and shifting scenes.

Even in the professions were the same characteristics visible. Men dropped down into their places as from the clouds. Nobody knew who or what they were, except as they claimed, or as a surface view of their characters indicated. Instead of taking to the highway and magnanimously calling upon the wayfarer to stand and deliver, or to the fashionable larceny of credit without prospect or design of paying, some unscrupulous horse-doctor would set up his sign as "Physician and Surgeon," and draw his lancet on you, or fire at random a box of pills into your bowels, with a vague chance of hitting some disease unknown to him, but with a better prospect of killing the patient, whom or whose administrator he charged some ten dollars a trial for his markmanship.

A superannuated justice or constable in one of the old states was metamorphosed into a lawyer; and though he knew not the distinction between a *fee tail* and a *female*, would undertake to construe, off-hand, a will involving all the subtleties of *uses and trusts*.

But this state of things could not last forever: society cannot always stand on its head with its heels in the air.

The Jupiter Tonans of the White House saw the monster of a free credit prowling about like a beast of apocalyptic vision, and marked him for his prey. Gathering all his bolts in his sinewy grasp, and standing back on his heels, and waving his wiry arm, he let them all fly, hard and swift upon all the hydra's heads. Then came a crash, as "if the ribs of Nature broke," and a scattering, like the bursting of a thousand magazines, and a smell of brimstone, as if Pandemonium had opened a window next to earth for ventilation,—and all was silent. The beast never stirred in his tracks. To get down from the clouds to level ground, the Specie Circular was issued without warning, and the splendid lie of a false credit burst into fragments. It came in the midst of the dance and the frolic—as Tam O'Shanter came to disturb the infernal glee of the war-

locks, and to disperse the rioters. Its effect was like that of a general creditor's bill in the chancery court, and a marshalling of all the assets of the trades-people. General Jackson was no fairy; but he did some very pretty fairy work, in converting the bank bills back again into rags and oak-leaves. Men worth a million were insolvent for two millions: promising young cities marched back again into the wilderness. The ambitious town plat was re-annexed to the plantation, like a country girl taken home from the city. The frolic was ended, and what headaches, and feverish limbs the next morning! The retreat from Moscow was performed over again, and "Devil take the hindmost" was the tune to which the soldiers of fortune marched. The only question was as to the means of escape, and the nearest and best route to Texas. The sheriff was as busy as a militia adjutant on review day; and the lawyers were mere wreckers, earning salvage. Where are ye now my ruffling gallants? Where now the braw cloths and watch chains and rings and fine horses? Alas! for ye—they are glimmering among the things that were—the wonder of an hour! They live only in memory, as unsubstantial as the promissory notes ye gave for them. When it came to be tested, the whole matter was found to be hollow and fallacious. Like a sum ciphered out through a long column, the first figure an error, the whole, and all the parts were wrong, throughout the entire calculation.

MY FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE BAR

From 'Flush Times of Alabama.'

The defendant was represented by old Cæsar Kasm, a famous man in those days; and well might he be. This venerable limb of the law had long practised at the M—— bar, and been the terror of this generation. He was an old-time lawyer, the race of which is now fortunately extinct, or else the survivors "lag superfluous on the stage." He was about sixty-five years old at the time I am writing of; was of stout build, and something less than six feet in height. He dressed in the old-fashioned fair-top boots and shorts; ruffled shirt, buff vest, and hair, a grizzly gray, roached up flat and stiff in front, and hanging down in a queue behind, tied with an eel-skin and po-

matumed. He was close shaven and powdered every morning; and except a few scattering grains of snuff which fell occasionally between his nose and an old-fashioned gold snuff-box, a speck of dirt was never seen on or about his carefully preserved person. The taking out of his deliciously perfumed handkerchief, scattered incense around like the shaking of a lilac bush in full flower. His face was round and a sickly florid, interspersed with purple spots, overspread it, as if the natural dye of the old cognac were maintaining an unequal contest with the decay of the vital energies. His bearing was decidedly soldierly, as it had a right to be, he having served as a captain some eight years before he took to the bar, as being the more pugnacious profession. His features, especially the mouth, turned down at the corners like a bull-dog's or a crescent, and a nose perked up with unutterable scorn and self-conceit, and eyes of a sensual, bluish gray, that seemed to be all light and no heat, were never pleasing to the opposing side. In his way, old Kasm was a very polite man. Whenever he chose, which was when it was his interest, to be polite, and when his blood was cool and he was not trying a law case, he would have made Chesterfield and Beau Brummel ashamed of themselves. He knew all the gymnastics of manners, and all forms and ceremonies of deportment; but there was no more soul or kindness in the manual he went through, than in an iceberg. His politeness, however seemingly deferential, had a frost-bitten air, as if it had lain out over night and got the *rheumatics* before it came in; and really, one felt less at ease under his frozen smiles, than under anybody else's frowns.

He was the proudest man I ever saw; he would have made the Warwicks and the Nevilles, not to say the Plantagenets or Mr. Dombey, feel very limber and meek if introduced into their company; and selfish to that extent, that, if by giving up the nutmeg on his noon glass of toddy, he could have christianized the Burmese empire, millennium never would come for him.

How far back he traced his lineage, I do not remember, but he had the best blood of both worlds in his veins; sired high up on the paternal side by some Prince or Duke, and dammed on the mother's by one or two Pocahontases. Of course from this, he was a Virginian, and the only one I ever

knew that did not quote those Eleusinian mysteries, the Revolutions of 1798-90. He did not. He was a Federalist, and denounced Jefferson as a low-flung demagogue, and Madison as his tool. He bragged largely on Virginia, though,—he was not eccentric on this point—but it was the Virginia of Washington, the Lees, Henrys, etc., of which he boasted. The old dame may take it as a compliment that he bragged of her at all.

The old Captain had a few negroes, which, with a declining practise, furnished him a support. His credit, in consequence of his not having paid anything in the shape of a debt for something less than a quarter of a century, was rather limited. The property was covered up by a deed or other instrument, drawn up by Kasm himself, with such infernal artifices and diabolical skill, that all the lawyers in the county were not able to decide, by a legal construction of its various clauses, who the negroes belonged to, or whether they belonged to anybody at all.

He was an inveterate opponent of new laws, new books, new men. He would have revolutionized the government if he could, should a law have been passed, curing defects in Indictments.

Yet he was a friend of strong government and strong laws: he might approve of a law making it death for a man to blow his nose in the streets, but would be for rebelling if it allowed the indictment to dispense with stating in which hand he held it.

This eminent barrister was brought up at a time when zeal for a client was one of the chief virtues of a lawyer—the client standing in the place of truth, justice and decency, and monopolizing the respect due to all. He, therefore, went into all causes with equal zeal and confidence, and took all points that could be raised with the same earnestness, and belabored them with the same force. He personated the client just as a great actor identifies himself with the character he represents on the stage.

The faculty he chiefly employed was a talent for vituperation which would have gained him distinction on any theatre, from the village partisan press, down to the House of Representatives itself. He had cultivated vituperation as a science, which was like putting guano on the Mississippi bottoms, the natural fertility of his mind for satirical productions was so

great. He was as much fitted by temper as by talent for this sort of rhetoric, especially when kept from his dinner or toddy by the trial of a case—then an alligator whose digestion had been disturbed by the horns of a billy-goat taken for lunch, was no mean type of old Sar Kasm (as the wags of the bar called him, by nickname, formed by joining the last syllable of his christian, or rather heathen name, to his patronymic). After a case began to grow interesting, the old fellow would get fully stirred up. He grew as quarrelsome as a little bull terrier. He snapped at witnesses, kept up a constant snarl at the counsel, and growled, at intervals, at the judge, whom, whoever he was, he considered as *ex officio,* his natural enemy, and so regarded everything got from him as so much wrung from an unwilling witness.

But his great *forte* was in cross-examining a witness. His countenance was the very expression of sneering incredulity. Such a look of cold, unsympathizing, scornful penetration as gleamed from his eyes of ice and face of brass, is not often seen on the human face divine. Scarcely any eye could meet unshrinkingly that basilisk gaze: it needed no translation: the language was plain: "Now you are swearing to a lie, and I'll catch you in it in a minute;" and then the look of surprise which greeted each new fact stated, as if to say, "I expected some lying, but really this exceeds all my expectations." The mock politeness with which he would address a witness, was anything but encouraging; and the officious kindness with which he volunteered to remind him of a real or fictitious embarrassment, by asking him to take his time and not to suffer himself to be confused, as far as possible from being a relief; while the air of triumph that lit up his face the while, was too provoking for a saint to endure.

* * * * * *

Looking over the jury I found them a plain, matter-of-fact looking set of fellows; but I did not note, or probably know a fact or two about them, which I found out afterwards.

I started, as I thought, in pretty good style. As I went on, however, my fancy began to get the better of my judgment. Argument and common sense grew tame. Poetry and declamation, and, at last, pathos and fiery infective, took their place. I grew as *quotatious* as Richard Swiveller. Shakespeare suf-

fered. I quoted, among other things of less value and aptness, "He who steals my purse steals trash," etc. I spoke of the woful sufferings of my poor client, almost heart-broken beneath the weight of the terrible persecutions of his enemy: and, growing bolder, I turned on old Kasm, and congratulated the jury that the genius of slander had found an appropriate defender in the genius of chicane and malignity. I complimented the jury on their patience—on their intelligence—on their estimate of the value of character; spoke of the public expectation—of that feeling outside of the box which would welcome with thundering plaudits the righteous verdict the jury would render; and wound up by declaring that I had never known a case of slander so aggravated in the course of my practice at that bar; and felicitated myself that its grossness and barbarity justified my clients in relying upon even the youth and inexperience of an unpractised advocate, whose poverty of resources was unaided by opportunities of previous preparation. Much more I said that happily has now escaped me.

When I concluded Sam Hicks and one or two other friends gave a faint sign of applause—but not enough to make any impression.

I observed that old Kasm held his head down when I was speaking. I entertained the hope that I had cowed him! His usual port was that of cynical composure, or bold and brazen defiance. It was a special kindness if he only smiled in covert scorn: that was his most amiable expression in a trial.

But when he raised up his head I saw the very devil was to pay. His face was of a burning red. He seemed almost to choke with rage. His eyes were blood-shot and flamed out fire and fury. His queue stuck out behind, and shook itself stiffly like a buffalo bull's tail when he is about making a fatal plunge. I had struck him between wind and water. There was an audacity in a stripling like me bearding him, which infuriated him. He meant to massacre me—and wanted to be a long time doing it. It was to be a regular *auto da fé*. I was to be his representative of the young bar, and to expiate his malice against all. The court adjourned for dinner. It met again after an hour's recess.

By this time the public interest, and especially that of the

bar, grew very great. There was a rush to the privileged seats, and the sheriff had to command order—the shuffling of feet and the pressure of the crowd forward was so great.

I took my seat within the bar, looked around with an affectation of indifference so belying the perturbation within, that the same power of acting on the stage would have made my fortune on *that* theatre.

Kasm rose, took a glass of water: his hand trembled a little —I could see that; took a pinch of snuff, and led off in a voice slow and measured, but slightly—very slightly—tremulous. By a strong effort he had recovered his composure. The bar was surprised at his calmness. They all knew it was affected; but they wondered that he could affect it. Nobody was deceived by it. We felt assured "it was the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." I thought he would come down on me in a tempest and flattered myself it would soon be over. But malice is coming. He had no idea of letting me off so easily.

He commenced by saying that he had been some years in the practice. He would not say he was an old man: that would be in bad taste, perhaps. The young gentleman who had just closed his remarkable speech, harangue, poetic effusion, or rigmarole, or whatever it might be called, if, indeed, any name could be safely given to this motley mixture of incongruous slang—the young gentleman evidently did not think he was an old man; for he could hardly have been guilty of such rank indecency as to have treated age with such disrespect—he would not say with such insufferable impertinence: and yet, "I am," he continued, "of age enough to recollect, if I had charged my memory with so inconsiderable an event, the day of *his* birth, and then I was in full practise in this courthouse. I confess, though, gentlemen, I *am old* enough to remember the period when a youth's first appearance at the bar was not signalized by impertinence toward his seniors; and when public opinion did not think flatulent bombast and florid trash, picked out of fifth-rate romances and namby-pamby rhymes, redeemed by the upstart sauciness of a raw popinjay, toward the experienced members of the profession he disgraced. And yet, to some extent, this ranting youth may be right: I am not old in that sense which disables me from defending myself *here* by words, or elsewhere, if need be, by blows: and that, this young gentle-

man shall right well know before I have done with him. You will bear in mind, gentlemen, that what I say is in self-defence —that I did not begin this quarrel—that it was forced on me; and that I am bound by no restraints of courtesy, or of respect, or of kindness. Let him charge to the account of his own rashness and rudeness, whatever he receives in return therefor.

"Let me retort on this youth that he is a worthy advocate of his butcher client. He fights with the dirty weapons of his barbarous trade, and brings into his speech the reeking odor of his client's slaughter-house.

"Perhaps something of this congeniality commended him to the notice of his worthy client, and to this, his first retainer; and no wonder, for when we heard his vehement roaring, we might have supposed his client had brought his most unruly bull-calf into court to defend him, had not the matter of the roaring soon convinced us the animal was more remarkable for the length of his ears, than even the power of his lungs. Perhaps the young gentleman has taken his retainer, and contracted for butchering my client on the same terms as his client contracts in his line—that is, on the shares. But I think, gentlemen, he will find the contract a more dirty than profitable job. Or, perhaps, it might not be uncharitable to suggest that his client, who seems to be pretty well up to the business *of saving other people's bacon,* may have desired, as far as possible to save his own; and, therefore turning from members of the bar who would have charged him for their services according to their value, took this occasion of getting off some of his stale wares; for has not Shakespeare said—(the gentleman will allow me to quote Shakespeare, too, while yet his reputation survives *his* barbarous mouthing of the poet's words)—he knew an attorney 'who would defend a cause for a starved hen, or leg of mutton fly-blown.' I trust, however, whatever was the contract, that the gentleman will make his equally worthy client stand up to it; for I should like, that on one occasion it might be said the excellent butcher *was made to pay for his swine.*

"I find it difficult, gentlemen, to reply to any part of the young man's efforts, except his argument which is the smallest part in compass, and, next to his pathos, the most amusing.

His figures of speech are some of them quite good, and have been so considered by the best judges for the last thousand years. I must confess, that as to these, I find no other fault than that they were badly applied and ridiculously pronounced; and this further fault, that they have become so commonplace by constant use, that, unless some new vamping or felicity of application be given them, they tire nearly as much as his original matter—*videlicet,* that matter which being more ridiculous than we ever heard before, carries internal evidences of its being his own. Indeed, it was never hard to tell when the gentleman recurred to his own ideas. He is like a cat-bird—the only intolerable discord she makes being her own notes—though she gets on well enough as long as she copies and cobbles the songs of other warblers.

"But, gentlemen, if this young orator's argument was amusing what shall I say of his pathos? What farce ever equalled the fun of it? The play of 'The Liar' probably approaches nearest to it, not only in the humor, but in the veracious character of the incident from which the humor comes. Such a face—so woe-begone, so whimpering, as if the short period since he was flogged at school (probably in reference to those eggs falsely charged to the hound puppy) had neither obliterated the remembrance of his juvenile affliction, nor the looks he bore when he endured it.

"There was something exquisite in his picture of the woes, the wasting grief of his disconsolate client, the butcher Higginbotham, mourning—as Rachel mourned for her children—for his character *because it was not.* Gentlemen, look at him! Why he weighs twelve stone *now!* He has three inches of fat on his ribs this minute! He would make as many links of sausage as any hog that ever squealed at midnight in his slaughter pen, and has lard enough in him to cook it all. Look at his face! why, his chops remind a hungry man of his jowls and greens. If this is a shadow, in the name of propriety, why didn't he show himself, when in flesh, at the last Fair, beside the Kentucky ox; that were a more honest way of making a living than stealing hogs. But Hig is pining in grief! I wonder the poetic youth—his learned counsel—did not quote Shakespeare again. 'He never told his'—woe—'but let concealment, like the worm i' the bud, prey on his damask cheek.'

He looked like Patience on a monument smiling at grief—or beef, I should rather say. But, gentlemen, probably I am wrong; it may be that this tender-hearted, sensitive butcher, was lean before, and like Falstaff, throws the blame of his fat on sorrow and sighing, which 'has puffed him up like a bladder.'

(Here Higginbotham left in disgust.)

"There, gentlemen, he goes, 'larding the lean earth as he walkes along.' Well has Doctor Johnson said, 'who kills fat oxen should himself be fat.' Poor Hig! stuffed like one of his own blood-puddings, with a dropsical grief which nothing short of ten thousand dollars of Swink's money can cure. Well, as grief puffs him up, I don't wonder that nothing but depleting another can cure him.

"And now, gentlemen, I come to the blood and thunder part of this young gentleman's harangue: empty and vapid; words and nothing else. If any part of his rigmarole was windier than any other part, this was it. He turned himself into a small cascade, making a great deal of noise to make a great deal of froth; tumbling; roaring; foaming; the shallower it ran all the noisier it seemed. He fretted and knitted his brows; he beat the air and he vociferated, always emphasizing the meaningless words most loudly; he puffed, swelled out and blowed off, until he seemed like a new bellows, all brass and wind. How he mouthed it—as those villainous stage players ranting out fustian in a barn theatre, (mimicking)—'Who steals my purse, steals trash.' (I don't deny it). ''Tis something,' (query?) 'nothing,' (exactly). ''Tis mine, 'Twas his, and has been slave to thousands—but he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enricheth him,' (not in the least,) 'but makes me poor indeed;' (just so, but whether any poorer than before he parted with the encumbrance, is another matter).

"But the young gentleman refers to his youth. He ought not to reproach us of maturer age in that indirect way: no one would have suspected it of him, or him of it, if he had not told it: indeed, from hearing him speak, we were prepared to give him credit for almost *any length of ears*. But does not the youth remember that Grotius was only seventeen when he was in full practice, and that he was Attorney General at twenty-

two; and what is Grotius to this greater light? Not the burning of my smoke house to the conflagration of Moscow!

"And yet, young Grotius tells us in the next breath, that he never knew such a slander in the course of his practice? Wonderful, indeed! seeing that his practice has all been done within the last six hours. Why, to hear him talk, you would suppose that he was an old Continental lawyer, grown grey in the service. H-i-s p-r-a-c-t-i-c-e! Why he is just in his legal swaddling clothes! HIS PRACTICE!! But I don't wonder he can't see the absurdity of such talk. How long does it take one of the canine tribe, after birth, to open his eyes!

"He talked, too, of *outside* influences; of the *public* expectations, and all that sort of demagoguism. I observed no evidence of any great popular demonstrations in his favor, unless it be a tailor I saw stamping his feet; but whether that was because he had sat cross-legged so long he wanted exercise, or was rejoicing because he had got orders for a new suit, *or a prospect of payment for an old one,* the gentleman can possibly tell better than I can. (Here Hicks left). However, if this case *is* decided by the populace *here,* the gentleman will allow *me* the benefit of a writ of error to the regimental muster, to be held, next Friday, at Reinhert's Distillery.

"But, I suppose he meant to frighten *you* into a verdict, by intimating that the mob, frenzied by *his* eloquence, would tear you to pieces if you gave a verdict for defendant; like the equally eloquent barrister out West, who, concluding a case, said 'Gentlemen, my client are as innocent of stealing that cotting as the Sun at noonday, and if you give it agin him, his brother, Sam Ketchins, next muster, will maul every mother's son of you.' I hope the Sheriff will see to his duty and keep the crowd from you, gentlemen, if you should give us a verdict!

"But, gentlemen, I am tired of winnowing chaff, I have not had the reward paid by Gratiano for sifting *his* discourse: the two grains of wheat to the bushel. It is all froth—all bubble."

Kasm left me here for a time, and turned upon my client. Poor Higginbotham caught it thick and heavy. He wooled him, then skinned him, and then took to skinning off the under cuticle. Hig never skinned a beef so thoroughly. He put together all the facts about the witnesses' hearing the hogs squealing at night; the different marks of the hogs; the losses

in the neighborhood; perverted the testimony and supplied omissions, until you would suppose, on hearing him, that it had been fully proved that poor Hig had stolen all the meat he had ever sold in the market. He asseverated that this suit was a malicious conspiracy between the Methodists and Masons, to crush his client. But all this I leave out, as not bearing on the main *subject*—myself.

He came back to me with a renewed appetite. He said he would conclude by paying his valedictory respects to his juvenile friend—as this was the last time he ever expected to have the pleasure of meeting him.

"That poetic young gentleman had said, that by your verdict against his client, you would blight forever his reputation and that of his family—'that you would bend down the spirit of his manly son, and dim the radiance of his blooming daughter's beauty.' Very pretty, upon my word! But, gentlemen, not so fine—not so poetical by half, as a precious morceau of poetry which adorns the columns of the village newspaper, bearing the initials J. C. R. As this admirable production has excited a great deal of applause in the nurseries and boarding schools, I must beg to read it; not for the instruction of the gentleman, he has already seen it; but for the entertainment of the jury. It is addressed to R—— B——, a young lady of this place. Here it goes."

Judge my horror, when, on looking up, I saw him take an old newspaper from his pocket, and, pulling down his spectacles begin to read off in a stage-actor style, some verses I had written for Rose Bell's album. Rose had been worrying me for some time, to write her something. To get rid of her importunities, I had scribbled off a few lines and copied them in the precious volume. Rose, the little fool, took them for something very clever (she never had more than a thimbleful of brains in her doll baby head)—and was so tickled with them, that she got her brother, Bill, then about fourteen, to copy them off, as well as he could, and take them to the printing office. Bill threw them under the door; the printer, as big a fool as either, not only published them, but, in his infernal kindness, puffed them in some critical commendations of his own, referring to "the gifted author," as "one of the most promising of the younger members of our bar."

The fun, by this time, grew fast and furious. The country people, who have about as much sympathy for a young town lawyer, badgered by an older one, as for a young cub beset by curs; and who have about as much idea or respect for poetry, as for witchcraft, joined in the mirth with great glee. They crowded around old Kasm, and stamped and roared as at a circus. The Judge and Sheriff in vain tried to keep order. Indeed, his honor *smiled out loud once* or twice; and to cover his retreat, pretended to cough, and fined the Sheriff five dollars for not keeping silence in court. Even the old Clerk, whose immemorial pen behind his right ear, had worn the hair from that side of his head, and who had not smiled in court for twenty years, and boasted that Patrick Henry couldn't disturb him in making up a judgment entry, actually turned his chair from the desk and *put down* his pen: afterwards he put his hand to his head three times in search of it; forgetting, in his attention to old Kasm, what he had done with it.

Old Kasm went on reading and commenting by turns. I forget what the ineffable trash was. I wouldn't recollect it if I could. My equanimity will only stand a phrase or two that still lingers in my memory, fixed there by old Kasm's ridicule. I had said something about my "bosom's anguish"—about the passion that was consuming me; and, to illustrate it, or to make the line jingle, put in something about "Egypt's Queen taking the Asp to her bosom"—which, for the sake of rhyme or metre, I called "the venomous worm"—how the confounded thing was brought in, I neither know nor want to know. When old Kasm came to that, he said he fully appreciated what the young bard said—he believed it. He spoke of venomous *worms*. Now, if he (Kasm) might presume to give the young gentleman advice, he would recommend Swain's Patent Vermifuge. He had no doubt that it would effectually cure him of his malady, his love, and last, but not least of his rhymes—which would be the happiest passage in his history.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I had borne it to the last point of human endurance. When it came only to skinning, I was there; but when he showered down aquafortis on the raw, and then seemed disposed to rub it in, I fled. *Abii, erupi, evasi.* The last thing I heard was Old Kasm calling me back, amidst the shouts of the audience—but no more.

WAITMAN BARBE

[1864—]

C. E. HAWORTH

WAITMAN BARBE was born in Monongalia County, West Virginia, November 19, 1864, and, as his busy years have amply proved, he was "born unto singing." He has lived the greater part of his life in his native county where, as a boy, he sought the healthful and endearing fellowship of its flower and field, its mountain stretch and far-reaching valley. He not only loved the "visible forms" but he also caught the invisible spirit of Nature in one of her prodigal and majesty-loving moods. With the manifold voices of this spirit to teach and to inspire, that of the mountain lad grew and expanded into maturity.

We are indebted to this period of youthful expansion, covering the leisure moments of his college career in the West Virginia University and those of an active newspaper life as city editor and later as managing editor of the *State Journal,* Parkersburg, West Virginia, for the greater number of his published poems. The publication, in 1892, of 'Ashes and Incense,' which attracted the immediate and favorable attention of critic and lay reader throughout the country, marked the culmination, the noontide of his poetic productivity. Although these genuine lyrics, fresh as the morning of his youth out of which they sprang, won admiration at home and abroad, and although they received the flattering approval of competent criticism, the new West Virginia poet did not elect to pursue his advantage, follow what seemed to be his "one clear call," and devote himself to an exclusively literary career.

In 1894 Dr. Barbe married Clara Louise Gould, of Parkersburg, West Virginia. The following year he became identified with the faculty of the West Virginia University. The creative impulse did not end, but it found abridgment in this new field of labor. As assistant to the President, as Associate Professor of English Literature, offices which he still fills, and as an active worker in the interest of the State's educational development, his virile energies were thrown into a more immediately practical current. He entered, moreover, upon a wide field of educational campaigning. He was the founder and first president of the School Improvement League in West Virginia. With Robert A. Armstrong, Professor of English Literature in the West Virginia University, he is joint editor and owner of the

West Virginia School Journal, the educational organ of the State. His extensive institute lecturing has brought him into sympathetic relationship with every school district in the State, and into close personal touch with the educational systems of Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. He served six years as a member of the Board of Regents of the West Virginia State Normal Schools, and in various other ways, official and unofficial, he has been and continues to be an ardent and aggressive member of the pioneer few who do the State's educational thinking.

In consequence of what has been said, it may be fairly concluded that one of Dr. Barbe's distinguishing qualities of mind is the Bryant-like equipoise between poetic vision on the one hand, which found its chiefest expression in 'Ashes and Incense,' and on the other a temperamental severity which denies sentiment and insists upon the visible, material result. It is the more distinguishing that, in this apparently dual faculty, he excels through the operation of either. Whether as dreamer or doer his work is that of a finished craftsman.

During the busy, practical years since his connection with the State University, however, Dr. Barbe has denied his fancy the rewards which its earlier exercise so richly promised. He says he would rather be the means of sending a boy or girl to college than to write a volume of poetry. His published works since 1895 indicate his sincerity. The doctrine of immediate service has furnished the controlling motive and has been a sufficient inspiration for writing 'Going to College,' 'The Study of Poetry' and a number of educational tracts. In all these, conceived and executed with fascinating art, the author maintains a high ideal. Art and utility, indeed, have rarely found a happier union than in 'Going to College,' a book which won immediate appreciation from all educational centers, having a sale of more than twenty thousand copies. It is both admirably artistic in treatment and effectively adapted to practical needs. By reason of numerous affirmative opinions submitted for this special work by many men of distinction in almost every vocation, the book becomes a convincing compendium of reasons favorable to a college course.

During the utilitarian period of Dr. Barbe's life, imagination for its own sake has not been entirely idle; yet those who know him best have a clear impression that his fancy is obliged either to fight for or steal opportunity. The poetic spirit, out of sheer rebellion, seems to break from its imprisonment and find expression in occasional verse. In this way we catch grateful glimpses of the poet again. Among his poems of the past decade are "At the Wood's Edge," "The Beatitudes," "O Ye of Little Faith," "O Mountain Lad," "Among the Rows of Corn." In this list, 'In the Virginias,' a prose work of fancy, should also be included. It was published in

1896. These delightful short stories are strikingly true and genuine. The book is well described by Professor Earl Barnes, who says that it is "not so much a book as a series of leaves torn from a man's life." The author entraps the spirit of "thorpe and vill," of historic old manse, of city street and gypsy trail in a narrative as graceful and as free from literary restraint as that of Stevenson. In this, as in all his writings, his style is simple and direct. He indulges in no mystic literary involutions. There are no indefinite hints and shadowy suggestions. His thought is illumined by remarkable clarity of unpretentious phrase.

Dr. Barbe has done post-graduate work at Harvard University and it was while there that he wrote one of his most attractive poems—"At the Wood's Edge." He is a constant worker and student, and no one in his State better exemplifies ripened culture of mind and spirit. In recognition of his literary qualifications and services, Denison University a few years ago conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Letters.

Dr. Barbe is a man of "cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows." He is not in sympathy with the theory that melancholy alone makes melody. He sings of hope, not despair; of life, not death. The spirit of optimism and aspiration pervades both his prose and his poetry. Their joy, however, is never heightened into exhilaration or intoxication. His poems are not creations of passion. There is everywhere the calmness, the tranquillity of an even and wholesome sentiment which unawares enchants the reader into a mood of serenity.

C. E. Haworth

THE COMRADE HILLS

From 'Ashes and Incense,' copyright, 1892. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

Thy hand, dear friend,
Thy hand; and away to the hills,—
To the brave and stalwart hills!
Mayhap they'll lend
Some strength of heart and hand
To us,—to us who stand

Their last of kin,
Born in a later day,
Evolved from out their clay,
Through death and sin.

For that same power
That throws across their brow
A glint of sunshine now,
Gives thee thy dower
Of radiant blush and bloom.
Like us, from ancient gloom
These hills have come,
And what shall be for you,
Or them, or me, we too,
Like them, are dumb.

No need is there
That any spring-time wood
Should lend thy maidenhood
Aught that is fair,
Nor any summer-land
Put flowers in thy hand;
No need is there
That any perfect May
Should give to thee this day
Aught that is rare.

But hast thou power,
When all the world is gloomed,
And morning hopes are doomed,
To stand, that hour,
Like these old hills so brave
That laugh at Beauty's grave
And know no fear,
Though all the flowers below
Should lie beneath the snow
And death be near?

That gray old stone,
Which neither kiss of breeze
Nor friendly nod of trees

Can make to own
A smile, they cherish more
Than any birds that soar,
Or buds that blow,
Or plight of love, or song
Of brook that trends along
The vale below.

The sleeted wind,
Which asks not in its wrath
A hand to clear its path,
In them doth find
A comrade spirit old;
And when the clouds enfold
Their heads, how proud,
Like turbaned giants calm,
They stand, while healing balm
Drips from the cloud!

Man's hope are they:
The storehouse of his wealth;
Protectors of his health
From plagues that prey
On him in marish place;
Defenders of his race
Against the wrath
Of flood and storm that sweep,
With ruin in their keep,
Across his path.

The lowland ways
Are dusk with Shadow's wings
That touch the fairest things
Of brightest days;
But on that happy height
A benison of light
Makes gold of sand,
And lingers like a touch—
Indeed it must be such—
From God's own hand.

Thy hand, dear friend,
Thy hand; and away to the hills!
We'll leave our cares and ills
Below, and bend
Our steps to higher things.
The lark that sweetest sings
Is highest flown;
The soul that heeds the call
To sunlight heights hath all
Things for its own.

THE WINDS

From 'Ashes and Incense,' copyright, 1892. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

"A flower! a flower!"
The South Wind cried,
And the violet blushed and bloomed:
"A weed! a weed!"
The North Wind sighed,
And the violet's life was doomed.

Better things than summer flowers
Are cheered or killed by words of ours.

THY NAME

From 'Ashes and Incense,' copyright, 1892. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

I.

Take up thy pen and write
What I shall say,—
Thus said a voice to me
One perfect day

In summer's regal prime,
When marching by
Came all the splendors of
The earth and sky.

A-step to song of birds,
And with the trees
For banners waving in
The lusty breeze.

Take up thy pen and write
What I shall say,—
And so I wrote and wrote,
That perfect day;

But every word I wrote
Was just the same,
And every word I wrote
Was just—thy name!

And when I asked the Voice,
I heard it say:
No other word is meet
For such a day!

II.

Take up thy pen and write
What I shall say,—
Thus said a Voice to me
One dreary day

In winter's bitter time,
When earth and sky
Their gleaming cohorts led
No longer by;

A day when all the world
Lost heart and bowed
Its head to sleet and rain
From sullen cloud.

Take up thy pen and write
What I shall say,—
And so I wrote and wrote,
That doleful day;

But every word I wrote
Was just the same,
And every word I wrote
Was just—thy name!

And when I asked the Voice,
I heard it say:
No other word gives life
To such a day!

ETERNAL SILENCES

From 'Ashes and Incense,' copyright, 1892. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

Written in New York City.

A thousand hoofs are clanging on the streets
Where noisy commerce crushes all it meets;
And he who cries his wares above the rest
Has most of gold and glory for his zest.
This bustling and voracious throng of men
Will strut about a little hour, and then,
Without a tear for any missing face,
Another surging crowd will take its place.

But through my open window, far away
Beyond the utmost reach of traffic's sway
Into eternal silences I gaze:
Infinitude of peace and patience stays
Upon those heights that man may know the will
Of Him who calmed the waves with,—"Peace, be still!"

A TRAGEDY OF THE HILLS

From 'Ashes and Incense,' copyright, 1892. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

"Tell me a tale, heroic and sublime,
Of love and life and fields where heroes fell—
A tale full fit for the stupendous time,
That I may it to future ages tell."

Thus spoke I once to one who came from o'er
The ragged hills and sat beside my door.
"If thou wilt go with me," he said, "I'll lead thee where
Life's greatest tragedy has grown so old
It seems as common as the common air—
So wonted that none thinks it need be told."

And far across the hills he led away,
And all the sky and all the fields were gray.
At length he stopped beside a cabin door,
Amid the rocks and hills of barren clay,
Where children crept upon the naked floor
And women toiled like slaves through all the day.

"Behold," he said, "the story—writ in tears,
And starved and dwarfed lives through years and years!"

FINIS

From 'Ashes and Incense,' copyright, 1892. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

I ask not,—
When shall the day be done, and rest come on?
I pray not
That soon from me the "curse of toil" be gone;
I seek not
A sluggard's couch with drowsy curtain drawn.

But give me
Time to fight the battle out as best I may;
And give me
Strength and place to labor still at evening's gray;
Then let me
Sleep as one who toiled afield through all the day.

AT THE WOOD'S EDGE

I have learned such lore in the woods today
From a bird in cap and gown of gray
That sang its lecture from a throat
Full worthy of a bishop's coat.

And yet I have no gift of tongues
To tell you what he said
Or why I stood with leaping heart
And with uncovered head.

I have read such books in the field today—
The scriptures of confessing May—
And found the hidden score and tune
Of all the arias of June.

And yet I left within the field
This ancient scripture-rune,
And left the score of all the songs
And all the psalms of June.

I have heard such tales in the copse today,
From folk that gossip time away—
For every coppice-folk has had
Its idylls and its Iliad.

And yet I cannot cramp those tales
Within my English lines—
The idylls and the Iliads
They tell beneath the pines.

I have seen such graves on the hill today,
Where flowers fold their hands and pray
For all their million millions dead
Asleep within their narrow bed.

And yet I could not if I would
Tell how on spider thread
They count their dewy beads and pray
For all their million dead.

I have felt such holy fears today—
Such sacred things did pass this way—
For, Gracious Master, surely I
Have felt Thy blessed smile go by.

And yet so feeble is my speech
No one can hear me say
What fears I had or what it was
So holy passed this way.

THE RIVER O' DREAMS

I have builded a castle of fancy
In the land of It-Only-Seems,
And it raises its shadowy turrets
On the banks o' the River o' Dreams.

And there when my spirit hath broken
Away from the fetters of day
I walk like a king in his glory,
Where the waters' orchestras play.

Its walls are of shells of the ocean,
'Tis thatched with the pipes o' Pan,
And the wind that blows from the river
Is the breath of the soul of man;

And the shells and the reeds it touches
Give forth a music sublime
To me in the halls of my castle
Where I walk like a king in his prime.

For there I have builded my castle
In the land of It-Only-Seems,
And it raises its shadowy turrets
On the banks o' the River o' Dreams.

O YE OF LITTLE FAITH

A Christmas Hymn. From *The Intelligencer,* Wheeling, West Virginia, December 25, 1902. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

I.

By school and spire, by whispering wire,
By hospital and open purse,
By hands that check the nations' ire,
By tender touch of Red Cross nurse,

By safety on the farthest sea,
  By angels' feet within the slum,
By universal peace to be—
  Know all men that the Lord is come!

O ye of little faith, behold
  His blessed hands across the years;
Hear how the angels all foretold
  The gifts that dry the children's tears.

II.

By labor's nobler brow and mien,
  By mankind's gentler heart and hand,
By million gifts that go unseen,
  By hearthstone love in all the land,
By all that heals the world's distress,
  By children's laugh this happy morn,
By all that makes for righteousness—
  Know all men that the Christ is born!

O ye of little faith, behold
  His blessed love burn hot like fire
To melt the selfish and the cold
  And lead them on to His desire.

III.

By stirrings of the basest tribes
  To climb to where the nations sit,
(In spite of scornful thrusts and jibes)
  And all the hope they have of it,
By bruised reed that is not crushed,
  By smoking flax that still is stirred,
By lowest race with cries unhushed—
  Know all men that the Lord hath heard!

O ye of little faith, behold
  His blessed feet mark out the way
The human race, since days of old,
  Has struggled upward day by day.

NATURE'S TRIUMPH

I.

Across the hill, on sunny bank,
A wild rose grew;
Alone it stood and nightly drank
The gentle dew.
Upon the rose-bank soon there waved
The standing corn;
And all the fruitful land was saved
From briar and thorn;
But dead was then the wilding rose,
And buried low,
And shocks of corn above it rose,—
Grave-shafts of woe.

II.

A home was built adown the lane
Where waved the corn;
A childish voice laughed o'er the main
Both night and morn;
But all the crowned and tasseled corn,—
Ah, well-a-day!—
E'en as the sweet briar and the thorn
Had died away.

III.

Across the hill to-day I found
A little grave,
And saw, upon the weedy mound,
A wild rose wave;
Alone it stands, as years ago
On that bright morn,
And o'er the graves its petals blow
Of child and corn.

THE BEATITUDES

Blest is the hope at morning time,
  Blest are the dreams at evening's fall,
Blest is the work at noonday's prime,
  And blest the sleep that covers all;

Blest is the love that makes us brave
  To work and hope and dream and sleep,
Blest is the rest within the grave,
  And blest the watch that He doth keep.

THE PREACHER OF THE THREE CHURCHES

From 'In the Virginias.' Published by Werner and Company, and copyright by A. E. Kenney. By kind permission of the publishers and the owner of copyright.

In a little old town, west of the Blue Ridge, used to be a man who, the people said, worshipped the Lord and served the devil. He preached Calvinism and eternal damnation on Sundays and drew a rosined bow across an old violin behind closed doors on week days.

The town also contained a brood of lawyers, an old doctor, and a young one, a school teacher, some forty experienced gossips, a hundred or so dogs, and about four hundred other inhabitants.

The preacher didn't really live in the village, but a mile out on the country road, and preached for two other congregations besides the one in the village.

He was a young bachelor whom the spinsters frequently invited to their tea parties, and he made his home with a family who loved him, and who faithfully kept the secret of his violin playing from the public.

The Reverend Balak Mather was a New Englander, and had accepted the call from the three churches in the South without making any inquiry as to the salary he was to receive or the amount of work he would be expected to do. He thought the call was a divine one, and, gathering up his fiddle and his Bible, he put the former in the bottom and the latter in the top of his trunk, and answered the call in person, just

as he would have obeyed a command from President Lincoln to take a gun and go down and shoot these same brethren at the three churches. He never questioned a call from his God or his country.

Arriving at the three churches, he found a scattered membership of Presbyterians, hospitable and cordial, but as firm in the faith and as strict in the creed as the New Englander himself; and they would have been shocked beyond expression if they had known that their new pastor not only played a fiddle but had actually brought it with him in the same box with his Holy Bible.

Nor did the conscience of the Reverend Balak Mather approve of his conduct. He felt that he was bartering his soul away little by little for the string that intoxicates. All of his life he had prayed earnestly but hopelessly to be delivered from the temptation—prayed every morning that he might be able to live that day without touching the unclean thing. But every evening when the twilight came on and a loneliness came over him, such as only the choice spirits of the world are permitted to suffer, he would forget the vow of the morning, take the old violin out of its old green case, close the windows and the doors, get down in the darkest corner of the room, and, gently touching the strings, call forth the souls of all the old loved ones now dead and gone. All the sweet voices, all the childhood tears, and tales, and fancies, every kiss of his mother's lips, every form of speech that love had learned, seemed to him to come out of that old violin.

And when the night was stormy and the wind howled and moaned, he would close his Bible, take up the violin, and, with trembling hand and guilty conscience, strike the strings until all the sins that he had ever committed came up out of the past, and he could hear the wails and sobs of all those who had gone down, down into the place of everlasting torment; and the soul of the violin seemed to mingle with his own soul in an agony of unutterable misery and woe, for he felt that he loved the instrument with an unholy passion, as a man may love and be led to the depth of hell by a wicked and beautiful woman.

His congregations knew nothing of all this. Their pastor was a faithful shepherd, leading his little flocks by the pure

waters of Calvinism and by the green meadows of righteous living.

The more he yielded to the temptations of the siren fiddle the more he atoned for it by preaching the doctrine of punishment and the law of retribution. And the more he fiddled the longer he preached to make up for it, so that sometimes his sermons would last an hour and a half or two hours. But his congregations were not made up of end-of-the-century churchgoers, who tire at a fifteen-minutes sermon, and who ask for a new pastor if the sermon lasts over thirty minutes. The three little flocks of the Rev. Balak Mather's keeping believed in devoting the entire Sabbath—they never called it Sunday—to the worship of the Lord, and, as the preacher's sermons grew in length, he grew in popularity.

One day, about a year and a half after accepting the call to the three churches, the minister was sent for to go thirty miles or more into the mountain to conduct the funeral of an old man, who had once heard him preach in the village. Of course he went, for he never refused to go where he could render a service.

On his return he stopped for the night at a little log house in the mountain, where the cracks in the walls were not more conspicuous than the love and cheer about the hearthstone.

One of the children was sawing away on a fiddle when the preacher entered the house, but immediately hid it when he saw the clerical coat of the stranger. The minister's trained and sympathetic ear had caught the singularly rich and sweet notes of the instrument, and he at once asked the lad to get it for him. Taking it lovingly in his hand, he pulled the bow across the strings, held it close to his ear, touched another chord or two, looked at it critically, saw a dim and blurred inscription on it, and read:

ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS
CREMONEN. 1697.

If Saul of Tarsus had appeared before him, he would not have been more surprised than he was to find there, in a hut in the mountain, an instrument bearing the name of the great Italian violin maker.

"Where did you get it?" he inquired of the boy.

"Don't know; guess we've always had it."

Then the preacher-fiddler ran out to the stable where the boy's father was feeding the horses—rushed out like an excited schoolboy—to ascertain, if he could, something about the wonderful instrument.

"That fiddle?" said the mountaineer. "That's the finest fiddle in this part of Virginy, I reckon. It's purty old, but I guess it aint much the worse for wear. Some feller has cut his name on it there, but I guess that don't hurt it none. Where did I git it? Oh, I got that fiddle down in New Orleens when I was down there with Ben Butler's crowd, but you mustn't ask me how I got it, for I don't want to tell a parson no lies."

"But, my good fellow," said the parson, "don't you know that it is worth a big sum of money?"

"How much'll ye give me fur it?"

"I haven't enough money to buy it, I'm afraid, but I'll give you all I have in the world, which is about three hundred dollars."

He could probably have bought it for less than twenty-five, but he was too honest to try to drive an unfair bargain, even for a Stradivarius.

It was now the mountaineer's turn to be amazed. He had never dreamed that any fiddle in the world could be worth half that much money. He thought the preacher had lost his senses.

"You may take the fiddle," he said, "but I ain't agoin' to skin you that way. You may know what hymn books and catechisms cost, but you're off on catgut, parson. I've played 'em all my life, and I never seen one that was wuth over twenty-five or thirty dollars. But if you want it, an' bein's it's you, an' you'll give me that there hoss of yourn in the stable, why I reckon you may take the fiddle. I won't take no three hundred dollars of any parson's money for an old fiddle. It ain't wuth it."

And so the bargain was made, the honest preacher telling the owner that if he ever sold the instrument for more than he gave for it, he would hunt him up and divide the profits with him.

That night this servant of the Lord forgot to ask moun-

taineer's family to join with him in prayer, and yet his heart was full of thankfulness and love for all things in heaven and on earth. Out among the trees, under the lonesome sky, he put the old Italian violin to his shoulder, and tears of love and joy filled his eyes as he stroked its graceful neck as a lover would stroke the tresses of his fair bride. And the music that was made that night in the mountain! The sweetness and the richness and the compass of it! And the woe and the terror of it! For the player was a true maestro, and this perfect Stradivarius seemed to hold in its keeping the tender love and the burning passion and the implacable hate of the Italian race —that Italy which made poets and painters and sculptors and murderers.

He understood how it was that when Paganini played they said he was in league with the devil, exchanging smiles with a ghastly figure beside him, and why the multitudes followed him in wild frenzy through the streets of Genoa; for the two centuries between Antonio Stradivarius, the fiddle-maker of Cremona, and Balak Mather, the preacher-fiddler of the three churches, had crowded that old violin with memories of all the victories and failures, all the glory and all the shame of the human race, and the preacher-fiddler evoked all of these memories and heard, with his own ears, that night, alone in the mountain, out under the everlasting stars, the story of the world's tragedy!

At least it seemed to him so, for he was a true musician to the tips of his long bony fingers.

To those who love not the divine instrument, all this will appear absurd and strained, but it is written for those who know what it is to be overcome by the mysterious and mighty power of an Ole Bull, a Sarasate, a Eugen Ysaye or a Cesar Thomson—an influence that has the power to intoxicate like wine, like the rare old wines which have in them the sunshine of heaven and the fine virtues of the soil.

But this has nothing to do with our preacher, who was taken to the village the next day by the mountaineer. The Stradivarius stayed at the preacher's boarding house, and the preacher's horse went back to the mountain.

Then came the fiercest battle of Balak Mather's life, and the turning point. Unconsciously and unwillingly, he yielded,

little by little, to the softening appeals of his musical nature, and his sermons to the three churches began to be more about love and less about the law—more religion and less theology. His congregations noticed it, and liked it—in spite of themselves. Some of the sisters said he must be in love, and they discussed it at their quilting parties. His actions, as well as his words, became more tender; he spent more time with the poor and the sick, and, wherever he went, he was a benediction.

Many of his flock followed the lead of their shepherd, and the gospel of love became the creed of the new propaganda at the three churches.

But the upheaval was bound to come sooner or later, and it was only strange that it had been delayed so long.

One day the report was started that the preacher played the fiddle. By the time it had reached the other end of the village, which was less than an hour, it said that he had lost his faith in the teachings of the Bible; that he had his rooms full of fiddles, and that he sometimes kept step to his own playing.

Many of his flock said they didn't believe a word of it, but they passed the story on, and one of the good sisters thought it her Christian duty to ride over to the other two churches and tell the news.

In the minds of these good men and women the fiddle was inseparably associated with the disreputable dance hall and wicked actor-people, and was, in short, the devil's own instrument. A member of the church found guilty of playing it would have been remonstrated with gently but firmly, and, if he persisted in his wicked ways, would have been expelled. The report, therefore, that their beloved pastor was a fiddle player shocked and scandalized them quite as much as if it had been said that he had been seen drunk in the public street. It was the sole topic of conversation, and, in the mouths of expert and long experienced gossips, it took on many artistic embellishments.

Some of his friends, however, refused to believe the story, and defended him with such faithfulness that in a few days there began to appear indications of a serious schism in the three churches.

One Saturday afternoon a committee of the elders waited

upon the Rev. Balak Mather at his boarding house. They found him with his well-worn Bible open before him, at work upon the sermon for the morrow. The room was not filled with fiddles—there was not even one in sight—and the books about him were not such as a servant of the devil would revel in. Their courage began to fail them, and they began to wish that they had shouldered the unpleasant duty on a committee of the sisters. After talking about the weather, the finances of the church, the crop prospects, the approaching county election, and the weather some more, until the situation became painfully embarrassing, the brother who had been chosen previously as spokesman plunged into the subject by saying: "Ah—Brother Mather, I suppose you have heard the scandalous reports which have been started about you by evil tongues—about your indulging in the unholy practice of fiddle-playing. Of course none of us believe it for a moment—"

"Oh, of course, not for a moment!" put in the other members of the committee in chorus.

"But we wanted to be able to deny it officially before it gets any further. Brother Jones," he said, turning to another of the elders, "suppose you draw up an official denial of the whole infamous business, and we will all sign it right here."

Then the spokesman stroked his beard three times, and felt much relieved.

Brother Jones got ready to write.

"My good friends," said the preacher, "I do not know what you have heard, but if it is that I play the violin, as well as pray and preach, and try to help the sick and the poor, I must confess to my guilt. Up to within the past few weeks I yielded to it as to a besetting sin, and prayed against it every day of my life, but I no longer consider it such. Next to the service of my God and my fellowman, I love an old violin which I have yonder in that trunk."

And he took out the instrument and laid it before them.

His boldness and earnestness completely overwhelmed them, and they sat speechless.

Then the preacher played as even he had never played before—played as though pleading his own cause before God and man—the tones now wailing and crying in despair, now glorious with triumphant hope and victory. The depths of

his soul were broken up, and he wept, and the eyes of the elders were not dry.

When they left, they said one to another, "verily he hath a devil."

The rest is soon set down.

Shortly after the committee of elders had presented to the three churches their formal report of what they had heard and seen, the preacher-fiddler put his Bible and his violin into his trunk—the latter accidentally getting uppermost this time—and after visiting every sheep of his three little flocks and saying to them he hoped they would, sometime, allow themselves to believe that music, even fiddle music, was not an unpardonable sin, he went away.

One night, a little while ago, the writer of this sat with one of the old elders of the old church of the little old village west of the Blue Ridge in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, and, while the audience came in, and the fine ladies in the boxes on either side discussed the dresses of the fine ladies in the boxes on the other side, he related to me the main facts of the story which I have repeated here.

It was a great music-festival night, and the Boston Symphony Company was to give the first of a series of six concerts. The house was crowded, for it had been announced that with the company there was to appear Yriarte, a Belgian virtuoso, who had been turning the heads of the musical people on the other side of the waters—Paganini, they said, had come back to earth. Of course Society, which always writes its name with a big S, was there, but there were others, also. There were pointed out to us in the audience the great composers Dvorak and DeKoven, Rafael Joseffy, the beautiful Emma Eames, Emma Juch, Lola Beeth, Melba, Jean de Reszke, and others.

The concert began. The orchestra played something which I have forgotten, but which made nearly as much noise as Berlioz's "Requiem Mass," and nearly took the breath away from the people near the stage.

Then there was a great flutter among the beautiful birds in the boxes, a craning of fair necks, a jabbering among the

foreign-looking long-haired musical-appearing men near us, and, after what seemed an interminable wait, the Belgian came on with an old tobacco-colored fiddle in his hand. He had a face like the pictures of Saint-Saëns, and he stood before the great audience like one who had a message to deliver of life or death. He held the violin and bow both under his left arm, and, before beginning to play, he reached out his right hand and held it there with his open palm down, as a preacher might have done in asking God's benediction on the human race. Then the violin came out from under his arm and the bow fell across it—and even the boxes were hushed.

Then a voice such as had never been heard on sea or land filled the hall, and all that was worth living for or dying for, seemed to sanctify the place—it was the voice of a Stradivarius in the hands of a maestro.

When he had finished, and had again held out his long thin hand in benediction, the audience broke into a wild frenzy, such as the young virtuoso of Genoa is said to have produced in the Italian towns and villages three quarters of a century ago. People rushed onto the stage in the wildest excitement, among them being hundreds of ladies. They snatched the flowers from their bosoms and threw them at him, and the excitement was so great that it was totally impossible to go on with the concert that night. Only once before had anything approaching it been seen in this country on a similar occasion, and that was when New York went stark crazy over the wonderful Bulgarian pianist the winter before, when several women were badly hurt in the frenzied rush to touch the hem of his swallow-tail coat.

The two men from west of the Blue Ridge were among the last to leave the hall, and, as they did so, the old Presbyterian elder said to the young man by his side:

"That man was he whom we used to know at the three churches as the Rev. Balak Mather." And then, after a long silence, "It is not a devil he hath, but something divine."

HAFED BEN HAFED

A Legend of Persia. From 'In the Virginias.' Copyright by A. E. Kenney and published by Werner and Company. By kind permission of publishers and owner of copyright.

It was in the reign of Malik Shah—may Allah rejoice his soul—that a mysterious rider, on a white horse, galloped across the salt sands from Naishàpùr in Khorasan to the tent of Hafed Ben Hafed. The stranger sat by the door of the tent, silent, till the sun went down. Then mounting his horse he said:

"Hafed Ben Hafed, art thou content?"

And he rode away like an arrow into the night.

Hafed Ben Hafed sat in his tent and pondered the words of the mysterious messenger, till the morning broke. Then he said to himself:

"No, I cannot be content until I shall have slain mine enemy and the enemy of my clan."

And he arose and went into the mountains of Khorasan. When he returned to his tent there was one less enemy of Allah and his Prophet.

Again the mysterious rider galloped across the salt sands from Naishàpùr and stopped by the door of Hafed Ben Hafed's tent till the sun went down. Then mounting his horse he said:

"Hafed Ben Hafed, art thou content?"

And he rode away like an arrow into the night.

Hafed Ben Hafed sat in his tent and pondered the words of the mysterious messenger, till the morning broke. Then he said to himself:

"No, I cannot be content until I shall have become the ruler of the province."

And he arose and went towards the north and organized a band of soldiers. And when he returned to his tent he was accompanied by shoutings of triumph. But he refused to give up his tent on the edge of the desert for a palace in the city.

And he continued to rule over the province and became a great favorite with Malik Shah.

Again the mysterious rider came across the salt sands and

sat beside Hafed Ben Hafed's door till the sun went down. Then mounting his horse he said:

"Hafed Ben Hafed, art thou content?"

And he rode away like an arrow into the night.

Hafed Ben Hafed sat in his tent and pondered the words of the mysterious messenger, till the morning broke. Then he said to himself:

"No, I cannot be content until I shall have founded a dynasty and planted a throne for my descendants."

Then he arose and went to Teheran.

* * * * * *

But when the white roses began to bloom again, and the nightingales to sing in the gardens of Persepolis, the people saluted Hafed Ben Hafed as ruler and king.

But he continued to live in his tent by the edge of the salt desert, with the door opening towards the rising sun.

Again the mysterious rider galloped across the salt sands from Naishàpùr, and sat before the door of Hafed Ben Hafed till the sun went down. Then mounting his horse he said:

"Hafed Ben Hafed, art thou content?"

And he rode away like an arrow into the night.

Hafed Ben Hafed sat in his tent and pondered the words of the mysterious messenger, till the morning broke.

Then he arose and went to the door of his tent, and there he found a poor child of the desert, son of the enemy of his youth, whom he had slain with all his clan, in the mountains of Khorasan.

Hafed Ben Hafed took the child into his tent and gave him dates and pomegranates and choice wine, and said unto him:

"Thou son of mine ancient enemy, thou shalt be in future mine own son."

And the child of the desert went and fetched a white rose and gave it to his benefactor. And Hafed Ben Hafed said:

"Now I am content. For every drop of blood that I have shed, there shall be planted a white rose tree throughout the land of my kingdom."

And from that day Persia has been called the land of the white rose and the nightingale.

And the mysterious rider from across the salt sands stopped no more before the door of Hafed Ben Hafed's tent.

AMELIA E. BARR

[1831—]

CLARA DRISCOLL SEVIER

AMELIA EDITH HUDDLESTON was born at Ulverston, Lancashire, England, March 29, 1831. Her father was an English clergyman whose family had been identified with the town of Ulverston and its vicinity since the days of Edward the Confessor. Her early training was under the direction of her father, an eminent ecclesiastical scholar, and a private tutor. Later she attended for a number of years the High School at Glasgow, Scotland. In 1858 Amelia Huddleston was united in marriage to Robert Barr, a young man of limited financial resources but of excellent family. Immediately after the wedding the couple sailed for America, where they hoped to win name, fame, and fortune. Failing to find the desired opportunities in the City of New York, where they first landed, young Barr and his wife joined an expedition bound for Chicago, at that time little more than a frontier post. Chicago offered even fewer inducements, so they turned their faces Southward. Memphis was the next stopping point and then New Orleans, and afterwards, Galveston. Their sojourns in these three cities were cut short by the appearance of yellow fever, epidemic in 1854 in most of the Southern cities located in the lowlands. From Galveston the prospectors, none dismayed by misfortune and disappointments, journeyed by stage coach to Austin, Texas, where they found a veritable haven of rest and harbor of refuge. For ten years Robert Barr and his wife remained in the thriving young capital city of the Lone Star State, Barr finding profitable employment in the State Comptroller's Department, until, when war between the States was declared, he attached himself to the Confederate Government. At the close of the war, Barr removed to Galveston, where, in the epidemic of 1867, he and four sons fell victims to yellow fever. Finding herself thrown on her own resources for the support of herself and three daughters, and failing to secure profitable employment in the South, which was at that time poverty-stricken by the ravages of the four years of war, Amelia Barr went with the remainder of her family to New York City, where for two years she struggled, with but indifferent success. Her first work of importance was with Henry Ward Beecher, to

whom by reason of her early training and associations she was able to render valuable assistance in the capacity of secretary. She began writing for religious publications and then for monthly magazines, and finally she completed and had published her first literary effort of consequence—'Jan Vedder's Wife.'

This book attained instant popularity and started a demand for the writings of its author. With amazing energy Mrs. Barr rose to the occasion, and for twenty-five years she toiled unceasingly, completing and turning over to the publishers on an average two books a year. In rapid succession followed the story of 'The Daughter of Fife,' 'The Squire of Sandalside,' 'Border Shepherdess,' 'A Bow of Orange Ribbon,' 'Paul and Christine,' 'Master of His Fate,' 'Remember the Alamo,' 'The Last of the Macallisters,' 'Between Two Loves,' 'Feet of Clay,' 'The Household of McNeill,' 'Friend Olivia,' 'She Loved A Sailor,' 'A Sister of Esau,' 'Love of an Hour is Love Forever,' 'Christopher and Other Stories,' 'The Lost Silver of Briffault,' 'A Singer from the Sea,' 'The Lone House,' 'Scottish Sketches,' 'Bernicia,' 'A Rose of a Hundred Leaves,' 'Souls of Passage,' 'I, Thou, and the Other One,' 'Maids, Wives and Bachelors,' 'The Maid of Maiden's Lane,' 'The Lion's Whelp,' 'A Song of a Single Note,' 'The Black Shilling,' 'The Belle of Bowling Green,' 'Trinity Bells,' 'Cecelia's Lovers,' 'The Heart of Jessie Laurie,' 'Cluny McPhearson,' 'Prisoners of Conscience,' 'The Man Between,' and 'A Knight of the Nets.'

In all, the books from Mrs. Barr's pen number fifty-nine, and at the age of seventy-eight years she is busily at work on another. The demand for her writings is such that her publishers are compelled to keep a large majority of her stories in print, with a good supply constantly on hand.

Mrs. Barr considers that her life has been divided into three distinct epochs. Her early years, spent in the small and ancient church town in England, surrounded by a cultured, but self-sufficient society, an atmosphere of restraint and social traditions, constitute the first period. Next came the life in Texas, which she accounts the happiest in her existence. The residence in Austin she describes as charming, because of its men and women of education and refinement, kind of heart and generous of spirit. She remembers with fondness all the associations of the happy years spent there and her one regret is that she can never live them over again. In Galveston occurred her greatest bereavements and her first real struggles; but she remembers with deep gratitude the great-hearted sympathy of the Galveston people, who did everything possible to help her in her days of deep distress. The third period Mrs. Barr assigns to her

life in New York, where she wrote her first book and laid the foundation of a remarkably successful career.

The personality of Mrs. Barr is not distinctly English, though one recognizes her nationality after slight acquaintance. Her manner is that of the gentlewoman of the South. Her address is careful and impressive.

In the line of entertaining novelists of the period Mrs. Barr will most assuredly hold an honorable place. Her style cannot be termed artistic—nor is it artificial. She has undoubtedly taken advantage of much of the license of the novelist, the writer of fiction, but there is enough naturalness in her depiction of character to interest if not convince. There is great charm for readers in general in the directness of her style. Ordinary themes are dealt with in simple Saxon language, yet, at times, with considerable freightage of thought. When she touches the chords either of some gentle, familiar emotion or of some strong passion, it is a manner agreeable, if not compelling. There are also qualities of higher gift in much of her work—imagination, deep feeling, the power to realize the varying moods and aspects of nature. Such qualities are more than sufficient to counterbalance her chief fault—diffuseness.

Clara Driscoll Sevier

BUILDERS OF COMMONWEALTH

From 'Remember the Alamo.' Copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

After the ladies had retired, the doctor led his visitor into his study. He sat down silently and placed a chair for Houston. Both men hesitated for a moment to open the conversation. Worth, because he was treading on unknown ground; Houston, because he did not wish to force, even by a question, a resolution which he felt sure would come voluntarily.

The jar of tobacco stood between them, and they filled their pipes silently. Then Worth laid a letter upon the table, and said: "I understand from this, that my son Thomas thinks the time has come for decisive action."

"Thomas Worth is right. With such souls as his the foundation of the state must be laid."

"I am glad Thomas has taken the position he has; but you must remember, sir, that he is unmarried and unembarrassed by many circumstances which render decisive movement on my part a much more difficult thing. Yet no man now living has watched the Americanizing of Texas with the interest that I have."

"You have been long on the watch, sir."

"I was here when my countrymen came first, in little companies of five or ten men. I saw the party of twenty, who joined the priest Hidalgo in eighteen hundred and ten, when Mexico made her first attempt to throw off the Spanish yoke."

"An unsuccessful attempt."

"Yes. The next year I made a pretended professional journey to Chihuahua, to try and save their lives. I failed. They were shot with Hidalgo there."

"Yet the strife for liberty went on."

"It did. Two years afterward, Magee and Bernardo, with twelve hundred Americans, raised the standard of independence on the Trinity River. I saw them take this very city, though it was ably defended by Salcedo. They fought like heroes. I had many of the wounded in my house. I succored them with my purse."

"It was a great deed for a handful of men."

"The fame of it brought young Americans by hundreds here. To a man they joined the Mexican party struggling to free themselves from the tyranny of old Spain. I do not think any one of them received money. The love of freedom and the love of adventure were alike their motive and their reward."

"Mexico owed these men a debt she has forgotten."

"She forgot it very quickly. In the following year, though they had again defended San Antonio against the Spaniards, the Mexicans drove all the Americans out of the city their rifles had saved."

"You were here; tell me the true reason."

"It was not altogether ingratitude. It was the instinct of self-preservation. The very bravery of the Americans made the men whom they had defended hate and fear them; and there was a continual influx of young men from the States.

The Mexicans said to each other: 'There is no end to these Americans. Very soon they will make a quarrel and turn their arms again us. They do not conform to our customs, and they will not take an order from any officer but their own."

Houston smiled. "It is a way the Saxon race has," he said. "The old Britons made the same complaint of them. They went first to England to help the Britons fight the Romans, and they liked the country so well, they determined to stay there. If I remember rightly the old Britons had to let them do so."

"It is an old political situation. You can go back to Genesis and find Pharaoh arguing about the Jews in the same manner."

"What happened after this forcible expulsion of the American element from Texas?"

"Mexican independence was for a time abandoned, and the Spanish viceroys were more tyrannical than ever. But Americans still came, though they pursued different tactics. They bought land and settled on the great rivers. In eighteen twenty-one, Austin, with the permission of the Spanish viceroy in Mexico, introduced three hundred families."

"That was a step in the right direction; but I am astonished the viceroy sanctioned it."

"Apodoca, who was then viceroy, was a Spaniard of the proudest type. He had very much the same contempt for the Mexicans that an old English viceroy in New York had for the colonists he was sent to govern. I dare say any of them would have permitted three hundred German families to settle in some part of British America, as far from New York as Texas is from Mexico. I do not need to tell you that Austin's colonists are a band of choice spirits, hardy working men, trained in the district schools of New England and New York,—nearly every one of them a farmer or mechanic."

"They were the very material liberty needed. They have made homes."

"That is the truth. The fighters who preceded them owned nothing but their horses and their rifles. But these men brought with them their wives and their children, their civilization, their inborn love of freedom and national faith. They accepted the guarantee of the Spanish Government, and

they expected the Spanish Government to keep its promises."

"It did not."

"It had no opportunity. The colonists were hardly settled when the standard of revolt against Spain was again raised. Santa Anna took the field for a republican form of government, and once more a body of Americans, under the Tennesseean, Long, joined the Mexican army."

"I remember that well."

"In eighteen twenty-four, Santa Anna, Victoria and Bravo drove the Spaniards forever from Mexico, and then they promulgated the famous constitution of eighteen twenty-four. It was a noble constitution, purely democratic and federal, and the Texan colonists to a man gladly swore to obey it. The form was altogether elective, and what particularly pleased the American element was the fact that the local government of every state was left to itself."

Houston laughed heartily. "Do you know, Worth," he said, "State Rights is our political religion. The average American citizen would expect the Almighty to conform to a written constitution, and recognize the rights of mankind."

"I don't think he expects more than he gets, Houston. Where is there a grander constitution than is guaranteed to us in His Word; or one that more completely recognizes the rights of all humanity?"

"Thank you, Worth. I see that I have spoken better than I knew. I was sitting in the United States Congress, when this constitution passed, and very much occupied with the politics of Tennessee."

"I will not detain you with Mexican politics. It may be briefly said that for the last ten years there has been a constant fight between Pedraza, Guerrero, Bustamante and Santa Anna for the Presidency of Mexico. After so much war and misery the country is now ready to resign all the blessings the constitution of eighteen twenty-four promised her. For peace she is willing to have a dictator in Santa Anna."

"If Mexicans want a dictator let them bow now down to Santa Anna! But do you think the twenty thousand free-born Americans in Texas are going to have a dictator? They will have the constitution of eighteen twenty-four—or they will have independence, and make their own constitution!

"You know the men for whom you speak?"

"I have been up and down among them for two years. Just after I came to Texas I was elected to the convention which sent Stephen Austin to Mexico with a statement of our wrongs. Did we get any redress? No, sir! And as for poor Austin, is he not in the dungeons of the Inquisition? We have waited two years for an answer. Great heavens! Doctor, surely that is long enough!"

"Was this convention a body of any influence?"

"Influence! There were men there whose names will never be forgotten. They met in a log house; they wore buckskin and homespun; but I tell you, sir, they were debating the fate of unborn millions."

"Two years since Austin went to Mexico?"

"A two years' chapter of tyranny. In them Santa Anna has quite overthrown the republic of which we were a part. He has made himself dictator, and, because our authorities have protested against the change, they have been driven from office by a military force. I tell you, sir, the petty outrages everywhere perpetrated by petty officials have filled the cup of endurance. It is boiling over. Now, doctor, what are you going to do? Are you with us, or against us?"

"I have told you that I have been with my countrymen always—heart and soul with them."

The doctor spoke with some irritation, and Houston laid his closed hand hard upon the table to emphasize his reply:

"Heart and soul! Very good! But we want your body now. You must tuck your bowie-knife and your revolvers in your belt, and take your rifle in your hand, and be ready to help us drive the Mexican force out of this very city."

"When it comes to that I shall be no laggard."

But he was deathly pale, for he was suffering as men suffer who feel the sweet bonds of wife and children and home, and dread the rending of them apart. In a moment, however, the soul behind his white face made it visibly luminous. "Houston," he said, "whenever the cause of freedom needs me, I am ready. I shall want no second call. But is it not possible, that even yet—"

"It is impossible to avert what is already here. Within a few days, perhaps to-morrow, you will hear the publication of

an edict from Santa Anna, ordering every American to give up his arms."

"What! Give up our arms! No, no, by Heavens! I will die fighting for mine, rather."

"Exactly. That is how every white man in Texas feels about it. And if such a wonder as a coward existed among them, he understands that he may as well die fighting Mexicans, as die of hunger or be scalped by Indians. A large proportion of the colonists depend on their rifles for their daily food. All of them know that they must defend their own homes from the Comanche, or see them perish. Now, do you imagine that Americans will obey any such order? By all the great men of seventeen seventy-five, if they did, I would go over to the Mexicans and help them to wipe the degenerate cowards out of existence!"

He rose as he spoke; he looked like a flame, and his words cut like a sword. Worth caught fire at his vehemence and passion. He clasped his hands in sympathy as he walked with him to the door. They stood silently together for a moment on the threshold, gazing into the night. Over the glorious land the full moon hung enamoured. Into the sweet, warm air mocking birds were pouring low, broken songs of ineffable melody. The white city in the mystical light looked like an enchanted city. It was so still that the very houses looked asleep.

"It is a beautiful land," said the doctor.

"It is worthy of freedom," answered Houston. Then he went with long swinging steps down the garden, and into the shadows beyond, and Worth turned in and closed the door.

He had been watching for this very hour for twenty years; and yet he found himself wholly unprepared for it. Like one led by confused and uncertain thoughts, he went about the room mechanically locking up his papers, and the surgical instruments he valued so highly. As he did so he perceived the book he had been reading when Houston entered. It was lying open where he had laid it down. A singular smile flitted over his face. He lifted it and carried it closer to the light. It was his college Cicero.

"I was nineteen years old when I marked that passage," he said; "and I do not think I have ever read it since, until

to-night. I was reading it when Houston came into the room. Is it a message, I wonder?—

" 'But when thou considerest everything carefully and thoughtfully; of all societies none is of more importance, none more dear, than that which unites us with the commonwealth. Our parents, children, relations and neighbors are dear, but our fatherland embraces the whole round of these endearments. In its defence, who would not dare to die, if only he could assist it?' "

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO

From 'Remember the Alamo.' Copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

Santa Anna entered San Antonio on Tuesday the twenty-third of February, 1836, and by the twenty-seventh the siege had become a very close one. Entrenched encampments encircled the doomed men in the Alamo, and from dawn to sunset the bombardment went on. The tumult of the fight—the hurrying in and out of the city—the clashing of church bells between the booming of cannon—these things the Señora and her daughters could hear and see; but all else was for twelve days mere surmise. But only one surmise was possible, when it was known that the little band of defiant heroes were fighting twenty times their own number—that no help could come to them—that the Mexicans were cutting off their water, and that their provisions were getting very low. The face of Ortiz grew constantly more gloomy, and yet there was something of triumph in his tone as he told the miserably anxious women with what desperate valor the Americans were fighting; and how fatally every one of their shots told.

On Saturday night, the fifth of March, he called Antonia aside, and said, "My Señorita, you have a great heart, and so I speak to you. The end is close. To-day the Mexicans succeeded in getting a large cannon within gunshot of the Alamo, just where it is weakest. Señor Captain Crockett has stood on the roof all day, and as the gunners have advanced to fire he has shot them down. A group of Americans were around him; they loaded rifles and passed them to him as quickly as he could fire them. Santa Anna was in a fury past believing. He

swore then 'by every saint in heaven or hell' to enter the Alamo to-morrow. Señor Navarro says he is raging like a tiger, and that none of his officers dare approach him. The Señor bade me tell you that to-morrow night he will be here to escort you to Gonzales; for no American will his fury spare; he knows neither sex nor age in his passions. And when the Alamo falls, the soldiers will spread themselves around for plunder, or shelter, and this empty house is sure to attract them. The Señorita sees with her own intelligence how things must take place."

"I understand, Captain. Will you go with us?"

"I will have the Jersey wagon ready at midnight. I know the horses. Before sun-up we shall have made many miles."

That night as Antonia and her sister sat in the dark together, Antonia said: "Isabel, to-morrow the Alamo will fall. There is no hope for the poor, brave souls there. Then Santa Anna will kill every American."

"Oh, dear Antonia, what is to become of us? We shall have no home, nothing to eat, nowhere to sleep. I think we shall die. Also, there is *mi madre*. How I do pity her!"

"She is to be your care, Isabel. I shall rely on you to comfort and manage her. I will attend to all else. We are going to our father, and Thomas—and Luis."

"Yes, and after all I am very tired of this dreadful life. It is a kind of convent. One is buried alive here, and still not safe. Do you really imagine that Luis is with my father and Thomas?"

"I feel sure of it."

"What a great enjoyment it will be for me to see him again!"

"And how delighted he will be! And as it is necessary that we go, Isabel, we must make the best of the necessity. Try and get *mi madre* to feel this."

"I can do that with a few words, and tears, and kisses. *Mi madre* is like one's good angel—very easy to persuade."

"And now we must try and sleep, *queridita*."

"Are you sure there is no danger to-night, Antonia?"

"Not to-night. Say your prayer, and sleep in God's presence. There is yet nothing to fear. Ortiz and Lopez Navarro are watching every movement."

But at three o'clock in the morning, the quiet of their rest was broken by sharp bugle calls. The stars were yet in the sky, and all was so still that they thrilled the air like something unearthly. Antonia started up, and ran to the roof. Bugle was answering bugle; and their tones were imperative and cruel, as if they were blown by evil spirits. It was impossible to avoid the feeling that the call was a *predestined* summons, full of the notes of calamity. She was weighed down by this sorrowful presentiment, because, as yet, neither experience nor years had taught her that *predestined ills are never lost.*

The unseen moving multitudes troubled the atmosphere between them. In wild, savage gusts, she heard the military bands playing the infamous Dequelo, whose notes of blood and fire commingled, shrieked in every ear—"*No quarter! No quarter!*" A prolonged shout, the booming of cannon, an awful murmurous tumult, a sense of horror, of crash and conflict, answered the merciless, frenzied notes, and drowned them in the shrieks and curses they called for.

It was yet scarcely dawn. Her soul, moved by influences so various and so awful, became almost rebellious. Why did God permit such cruelties? Did He know? Would He allow a handful of men to be overpowered by numbers? Being omnipotent, would He not in some way, at least, make the fight equal? The instinct of her Anglo-American nature revolted at the unfairness of the struggle. Even her ejaculations to heaven were in this spirit. "It is so unjust," she murmured; "surely the Lord of Hosts will prevent a fight which must be a massacre."

As she went about the simple preparations for their breakfast she wept continuously—tears of indignation and sorrow—tears coming from the strength of feeling, rather than its weakness. The Señora could eat nothing. Isabel was white with terror. They wandered from window to window in the last extremity of anxiety.

About seven o'clock they saw Ortiz pass the house. There were so many people on the road he could not find an opportunity to enter for some time. He had been in the city all night. He had watched the movement of the troops in the starlight. As he drank a cup of chocolate, he said:

"It was just three o'clock, Señorita, when the Matamoras

battalion was moved forward. General Cos supported it with two thousand men."

"But General Cos was paroled by these same Americans who are now in the Alamo; and his life was spared on condition that he would not bear arms against them again."

"It is but one lie, one infamy more. When I left the city about four thousand men were attacking the Alamo. The infantry, in columns, were driven up to the walls by the cavalry which surrounded them."

"The Americans! Is there any hope for them?"

"The mercy of God remains, Señorita. That is all. The Alamo is not as the everlasting hills. What men have made, men can also destroy. Señor Navarro is in the church praying for the souls that are passing every moment."

"He ought to have been fighting. To help the living is better than to pray for the dead."

"Permit me to assure you, Señorita Antonia, that no man has done more for the living. In time of war, there must be many kinds of soldiers. Señor Navarro has given nearly all that he possesses for the hope of freedom. He has done secret service of incalculable value."

"Secret service! I prefer those who have the courage of their convictions, and who stand by them publicly."

"This is to be considered, Señorita; the man who can be silent can also speak when the day for speaking arrives." No one opposed this statement. It did not seem worth while to discuss opinions, while the terrible facts of the position were appealing to every sense.

As the day went on, the conflict evidently became closer and fiercer. Ortiz went back to the city, and the three lonely women knelt upon the house-top, listening in terror to the tumult of the battle. About noon the firing ceased, and an awful silence—a silence that made the ears ache to be relieved of it—followed.

"All is over!" moaned Antonia, and she covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly. Isabel had already exhausted tears. The Señora, with her crucifix in her hand, was praying for the poor unfortunates dying without prayer.

During the afternoon, smoke and flame, and strange and sickening odors were blown northward of the city, and for

some time it seemed probable that a great conflagration would follow the battle. How they longed for some one to come! The utmost of their calamity would be better than the intolerable suspense. But hour after hour went past, and not even Ortiz arrived. They began to fear that both he and Navarro had been discovered in some disloyalty and slain, and Antonia was heart-sick when she considered the helplessness of their situation.

Still, in accordance with Navarro's instructions, they dressed for the contemplated journey, and sat in the dark, anxiously listening for footsteps. About eleven o'clock Navarro and Ortiz came together. Ortiz went for the horses, and Navarro sat down beside the Señora. She asked him, in a low voice, what had taken place, and he answered:

"Everything dreadful, everything cruel, and monstrous, and inhuman! Among the angels in heaven there is sorrow and anger this night." His voice had in it all the pathos of tears, but tears mingled with a burning indignation.

"The Alamo has fallen!"

"Señorita Antonia, I would give my soul to undo this day's work. It is a disgrace to Mexico which centuries cannot wipe out."

"The Americans?"

"Are all with the Merciful Ones."

"Not one saved?"

"Not one."

"Impossible!"

"I will tell you. It is right to tell the whole world such an infamy. If I had little children I would take them on my knee and teach them the story. I heard it from the lips of one wet-shod with their blood, dripping crimson from the battle—my own cousin, Xavier. He was with General Castrillon's division. They began their attack at four in the morning, and after two hours' desperate fighting succeeded in reaching a courtyard of the Alamo.

"They found the windows and doors barricaded with bags of earth. Behind these the Americans fought hand to hand with despairing valor. Ramires, Siesma and Batres led the columns, and Santa Anna gave the signal of battle from a battery near the bridge. When the second charge was driven

back, he became furious. He put himself in front of the men, and with shouts and oaths led them to the third charge. Xavier said that he inspired them with his own frenzy. They reached the foot of the wall, and the ladders were placed in position. The officers fell to the rear and forced the men to ascend them. As they reached the top they were stabbed, and the ladders overturned. Over, and over, and over again these attempts were made, until the garrison in the Alamo were exhausted with the struggle."

Navarro paused a few minutes, overpowered by his emotions. No one spoke. He could see Antonia's face, white as a spirit's in the dim light, and he knew that Isabel was weeping and that the Señora had taken his hand.

"At last, at the hour of ten, the outer wall was gained. Then, room by room was taken with slaughter incredible. There were fourteen Americans in the hospital. They fired their rifles and pistols from their pallets with such deadly aim that Milagros turned a cannon shotted with grape and canister upon them. They were blown to pieces, but at the entrance of the door they left forty dead Mexicans."

"Ah Señor, Señor! tell me no more. My heart can not endure it."

"*Mi madre*," answered Isabel, "we must hear it all. Without it, one cannot learn to hate Santa Anna sufficiently;" and her small, white teeth snapped savagely, as she touched the hand of Lopez with an imperative "Proceed."

"Colonel Bowie was helpless in bed. Two Mexican officers fired at him, and one ran forward to stab him ere he died. The dying man caught his murderer by the hair of his head, and plunged his knife into his heart. They went to judgment at the same moment."

"I am glad of it! Glad of it! The American would say to the Almighty: 'Thou gavest me life, and Thou gavest me freedom; freedom, that is the nobler gift of the two. This man robbed me of both.' And God is just. The Judge of the whole earth will do right."

"At noon, only six of the one hundred and eighty-three were left alive. They were surrounded by Castrillon and his soldiers. Xavier says his general was penetrated with admiration for these heroes. He spoke sympathizingly to Crockett,

who stood in an angle of the fort, with his shattered rifle in his right hand, and his massive knife, dripping with blood, in his left. His face was gashed, his white hair crimson with blood; but a score of dead Mexicans were around him. At his side was Travis, but so exhausted that he was scarcely alive.

"Castrillon could not kill these heroes. He asked their lives of Santa Anna, who stood with a scowling, savage face, in this last citadel of his foes. For answer, he turned to the men around him, and said, with a malignant emphasis: *'Fire!'* It was the last volley. Of the defenders of the Alamo, not one is left."

A solemn silence followed. For a few minutes it was painful in its intensity. Isabel broke it. She spoke in a whisper, but her voice was full of intense feeling. "I wish indeed the whole city had been burnt up. There was a fire this afternoon; I would be glad if it were burning yet."

"May God pardon us all, Señorita! That was a fire which does not go out. It will burn for ages. I will explain myself. Santa Anna had the dead Americans put into ox-wagons, and carried to an open field outside of the city. There they were burnt to the ashes. The glorious pile was still casting lurid flashes and shadows as I passed it."

"I will hear no more! I will hear no more!" cried the Señora. "And I will go away from here. Ah, Señor, why do you not make haste? In a few hours we shall have daylight again. I am in a terror. Where is Ortiz?"

"The horses are not caught in a five minutes, Señora. But listen, there is the roll of the wagon on the flagged court. All, then, is ready. Señora, show now that you are of a noble house, and in this hour of adversity be brave, as the Flores have always been."

She was pleased by the entreaty, and took his arm with a composure which, though assumed, was a sort of strength. She entered the wagon with her daughters, and uttered no word of complaint. Then Navarro locked the gate, and took his seat beside Ortiz. The prairie turf deadened the beat of their horses' hoofs; they went at a flying pace, and when the first pallid light of morning touched the East, they had left San Antonio far behind and were nearing the beautiful banks of the Cibolo.

JAMES NEWTON BASKETT

[1849—]

WALTER WILLIAMS

JAMES NEWTON BASKETT, scientist, novelist, naturalist, and historian, was born in Nicholas County, Kentucky, November 1, 1849. Three brothers of the Baskett name and of Cromwell's puritanical English stock had at an early day emigrated to Virginia for their new home. Later, one branch from these removed yet farther westward, following Daniel Boone. Of this line one pioneer went on to Nicholas County, Kentucky, where William Baskett was born. He and his wife, Nancy Maffitt Baskett, reared for their only child, James Newton Baskett. When the son was at the age of seven years, in 1856, the Baskett family pushed farther westward, still along the line of the Kentucky migration to Missouri, and made their home, first in Callaway County, and the following autumn in Audrain County, where, eight miles from the country town of Mexico, the elder Baskett bought a farm. For eight years the lad alternately toiled on the farm and attended the country schools. When the war between the states had closed, the Baskett family, in 1865, made their home in Mexico, Missouri, that their only child might have the better advantages of town schools. In 1868 the son was sent to the State University of Missouri at Columbia. The ill health and death of his father caused his retirement from the University in 1869, but the following year he again returned and was graduated from the University in June, 1872, with the degree of Ph.B. Later the University conferred upon Mr. Baskett the degree of M.A., not in consideration of his work in college, under the direction of trained teachers, but in the field and in business pursuits, where, spurred on by inherited love for discovery, Mr. Baskett's larger education was secured.

The active and varied career of Mr. Baskett gave foundation and background for his several literary and scientific accomplishments. He is by early profession an engineer. His specialty was the construction of iron bridges. Turning to business, he served as assistant to the clerk of the county court, made the first books of abstracts of titles for Audrain County, and was county surveyor for four years. His health failing, and fearing tuberculosis, he went to Colorado. Here he was for some time in Denver assistant city engineer. In

1882 he was again in Mexico, Missouri, which has since been his home. His health was restored but, lest there come a relapse, he did not again engage in business pursuits.

While on outings in the Rocky Mountains, Mr. Baskett, always a student, began, for his own entertainment, consideration of the new species of plants and animals around him, different from those which he had known and studied as a boy in central Missouri. This was the real beginning of his attainments as a naturalist. A casual letter, published in the *Detroit Free Press,* suggested that he give to the world the fruits of his investigation. He wrote for the *Youth's Companion* and various newspaper syndicates a series of articles on natural history topics, and again in 1890 he visited the Rocky Mountains as correspondent for several newspapers. The *Cleveland Leader* and the *St. Louis Republic* published a series of some forty articles on birds by Mr. Baskett. The American Ornithologists' Union elected him, by special solicitation, to membership. A paper upon "Some Hints at the Kinship of Birds as Shown by their Eggs," read by him in 1893 before the World's Congress of Ornithologists at Chicago, was favorably commented upon by the *London Zoölogist.* He was the first to call attention to the hybrid song of the eastern and western meadow larks, showing the intergradation of the sub-species.

Mr. Baskett's first volume soon followed. D. Appleton and Company, determining to issue a series of Home-Reading Stories under the editorship of Mr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, asked Mr. Baskett to write the initial volume, 'The Story of the Birds.' The publication gave Mr. Baskett immediate place as a biologist. Dr. Coues, the veteran ornithological author, Prof. Robert Ridgeway, of the Smithsonian Institution, Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum, New York, and Witmar Stone of the Philadelphia Academy, wrote approvingly of the book; and Dr. Coues reviewed it with high appreciation in the New York *Nation.* Subsequently the editor and publishers asked Mr. Baskett to write other volumes in this important series, and there followed 'The Story of the Fishes,' and 'The Story of the Reptiles and Amphibians.' Thus came Mr. Baskett into the first circle of writers upon natural history, not only in America but in Europe.

Nor is Mr. Baskett less well-known as a novelist and a writer of nature stories. He became a novelist inadvertently. It was on this wise that he entered the field of fiction: The Macmillan Company, after the first of Mr. Baskett's books had appeared, asked him to write a nature book for them, through which should run a slender story just sufficient to attract and hold the reader's interest. He wrote 'At You-All's House,' with a series of light scenes laid in

Missouri, at his very door. The publishers, contrary to the author's expectations, rejected it as a nature story, but offered to publish it as a novel. With slight emendations it was so issued and Mr. Baskett found himself suddenly famous as a fiction writer. The story was widely praised. The English critics were especially kind. "What Mr. Page has done for Virginia, Miss Murfree for Tennessee, Mr. Allen for Kentucky," wrote the New York *Outlook*, "Mr. Baskett is doing for Central Missouri." Another novel was asked for by the publishers. 'As the Light Led,' written in Alabama, was published in 1900, the scene also laid in Missouri in the stormy times of theological debates. In 1902 a third novel, 'Sweetbrier and Thistledown,' a sequel to the first, though of independent plot, was published by a Boston firm, W. A. Wilde and Company, who specially solicited the book, under a proffer of advanced royalty. He has in manuscript a more ambitious story than any of these, with Missouri characters—the scenes laid largely at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Mr. Baskett's later studies have added historical research as a field for his literary activities. He has made notable contributions to the study of the early Spanish explorations in the Mississippi Valley and the Southwest. His "Study of the Route of Cabeza de Vaca," published by the Texas State Historical Association, has settled some mooted questions, and he has written a book upon the route of Coronado, establishing some points and correcting some errors of translation. Upon these and sundry natural history topics he has been invited to lecture before universities and historical associations. In editing the original notes of Lewis and Clark, Mr. R. G. Thwaites invited him to collaborate. He has been a critical student of the Lewis and Clark Expedition and by invitation delivered the address on Lewis, when the Reunion of the Lewis families was held at the World's Fair in St. Louis.

On the 17th of February, 1874, Mr. Baskett at Troy, Lincoln County, Missouri, married Miss Jeanie Morrison. They have two children, Cecil Morrison Baskett, editor of the *Mexico Intelligencer*, and Howard Gordon Baskett, stock-raiser. Mr. Baskett has been prominent in Sunday school work and is a layman in the Southern Methodist Church. He affiliates with the Democratic party, but has never sought political preferment.

Perhaps Mr. Baskett's writings may be best characterized as in the broadest sense descriptive. Whatever subject he has considered, birds or Spanish explorations, Central Missouri farm lands or mountain mammals, rural society, sectarian differences or engineering problems,—he has made clear and illuminating his picturing. The very name of his first novel 'At You-All's House,' is an idiom of the section which the book faithfully portrays. The title suggests

the story, homely, strong, and near to Nature. The volume is a prose-poem. As though a kindly gentleman, gifted with fluency of speech, of apt, smooth phrase and low, soft voice, sat upon his veranda in the twilight of a June evening and told the story of the neighborhood, of the dwellers in the house across the road and in the big town yonder, thus read the novels. They are in simple style; the English sparkles, but there is a familiar touch which indicates that the author speaks of what he knows.

Mr. Baskett's science stories are popular presentations of biology. They bring difficult questions within the ken of ordinary folk. His historical essays are serious and, as becomes their subjects, severely accurate. In his three novels, however, Mr. Baskett shows his largest powers. The promise of 'At You-All's House' was amply fulfilled in 'As the Light Led,' with its descriptions of church districts and its fine portrayal of a college town, and again in 'Sweetbrier and Thistledown.' The love stories which Mr. Baskett employs are done with a welcome wholesomeness. They are not problem novels, but sweet, sane stories, charged with the fascinating flavor of country air. They are landscapes done in subdued but accurate colors. One sees figures move across the pictured landscape. Having watched these figures pass and repass and finally disappear, one is awakened to the realization that it is a beautiful landscape albeit a simple, homely one, and that this work of literary art is but Nature described in fitting phrase and color by a painter who knows Nature, and has the vision and the skill to be interpreter as well as painter.

WITH GUN AND DOG

From 'At You-All's House.' Copyright by The Macmillan Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

With wide detours, in a gentle lope, old Pont was throwing himself across the stubble-fields, back and forth, back and forth, his nose aloft in the mere tilt of motion like a rocking boat. Back and forth, from left to right, from right to left, against the gentle breeze, past the meadow, through the millet patch, now creeping here to trail, now rearing high there to reach above the weeds, to "wind," went the old dog at his "work." Sometimes in ragweed stretches he could not be

seen, but was located only by the shaking weeds or by the drab cloud which the wings of the flying grasshoppers made above him. At last he slowed a little, and began to walk and sniff audibly upon a little tongue of old meadow that ran farther on yet. He lifted his nose here and, snorting the weed-pollen out, put it down again into another depression in the grass.

"The old dog is slowing up," said Arthur. "Guess he's tired."

"Yes," said the boy simply, in answer to the sound of Linton's voice, not to his words. "Been sumpthin' walkin' through the wool-grass since I was erlong here this mornin';" and he traced with his toe a little path as if you had drawn your closed fist along the ground.

"Look at the dog, McBride! Why doesn't he go on, you reckon? He's running round and round—and now he's stopped."

Pont was standing with one foot lifted and his nose held high, and in his eyes was a far-away gaze beyond the fence, as if over there was all that a dog could ever hope. It seemed as if his very soul were lifted.

"They're over there," said Shan, pointing toward the pasture with his gun.

"And can he see them?" asked the engineer.

"Nuh—don't talk ser much."

And, as they crept up to the fence that lay between the fields and the "back-pasture forty," the dog zigzagged a little this way and that, and, in a low crouch, became as rigid as a statue, with a fixed stare directly through the rails.

"Hold, Pont. Git over easy, Linton, and cock your gun. Hold, Pont! Steady! Now wait er moment 'till I git over. Don't move. Steady, Pont."

Like a cat creeping on its prey, the boy scaled the tall fence without a sound.

"Been here, sure," he whispered. "See that waller and that feather in ther dust."

He turned and motioned to the stiffened dog a time or two before he could induce him to move.

Presently Pont sprang to a large opening beneath the lower rider, but hung there like a cat, and wrinkling his nose a little this way and that, took a set gaze down almost at Linton's feet.

"Why, what's the matter with the dog, Shan? Is he fast? Why, the hole is large, and—"

"Floo-oo-oo-oo-oop!"

"Shoot, man!" shouted the boy, and instantly there was an explosion and a fence stake over Shan's head flew into splinters, but the bird went on in another direction, till a shot from the boy dropped it far out in the grass.

"Slip in another shell," said Shan, "and turn around a little," as he glanced up at the stake. "Come, Pont."

The dog struck the ground in a crouching point again—moved up a few feet, and lay down with his tongue out, but otherwise rigid.

"Is—is your dog sick?" asked Linton in an undertone, looking alarmingly at Shan.

"Yes, got a bird-fit. Look that way and scuffle your feet a little."

"Whir-r-r-r-up!"

"Don't hurry—now take him!"

But in spite of pains the engineer missed again, and the boy's right again brought down the bird, and his left caught another close in, while a third got away.

In an instant Shan had his shells in and stood as rigid as the pointer in the expectation of what was sure to come. When Pont lay down, his master knew that meant many birds. He simply clucked to the dog, who moved cautiously up as if he were stepping on thorns, and then two birds more were up and down again almost at the boy's feet. Then they began to straggle up all round, too fast for courtesy, and Shan dropped them right and left, over him and behind him; for Linton, after another miss, came rushing up excitedly and thrust his loaded gun into Shan's hands and took the empty one and loaded it, and exchanged again and again till all the birds were gone.

Quickly the dog sprang in, for his keen nose had told him that all were flushed.

"I'll bring in the birds, anyway," said Linton, "if I can't—"

"But what's the dog fer?" said Shan.

And he went back and glanced up ruefully at the fence stake (for it was the one he had pitted against old Sal's roguish ways in the spring) while the dog piled the dead grouse at his feet.

"Some got away," said Linton, "and—"

"Some didn't," said Shan, curtly. "Where'd they go?"

"That way," said Linton, nodding.

"Yes, but where?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was watching you shoot. Prettiest thing I ever saw. Seemed to rain birds for a while. How did you learn how?"

"By keepin' at it and shootin' at the birds only," replied the boy, glancing at the stake again.

"Why, man, I'd rather be able to do that as you do it than to bridge Niagara."

"Come on, then," said the boy, leading off. "Hie on, Pont!"

Back and forth, right and left, went the old dog again, with lolling tongue now, and the slabber rolling from his mouth in the hot August sun. This way and that, that easy rocking gallop—that broad deep muzzle seeking the faintest breeze. Once he stopped dead still—moved cautiously up, and a little brown, streaked swamp-sparrow flew out of a tuft of grass.

Shan called it a "stinkbird," with a hunter's contempt for anything not game that balks his dog.

Again, a meadow-lark had walked across the route, and Pont turned a moment on the false trail, till it fluttered up with a scolding twitter, flirting its tail and wings in a jerky flight.

With a disgusted look the dog again began his windward search, and then anon he shut his mouth with a snap and swallowed his saliva with a gulp. Farther on, he came down to a trot directly forward—the nose held high—then a walk, the head dropped a little—then the shoulder-blades began to show above the back, the tail ceased to wag, and there was a low cunning cat-like, muscular sneak with the breast sweeping the grass.

Suddenly the dog turned his head almost back, till he crouched and stood in a half-moon, cataleptic in a backward point. With his nose full of others farther on, he had almost passed a bird.

"Keep cool now and take this one when he gets up," said Shan. "I'll kick him out fer you. Now. *Now!* Why, what's ther matter?" (Bang! from his own gun).

"Oh, you didn't have your gun cocked. Well, no, that

gun's not a self-cocker. The locks only rebound half-way."

"I'd like to see you miss once," said Linton, laughing. "Can you do it?"

"Wait till we get ter shootin' quails in the brush. On, Pont."

Farther on Linton shot in with Shan, and the boy swore that the bird was the engineer's. He knew it was. He "wasn't holdin' on," and the pleased expression in Linton's face paid him well for his white lie—and made him resolve never to tell him about the stake.

"We can't go over there," said Shan. "Old Jones would die; but he'd swear first that we shot a cow apiece. They don't like us and won't let me shoot on their place, but I've seen him and the boys over on our place drivin' the game over cross the line so's they could shoot 'em on their own land with er good conscience. Er man's conscience is er funny thing, ain't it? But wait, we'll get 'em. Let's go to the pond and rest. Pont's got ter have er bath and er drink."

But while Shan rested on the grass and Pont lay in the water, Linton crept down the swale to the "mad lane" of double fences between the "McBrides and Joneses," and found what he had been hunting for, some primitive prairie flowers preserved from hoof and share between the double fences. Here were yet the splendors of the virgin prairie, and he thanked his stars that something good of peace and preservation should come out of this glaring evil.

Back once in a middle western state he noticed that a certain railroad had put in double cattle-guards between *all* the farms, whether there was a lane there or not—a shameful public commentary upon the instability of human friendships. He wondered if the C. and D. had better not adopt this plan, when it fenced its right-of-way.

Then he recalled how in the fenced right-of-ways he had seen some of the strange wild-flowers abloom in the early spring as he came out,—the creamy indigo plant, the "shooting star" or American cowslip, the pretty spiderworts and many other beauties, now long since almost extinct upon the pastured prairies. It was a queer grip that the untrodden past had here upon the very progressive present.

He strolled back and found the boy asleep in the shade, and

Pont, refreshed, lying near him. The shadows were getting very long now. Linton awoke Shan and asked him where that strange weird bird note was, which he heard somewhere, he could not tell just where.

"Can you tell how far away it is, McBride?"

"No, but I know what it is and where it will be," he said. "It is the young prairie chickens runnin' back."

"Back where?"

"Back to where we first found 'em. We'll go by there after a while, when they git gethered up, and git some more of 'em."

He lay back again. The dog pricked his ears at the calls, and Linton listened.

"Why, McBride, that's musical, listen! Talk about there being no syrinx in the birds below the perchers. I don't care if that grouse hasn't four pairs of song muscles, as the bird men say, there is melody and almost tears too in that plaintive homesick whistle. We killed the mother, too, didn't we? And there are those innocent orphans running back to that place of slaughter."

He listened longer while the boy dozed. The plaintive whistles softened all the hunter out of him. He shook the sleeper, and said:—

"Say, Shan, let's leave them alone. I don't want to kill any more. You've done well and we've got enough. I haven't the heart to risk even one of my shots among them. Listen as they get closer together! Why, there are wails and sobs, and broken-hearted love, and home desecrated, in that orphan cry. Let's go home."

And they arose and walked to the house, calling Pont off many a trail and scent as they passed near the rendezvous of the grouse.

CRADLE IN THE RUSHES

From 'Sweetbrier and Thistledown.' Copyright by W. A. Wilde Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

"This is er little world by itself right here, as any small swamp may be," he began again seriously. "Sometimes I steal out here, hide merself, and set erwhile and watch, and I see ser much that I feel that I've travelled in er new country, and er better one than usual. Ther swamp blackbird lifts his red-spotted wing so lordly, and says 'purty, see?' and his wives, ser plain and speckled, go erbout their work ser busily and contentedly; ther water-birds tend ter their affairs ser easily and noiselessly, and ther little marsh-wren and others sing ser gladly and safely here 'bove ther waters, that it seems er little country goin' on in God's way somehow in there, and I love it, and it helps me. I've seen things here you'd hardly believe, if I'd tell yer of 'em, and—See! see! Look there by the reeds shakin'! See that bird swimmin'! What's that on her back? Ain't there something?" he whispered.

"Little ones," cautiously answered Elsie; "where are they going?"

"Goin' ter safety, if she can get 'em there—away from us. We come on her sorter sudden."

"Oh, isn't that just splendid! She's just like a little boat. What is she?"

"Nothin' but er common hell-diver."

"Gracious, what a name! Why—"

"Clap yer hands tergether loud."

In her enthusiasm the girl did this with a sounding smack, whereat the water splashed up suddenly, and the mother-bird disappeared, while the little ones floated aimlessly about.

"Pshaw! She's gone. Where is she, do you guess?"

"She-ee-ee-e! Listen!—Do yer hear that little 'cheep'?—that's her!—she's right there!—See anything that looks like er pencil pint near them little fellers?—Eh?"

"I think I do," whispered Elsie. "Yes, yes. I saw it move."

"That's her bill. She's talkin' to her babies through her nose. She's tellin' 'em to huddle up close together. See 'em

bunch!—Look at that!—Don't bat yer eye!—Look o-u-t!—Look ou-t!—There!"

A great spray of water flashed in the sun, a very distinct splashing sound was heard, as if something struck the surface, and there was nothing left but a little swirl.

"Well, I never!" said Elsie.

"No, nur yer never will ergen, perhaps. Seen it only once-t before merself."

"Why! why! where did they go?" she asked wild-eyed.

"I jest don't know exactly, but I guess they're poppin' up like corks, safe som'ers away out 'mong ther bushes there, whur we can't see 'em, even, and they dived there under ther mother's wings."

"But what happened, Papa Shan?"

"Well, after ther little fellers bunched, she jest riz and throwed both wings over 'em, and dove with 'em, and that wuz ther last of it."

"But I couldn't see her as she did it. I just saw a flash."

"That's why she's called er hell-diver. Feller comes erlong with er gun and shoots at her, and she dives before his shot gits there, cause she's got er heap of git-there herself. Then when he finds he can't do nothin' else to her, he calls her er bad name, and goes home. You've seen that kinder people. I wuz one er them fools once-t, who wasted ammunition on her when I didn't have sense ernough ter know her from er duck."

"I don't see why any one should want to harm such a creature. She has more sense than some persons."

"Lots er dumb creatures got that. No, I never shot at her after I saw her do this trick. When her little fellers is first hatched they don't seem ter know how ter dive,—ur at least when ter,—and she has ter teach 'em. If we had crowded her closer at first, she'd bunched 'em then with er whisper and pushed 'em gently under, but they can't go very fur in that way, so she told 'em ter git up on her back, and you orter see her sorter stoop in ther water as they crawl."

"As you stooped for me this morning," she broke in, her face showing her gratitude.

"At your hand-clap," he went on, as if nothing had been said, "she dodged without thinking, fer her dodge is er dive, you know. I've often seen her and some others of her kind—

fer there are several sort of 'em—swimmin' off with their family on their backs, lookin' jest like little ships, and—"

"You were right; but this one, I'm glad to say, 'passed' in the day."

"She builds her nest sorter like she does other things. She dives and grabs half-rotted reeds and things, and bringin' them ter ther surface, piles 'em on ther stems of reeds growin' in ther water, makin' er sorter anchored, floatin' island, which sways with ther wind and rises with ther tide, ur other water which comes and goes. On this she lays her eggs, and covers 'em by day, so's if you pass you'd not see 'em and wouldn't know ther nest wuz there, but at night she uncovers 'em, and sets on 'em, till they hatch. To feed her young she dives ter ther bottom and brings up food, and they all set in er row on somethin', and take turns at ther goodies. You jest orter see that once-t."

"I'd like to. Any other birds like her about here?"

"Well, ther rails is sorter cousins of hers, but they nest on ther bank, and—"

"Lay zigzag," she said smiling.

"No, but they run that way, havin' little roads like mice and rabbits sometimes, as I said. But they don't need er road 'cause they're so thin they can go nearly anywhur. When you hear somebody say another is as thin as er rail, they don't mean er fence rail at all, but this kind er bird that I'm talkin' erbout, which is as flat edgewise as your hand."

"And my single-tree is away back, isn't it?" said Elsie.

"Well, fer er little while only, yes. Ther hell-diver is properly er grebe—'pied-billed grebe' in ther books, but books don't tell yer everything."

"I never felt that so till to-day."

"But they help mightily, I tell yer. They ain't ter be sneezed at. Wisht I had er little more of 'em. It's kinder well ter combine books and experience by thinkin' and keepin' yer eyes open. Tom he wuz studyin' er little Latin, and this swimmin' mother kinder reminds me of somethin' he said once-t.

"Durin' ther late war we talked er heap 'bout our navy, and Tom said ther word wuz from er Latin word meanin' er ship."

"*Navis,* said Elsie, much interested.

"That's it—that's jest it! He said 'twuz from two other Latin words,—one of 'em meanin' er bird, and—"

"*Avis?*" said Elsie, inquiringly.

"Ther very thing! Golly, you're way up some in these things, too, ain't yer? How yer would like Tom! and I'll want ter knock him in ther head if he don't like *you*. He's way up in stems, like er field-mouse, and way down in roots, like er wood-grub. Well, as I wuz sayin', Tom says there's 'nuther little word,—Latin word,—sorter short feller—meanin' ter swim—"

"*No?*" said Elsie, dubiously.

"Yes, he did. Let's see! He said't had some sorter parts to it, kinder varied ter suit ther time er year yer took yer bath er ther mood yer done it in."

"*No!*" said Elsie, positively.

"Oh, but he did. I'm not jokin'."

"I mean the word was *No,* Papa Shan. *No, nare, navi,* and so on."

"Dogged if it wuzn't somethin' like that. 'Tany rate ther stem of it wuz jest *n.*"

"That's it."

"And when yer put that before the other word, *avis,* you had—"

"*Navis,*" said Elsie, "a swimming bird!" her eyes dancing.

"Sorter purty ain't it, after we've jest seen ther little livin' bird-boat? Kinder poem in er word, and if it's true, kinder hist'ry, too. They say ther ancients built their boats in ther shape of er swimmin' swan."

Elsie clapped her hands. She had never thought that her Latin could mean anything to her out in a cornfield with such a man—in fact she had never thought of it meaning much anywhere, except as something with which to outdo another girl—in grades. But twice this short afternoon it had gone a way that she knew not of before—had shown itself a key to a new realm of delight.

WHAT TRIM SAID AS HE HUNTED

From 'Sweetbrier and Thistledown.' Copyright by W. A. Wilde Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

"Uncle Ike, she said, arriving again at the log, "Papa Shan said that you knew about a coon hunt connected with this same tree, and that I must get you to tell me about it some time. Won't you now? It's awfully lonesome for a girl here to-day."

"Why suhtinly—suhtinly. It's funny how er coon always laks somebody's bes' boa'd tree tuh clim' up when er dog pushes him, but it's funnier how we often wished one would go up dis'n, but it wuz er long time 'fo' he did—'cause we'd been wantin' ter cut dis down, an' cuttin' a boa'd tree 'thout any excitement is no sof' job.

"Las' fall, jist aftuh Mos' Tom left, Frank and some yuther boys come by fer uh hunt, and we lit out. They had er lot er younger dogs, an' I had nothin' but ol' Trim. But Trim an' me almos' speaks duh same language, an' fur's I kin hear him I know nearly what he's thinkin'—special if he's aftuh er coon. We's been runnin' ter-ge'er ser long, Trim an' me.

" 'Twan't long till Trim open up and say, 'He wuz in dis holler yearly—almost befo' de sun set; de trail is mighty col'.' Latuh I heerd him muttuh, when he wuz er little furder down, 'Mighty lak dat same ol' coon.' If 'twas we wuz goners, for a suhtin ol' coon had got 'way fum us befo' often by climin' boa'd trees on duh Joneses ur Jinkenses, which we dasant cut, 'cause 'twould make trouble, fer ef dars anything which er feller seems tuh think tuhns intuh gol' when et falls it's his boa'd tree.

"Way down on Willow Branch uf Coon Creek, Trim say, 'Sho, dis is duh same ol' coon;' an' I think, 'Ol' feller, if you ain't awful smart to-night you'll hit duh wrong plantation whin de scratch comes. You's too fuh down.'

" 'Boo-woo, woou, woo,' says Trim, meanin', 'He's been up dis holler after crawfish—goin' wes'.' Uh little later he says tuh me, 'He's et er little mussel on Smif's branch.' Den dar wuz er long silence; when ovah on Goose Crick he said

dat 'he's stahted fur Wilson's hen-roos';' but 'twan't long till Trim said dat duh ol' feller'd give dat up, an' wuz goin' tuh see his kin on Possum Walk.

"We kinder looked at each udder when I tol' duh boys what Trim said, fur we'd follered him over dah er time or two, an' good boa'd trees wuz mightily thick an' valable in dat region. We sot down on er log, an' waited tuh hear what Trim said nex'.

"Well, suh, we could heah him fainter and fainter, but I couldn't undehstan', it wuz so fur, an' it all finally died away, an' we stahted home. 'Hush, what's dat?' said a keen-year'd boy; an' we stop. Dere wuz er sorter mumble, an' den I heered duh old dog say, 'I'm fotchin' him back'; an' we jist made dem woods ring in yells.

"Now comes duh funny part of it, honey. What you reckin Trim tell me nex'."

"I can't imagine!" said Elsie, much interested.

"He say, 'I ain't hurryin' him 'tall—jist lettin' him mosey. You stay dah. I'll fotch 'im in.' You see, if he'd push him way ovuh dah, he'd er clum' er tree in dat country, an' Trim know'd better'n dat. So he kinder lunges 'long slow behind day ol' ring-tail, an' tells me things.

" 'He's been here in Thorp's cawnfiel' fer er nubbin',' he says once. 'In Burton's orchid fer er napple,' he bow-wows out ergin. 'Down in duh pawpaw patch nex',' says Trim, 'but he met er possum dah which skeered 'im off.' Er possum, honey, slow an' grinny as he is tuh er dog, whups er coon out in er minit. How did Trim say possum? Well, I knowed by duh way duh coon lef' so soon an' straight, and den when Trim run over er possum's track er little he gives out his possum bahk. It's diffrunt from his coon talk."

"Oh, yes," said Elsie.

"Fer er long time Trim wuz silent. Den he say, 'He's crossin' Coon Creek on duh big drif';' an' he wuz almos' at us, an' we stahted. 'An' now I'm pushin' him, on dis side,' said duh ol' dog, an' den fastuh an' fastuh come his jabber, skeerin' duh life outer dat ol' coon, while we hooped and yelled. Trim spoke ergin dreckly an' said, 'He's headed upstream;' an' I jumped up and said, 'Boys, he'll nevuh cross Mos' Shan's fawty-acres, and Trim knows it.' We broke in-

tuh er run ergin, but we stopped now an' den tuh listen, but Trim's bow-wows came ser fast an' thick now dat I couldn't understan' except I hearn him cussin' 'bout somepin' bothерin' him er bit hehuh an' dah. Wunst he tole me dat duh ole ring-tail had tuck duh crick tuh 'fuse his scent, but in er few minutes he wuz hoopin' him ergin, growlin' out dat he wan't no pup erbout dat watuh trick.

"Den duh young dogs, now dat duh trail wuz hot, opened up jist lak they knowed all erbout it all duh time, an' dere wuz all sorts er things tuh pay down in dat bottom. Nex' thing I knowed I heered Trim say dat he had him up er big tree in erbout duh right place, an' I needn't hurry. Dat wuz jest like Trim, not tuh rush duh ol' man.

"But, Lord! yo oughter seen them yuther fellers blunderin', fallin', tuh get dah 'fore duh varmint broke erway, dey said. When I come up dey had fiahs, an' wuz searchin' fer duh blazes on duh trees tuh see if dis wuz Mos' Shan's land, but pshaw! I knowed dis tree. We wuz bound tuh have him. So duh boys built mo' fiahs, an' fo' o' us tuck off our coats, and wif fo' axes we waded in. Chip, chip, chip, chip! Chip, chip, chip, chip! it went; but she wuz big an' tough, tougher'n she is now, an' duh roosters wuz er-crowin' long befo' her splinters cracked.

"Las', she jest seemed tuh leap in duh ar, an' come down, lak it had thundered. Well, suh, dat ol' coon had been cut fuh befo', an' he wuzn't goin' tuh be slammed, an' jist as duh tree wuz 'bout tuh strike he come runnin' down duh body, while all duh boys an' pups run tuh duh top.

"But Trim an' me'd been dah befo', too, an' we wuz dah now, and tende'd him a wahm reception. Purty soon duh boys come, pull duh ol' dog off an' let duh young dogs fight ol' ring-tail; but pshaw! 'twan't no fight. He jist lay on he back an' slapped 'em right and left till dey stood off an' bahked.

"Suddenly day ol' coon spring tuh his feet, an' wuz 'bout ter light out, when duh boy hol'in' Trim wif er hankercher roun' his neck, wuz jucked onter his nose, heels uperds, an' duh ol' dog went in. My! my! honey. I don't want tuh tell er little guhl like you erbout it, but 'twuz er fight. Trim couldn't kill him soon, 'cause his bres wuz so big, but duh

coon couldn't git erway—no, sah—no gittin' away now. Trim ud had too much trouble wif dat coon.

"Finally I knocked him in duh haid wif duh poll of mah axe, an' we come home at daybreak. Dem boys an' dem dogs? Dey wouldn't cotch dat coon in er life-time. No, sah!"

"I'm sorry for him," said Elsie, sadly.

"I'm sorry fer him mahsef, honey, an' I'm goin' tuh quit dis bizness, 'cause Trim an' me's bofe er little ole, an' 'tain't er good, kind sorter spote, nohow. Dat's duh way wif us. When we git so we kyant do er wrong thing any longer, we quit, an' preach erbout it—but ralely, if it hadn't been fuh dat coon, Mos' Shan wouldn't have his fence fixed, maybe, an' I wouldn't have mah cabin kivered new, dis fall, an' er suhtin' little guhl I know an' lak wouldn't have er muff wif er suhtin story to it—fer dat coon-skin is mightly purty, an' is at my house all tanned up sof'."

INDIAN SUMMER

From 'As the Light Led.' Copyright by The Macmillan Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

More and more the girl strolled and observed and sketched, consoling herself with her little art. Now that the Indian summer had come, she climbed sometimes to the back part of the farm that she might see the softer mists shimmer over the woods and define the prairie expanse beyond, whither she gazed and wondered. In all her walks she kept away from the roads.

A springlike warmth had come again to the failing season —reviving grass and twigs, and causing here and there a fruit tree to unfold its flower buds, which had been so snugly tucked in for the winter; and untimely blooms of white or pink were sometimes blended with the blushing leaf. The moving sentient things felt the regenerating influence, a sort of final struggle of the year before it begins to die. The turkeys strutted and gobbled and fought and courted; and the apron with which Nannie gathered up the eggs was unusually burdened by the output of the early pullets.

She had come in from one of these egg hunts one afternoon when her mother said:

"Nan, I been uh seein' that ole yaller turkey hen comin' from way up the lane uh good deal uh late, a kinder creepin', like she'd laid up there som'ers. Sometimes they *do* lay this late. No need uh tryin' to raise uh brood now—they'd freeze; for nothin' chills like uh young turkey. Put on your sunbonnet, honey, and go up on this side and look under thuh fence-stakes—inside stakes, mind you—and see if you can't find thuh nest. I think she's up there now som'ers—perhaps over the hill uh piece—maybe along the turn uh the big road."

The girl started. There was the same pretty haze on the hills and the same thrill at all the view opened to her. She stooped into the corners, where the wild crabs had grown and had dropped their astringent emerald fruit, so thickly strewn that the air about was redolent with their oily, malic odor. She carried one and smelled at it.

In some corners the greenbriers writhed in sinuous, thorny, verdant strands, or threading themselves through the panels they stretched from rail to rail; and it took much peeking this way and that to see the earth in the snug corner behind the tangle.

In other places she parted the coral bushes in an easy investigation, or shook the glassy-colored pappus from the silkweed pod, leaving the white glossy slickness of the husks inside in strong contrast with the rough, drab exterior. The blackberry bramble, in brown mahogany, was insistent in its grasp, and the wild black raspberry cane, in purer red, stretched out its lithe length, whitened with a bluish bloom, as if it had powdered its too blushing front, to greet her.

She came to the big road at last without finding the nest; and she turned up the staked and ridered worm fence that ran along it. An old osage orange hedge straggled thinly by the other—a remnant of an early effort and a failure; and its large green, granulated, useless, yet attractive, fruit lay here and there in the gray matting of leaves and weeds. Between these hedge trees and the worm fence she made her way with difficulty and was growing fretful at the frequent thorny reach which so hampered and hindered her, as she turned the outer angles.

Suddenly she almost stepped upon a flock of quails. They all flew up so explosively that her heart stopped a moment at

the fright; and one struck a projecting fence-stake and fell limp and breathless at her feet. She stopped and picked it up and stroked her hand over the pretty brown and ochre plumage, and felt her heart soften and her conscience smite her, that she should have been the cause of its death.

She put the bird tenderly into her apron, and soon she was beyond the extent of the hedge, and found a yellow feather.

Here for a while the smoother vines had the corners. The trumpet creeper had climbed the stakes and dropped its leaves early, leaving the sharp tips of the year's growth projecting fretfully upward beyond the support, as if the plant were irritated at its shortened aspirations; but the Virginia fireleaf bunched itself in placid knobs of scarlet foliage, where it could climb no farther—accepting the situation, and the wild grape—content to run when it could not rise—swung in flat festoons from panel to panel, as a spider spins its web.

She stopped a moment and gazed back at this pretty foreground to the narrowing stretch of the lane toward the bend into the woods behind her—a picture indeed, if only something were moving along the road.

At last she came to some fence-corners where the sumacs only stood erect with the black bunches of their acid fruit brushing harmlessly by her and shattering down the seeds upon the leaves already fallen; and beyond in a deep snarl of almost everything she saw the nest.

She dived rather than stooped as she reached down and put the eggs into her apron with the quail; and when she attempted to back out, she found she could not. Some raspberry stems, tipping their ends to renew their youth, caught most lovingly at the fair picture of young life that bent beneath their arches. The blackberries and woodbine, the wild grape and the dog-rose, held on to her as if they had found a worthy associate for their next year's bloom and fruit, and were going to keep it. Even the old rail fence had a stake thrust detainingly over her shoulders.

Her struggles were growing very painful as she felt the lacerations of the thorns upon her thinly clad form. Her bonnet was over her eyes, her head was flushing hot with her position and her impatience. She paused a moment to get her breath and wonder how she should renew the struggle, when

she thought she heard a four-footed shuffle in the grass over the fence.

Suddenly a voice above her said:—

"Wait a moment and I'll help you."

She heard a strong-springed jackknife click as it opened, and then a mooring loosened here at a gentle slash—another there—and others still, easing her strained position—and somehow within her soul—somewhere—snarly, thorny things were slipping—letting go—and—knotty lines were slackening —loosening—snapping—bit by bit—and—then the words:

"I can't cut the fence-stake, little girl; I reckon you'll have to back out from under something."

And she backed from beneath the stake with bonnet much awry, and turned up to the horseman, yet mounted above her, a grateful, blushing face.

"What are you doing here in the highways and hedges?" he asked.

"Looking for the lost," she said, catching his spirit; "and I've found them—see," opening her apron to his glance.

She thought she saw the quail move. It might have been the shaking only of her hands.

"I didn't know you'd lost anything. If you had been talking of me or the turkey there now—" he said, "I'd know."

"Have any of your stock got—out, Bent?"

"Well not exactly stock, but—uh—I owned something once, or thought I did, and I valued it 'cause I'd had it a long time, and it got away from me."

He looked away as if searching.

"Haven't you ever heard of it, Bent? Do you know where it is, I mean?"

"I don't know where it is 'cause maybe it isn't anywhere. I know who had it last, and—"

"And won't they give it up or tell you where it is? Why that's mean," she said, her face sobering and flashing a little.

"Well, it wasn't given to me for good-an'-always, maybe. They thought I didn't deserve to keep it." He looked away again up the road. "'Spect I'd better be riding on. Good—"

And he turned his horse's head.

"B-E-N-N-N-T!"

In an instant the stiff bit was rattling over the rider rail again.

"Do you sup-pup-up-pose I'm going to let you go away—go away—without thanking you for helping me now and saving me that day? Why, everybody says I never would have come up, because I'd fainted, and you risked your life, and left your—your immersion to come to me. They say your *soul* wasn't thought of by you when you saw my *body* going down!"

He did not move or speak, but sat stolid at her gratitude. She put the hand that did not hold her apron upon the top rail, set the tip of one foot in the fence crack, and gazed earnestly into his face. How often when she was a child had he seen her run out bareheaded and climb the yard fence up to him thus, as he rode up to her father's house!

"Why, Bent, uh—huh—hunh—that day upon the way and on the stiles—*you* know, Bent—that day upon the stiles! I was not well and was not right—I did not *mean* to—"

Her head hung low a moment, then came up again, and she put the other foot between the rails and was nearer him.

"Why, I don't care now whether you're baptized or I'm baptized—Oh, yes, I do—but you know what I mean—*you know*, don't you, Bent?"

Her eyes were praying into his now, and a little gurgle, like a baby's coo, was bubbling in her throat.

He saw her heart-blood dam itself in her face and dye her very soul there in scarlet, and saw it all set back again with a gasp, as her lips parted in her dread. Then he said:

"Why, little girl, we were baptized together by the providence of God—you and I—and 'what God has joined together'—"

(She climbed another rail and reached out for the stake which leant toward him).

" 'let no man put'—"

But she turned such a radiant countenance so fully up to him and so near him that he stopped, revelled in it a moment, then leant a little toward it, and . . . the broad leathers in his stirrup on the fenceward side creaked loudly as if under special strain, and the old turkey, creeping to her desecrated home and peeping above the tall weeds, saw silhouetted against the

haze a sunbonnet with a very skyward slant, and a slouch hat, with a rakish backward set, giving it an overflowing lid.

"Quit, quit, qu-e-e-r-r-r-r!" said the turkey, and the boy slid from his saddle to his feet.

He held her free hand a moment now, and the girl stepped on up, rail by rail, till she neared the top; then she bent down and forward till her elbows were in his palms, and she felt again the vibrations of his strained tendons as he lifted her above the fence and set her upon the ground without a jostle.

When he had slipped his arm through the reins to lead his horse, and was walking beside her down the road, she said, half fearfully:

"Are you going on after your—uh—stuff now, Bent?"

There was something—not his bridle—pulling a little at the other arm just then.

"Why, no," he said slyly. "They've brought the whole contraption back!"

And the bird, which she thought was dead, crept to her apron's edge, looked out a little dazed, and whirred away across the fields.

KEMP PLUMMER BATTLE

[1831—]

HENRY G. CONNOR

KEMP PLUMMER BATTLE, son of William Horn and his wife, Lucy Plummer Battle, was born in Franklin County, North Carolina, December 19, 1831. He attended the village school until his father moved to Raleigh, North Carolina, when he entered the Raleigh Male Academy. He entered the University of North Carolina at thirteen years of age, graduating with first distinction at seventeen in the class of 1849. His career at the University was marked by the highest honor. He received the first distinction at every examination in each of his studies and was elected to every office in the Dialectic Society during his term. Upon his graduation he was elected tutor of Latin and, after one year, tutor of Mathematics, which position he held four years. While tutor in the University, he pursued his post-graduate course and received the degree of Master of Arts, also completing the course in the law school.

Resigning his position in the faculty, he entered upon the practise of law during the year 1854 in Raleigh, North Carolina. With the same industry and success which had marked his course at college, he prosecuted the practise of his profession until 1875, when he was called to the Presidency of the University. While practising law he filled a number of important positions, to all of which he gave active and valuable service. He was on the Board of Directors of the State Bank (1857), President of the Chatham Railroad (1861-'66), President of the State Agricultural Society (1867-'70), State Treasurer (1866), and President of the North Carolina State Life Insurance Company (1870-'76). Dr. Battle was, at all times, an active member of the vestry of the parishes in which he resided and frequently a delegate to diocesan conventions.

Prior to 1860 he was a Whig, devoted to the Union and strongly opposed to all measures and policies tending to sectional strife and secession. When the secession of other Southern States, followed by the call of Mr. Lincoln for troops, rendered it impossible for North Carolina to remain neutral, a convention was called to which he was chosen as one of the delegates from the County of Wake. He, together with Judge Badger, Governor Graham, John A. Gilmer,

and other Union Whigs, voted for an ordinance setting forth the grievances of the State and the unconstitutional course of the Northern States as the cause for separation. The majority defeating this proposition, the convention on May 20, 1861, unanimously adopted an ordinance repealing the ordinance of 1789 and declaring "that the State of North Carolina is in full possession and exercise of all those rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State." The two ordinances expressed the views and opinions of the different schools of political thought in the State respecting the reserved right of the State to withdraw from the Union. After the adoption of the ordinance of Secession, Dr. Battle, together with the majority of men of his political faith, gave his loyal support to the State in its efforts to maintain independence. His foresight led him to advocate successfully the building of the Chatham Railroad, that the Confederacy might procure fuel for its factories and ships from the coal fields of Chatham.

During the Reconstruction period, the doors of the University were closed. Its alumni in 1874 inaugurated a movement to reopen and revive the institution. Dr. Battle, with loyal devotion to its past and faith in its future, was foremost in this work. When, by the united efforts of patriotic citizens, provision was made and plans were matured, he was chosen to be its President and at once entered upon the discharge of the duties of the position. It is well said, "As General Davie has been called the father of the University, so may Dr. Battle be called its savior." He secured legislative appropriations in the face of determined opposition, surrounded himself with a strong faculty, and soon saw students coming to the institution. Through his influence endowments were secured, the University railroad was completed, and, in all respects, new life and power were infused into the work. After fifteen years of service, he resigned the Presidency in 1891 and accepted, with the unanimous approval of the Board of Trustees, the Chair of History. He conducted with remarkable ability and success this important department until, at the Commencement of 1907, he retired from active professional work and was made Professor Emeritus of History. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Davidson College.

Dr. Battle married in 1855 Miss Martha, daughter of James L. Battle, a prominent citizen, cotton planter, and manufacturer of Edgecombe County. His four sons have graduated at the University, one of them, Thos. H. Battle, being President of the cotton mills at the Falls of Tar River, the site of the mill erected by his ancestor in 1820. An appreciative writer, one of his students, said of Dr. Battle, upon his resignation of the Chair of History: "Dr. Battle has grown up with the University, so to speak. He has thrown the

energy of a lifetime into the cause of the institution which he loved and in which he believed, and his reward has been far greater than that of many. He has lived to see that institution come into its own, to see it given the support so long deserved, to see it allotted the rank which it has won among the highest State Universities in the country."

Dr. Battle has delivered a number of historical, biographical, and literary addresses and written a number of sketches and pamphlets, many of them evincing wide and laborious research. His style is clear, simple, and elegant. His enthusiasm for his subject elevates and strengthens his language, but never tempts him into extravagance or "gush." In historical work he is accurate and thorough, carrying his reader pleasantly along with his narrative enlivened by incidents and side-lights. His power of describing the customs, habits, and characteristics of people results from careful study, observation, and experience at the bar and in public life. His tone and teaching is always uplifting, patriotic, hopeful—there is no trace of infidelity, or want of faith in God or man. He stands for the highest standards of life and thought; believes in the purity and patriotism of men, and looks for the best results in the individual and community life from the practice of the cardinal virtues of Christian manhood. His influence on the lives of young men who have been his students has been and continues to be of incalculable value to the commonwealth.

H. G. Connor

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The most notable of his forty publications are:

The Early History of Raleigh, (1876 and 1892).
History of the Supreme Court of North Carolina (1888).
The Life and Services of General Jethro Sumner (1891).
The History of North Carolina (in Johnson's Cyclopaedia, 1895).
Old Schools and Teachers of North Carolina, 1898-99.
Sketches of the Lords Proprietors of Carolina, 1904.
History of the University of North Carolina, 1907, Vol. I. The latter work is undoubtedly his *opus magnum*. It was awarded the Patterson Cup at the meeting in October, 1907, of the State Literary and Historical Association.

SOCIAL LIFE OF EARLY RALEIGH

From 'The Early History of Raleigh.' Copyright, 1892. By kind permission of the author and the publishers, Edwards and Broughton, Raleigh, North Carolina.

It would be a pleasant task to sketch the character of all the prominent men and women who have illustrated our city's past, but this would give my address an intolerable length. Confining myself to the early citizens, let us give some account of their social life.

Owing to the fact that housekeepers owned their cooks and house-servants, there was a more free hospitality than is possible now. Many families had waiters of faultless skill in the conduct of the great feasts so common in the good old days. But as a rule matrons were not by any means relieved from care.

It is true that she could command their labor and had no fears of being left servantless at a critical moment. It is true that she had her cows, who cropped unmolested the grass on the streets and in the neighboring meadows; her pigs, who revelled in the acorns and hickory-nuts of uncleared forests; poultry in the backyard, dreading no enemy but the mink and the opossum. But her servants were often as raw and green as the cabbages in the gardens, and it was necessary carefully to tutor them to avoid ludicrous mistakes. Even with the extremest care disconcerting blunders were not infrequent. I recall an incident at the table of an elegant lady of English birth. A large company was present. She had prepared a number of pies, which she desired to be heated at the proper time for the dessert. She said to her waiting maid in a low tone, "Go, 'eat the pies!" The maid disappeared. A long interval ensued. The lady was in agony. At last the maid returned. There was a glow of happiness on her cheeks and a suspiciously moist appearance about her lips. The mistress whispered, impatiently, "I told you to 'eat the pies!" "I done eat 'em, ma'am!" was the horrifying reply.

Here is a case which happened at my grandmother's table: The servant was instructed to hand plates on the left sides of the guests. She avowed, "I don't know, ma'am, nothin' about left sides!" "Well, you know which is your right side, don't

you?" "No, ma'am, I don't know nothin' about right sides, nuther!" Gentlemen at that date were used to have bright brass buttons on the left lapels of their coats, so my grandmother told her to hand the plates on the side where the buttons were. Alas! for human hopes! One of the company was just from Washington City, and was decorated with the latest Parisian style of brass buttons on both breasts of his coat. So my grandmother was thrown into consternation by the girl saying in a tone loud enough to reach the whole table, "Miss, dere's a gem'man what's got buttons on bofe sides of his coat—which must I hand to?"

My elder hearers can doubtless recall many such instances in their own households. The tact and good sense of the mistress under such adverse circumstances was needed to turn the misfortune into a source of merriment, but many a sensitive nature was saddened by the mishap.

I am proud to state that the treatment of slaves in Raleigh was generally kindly and wise. Nowhere was there a more agreeable feeling between the races. Masters and mistresses did their best to train their servants into habits of virtue and industry. Their efforts met with much success. Nowhere were better cooks, seamstresses, housemaids, mechanics and hostlers. When fires occurred the colored people were always at hand and worked as hard, mounted as dangerous roofs, and were as much singed by the scorching flames as the whites. Throughout the war the colored people were, as a rule, true to their owners, and after its close neither the unbalancing effects of emancipation nor the heated discussions incident to politics introduced any permanent ill-feeling between the races. For this truly Christian spirit the old people of Raleigh should have the credit.

GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION.

It was the fashion for the Governors to give public receptions every year during the session of the General Assembly. To these were invited not only all the members but all the reputable people of the city. It was by means of such social influences that the Governors retained their power. The Constitution of 1776 gave the General Assembly not only the election of the executive officers, but the entire control of their

salaries. When an anxious patriot, who had dreaded the arbitrary power of Tryon and Josiah Martin, asked William Hooper, on his return from the Congress at Halifax, "What powers did you give the Governor?" his reply was tranquillizing, "We gave him the power to sign the receipt for his salary—no more." Yet these officers by their intellectual and social pre-eminence exerted a strong and abiding influence on the control of affairs in the state. Nearly all of the early Governors were elected three years in succession, which was the constitutional limit, and most of them were at the close of their term transferred to positions of their choice. For example, Martin, Johnston, Turner, Stone, Branch, Franklin, Iredell, Stokes, were all made Senators of the United States, and Swain President of the University. The last was such a favorite—Judge, Solicitor, Governor before he was thirty-four years of age—that when he was elected President of the University Dr. William Hooper cynically remarked, "The people have given him every office, and now send him to the University to be educated."

PUBLIC BALLS.

A PROMINENT feature of social life was the public ball, or, to use an euphemistic name coined about 1807, "Subscription Assembly." The general rule was that all respectable men, who paid the fee, sometimes as high as five dollars, were privileged to attend. Managers were appointed, invested with larger powers than similar officers of our "hops." They conducted the introduction of strangers to one another, and assigned partners at their discretion. It was considered good form not to decline to carry out their arrangements. Mrs. Kenneth Rayner, who in her distant home in the Southwest still has a Raleigh heart, writes me that soon after the marriage of her father (Col. William Polk) to Miss Sarah Hawkins, aunt, by the by, of Dr. William J. Hawkins, the managers assigned to her mother a partner very inferior to her in social rank. Colonel Polk was an aristocrat of the first water and an ardent Federalist, all the more devoted to his party because the tide of public opinion was running furiously and fatally against it. His anger began to blaze at the supposed insult, and he would probably have made a public exhibition of his

wrath if his wife had not laid her hand gently on his shoulder, saying, "My dear, don't be angry. These people hoped to annoy you. I will dance with the gentleman and prevent their enjoying their spite." And so she did, showing the excellent sense which distinguished her. This assignment of partners by the managers applied probably only to the regular sets on the programme. After these the parties got together according to their own affinities. I recall a case where the son of a butcher was refused by several ladies because he did not visit in their set. Then a very popular belle who witnessed his mortification called up a manager and said, "Tell him to ask me. I will dance with him." She did dance with him and never had cause to regret it.

* * * * * *

Dances were mainly jigs, reels and cotillions, or contra-dances, mispronounced country dances. The grand minuet had gone out of fashion. Not long before his death in 1836, at the request of a party of young folks, Colonel Polk and Miss Betsy Geddy, one of the best of the noble tribe of "old maids," went through its antiquated figures for the amusement of the company. The music was almost invariably furnished by colored fiddlers, who acquired wonderful skill in playing their dance tunes. By constant repetition the musical sounds would be brought out in due harmony, whether the wielder of the bow was awake or asleep, sober or, as he often was, drunk. The music was extremely inspiriting. As you listened you could actually hear the violin shriek out the request, "Molly, put the kettle on," or inquire facetiously—

> Old Molly Hare, what you doing there?
> Sitting in a corner smoking a cigar.

Or ask, as if it expected an answer—

> Oh!, Mister Revel,
> Did you ever see the devil
> With his wooden spade and shovel,
> A digging up the gravel
> With his long toe-nail?

Or, changing the subject, would inform us that, "The crow he peeped at the weasel, and the weasel he peeped at the crow."

The music may not have been as scientific as in modern days, but there was vastly more fun in it. It would strike the auric nerve, run down to your feet and put motion into your toes in spite of the strongest resolutions against it. Men who had lost their feet affirmed that it set agoing the toes which had been buried years ago. It seemed to be dangerous to play those tunes in the presence of marble statues, unless they were securely fastened to the floor. The old revivalists who wished to wean their converts from the vanities of balls, felt compelled to proscribe the fiddle as the Devil's instrument. When I was a boy it was a general religious tenet, that playing it was a sin equal to dancing, horse-racing, cock-fighting and gambling.

It is easy to see why the revivalists took this ground.

It was the habit of the time to indulge freely the use of spirituous liquors. Our forefathers, not our foremothers, thought they were drinking down health and long life. In fact, even when they did not become drunkards and die the drunkard's death, they were gathering to themselves all such evils as gout, disease of the liver, of the heart, of the kidneys. It was the fashion to offer spirits on all occasions. My father told me that when he was in the Legislature in 1833-'34, the members, as a rule, kept a jug in their rooms and offered a glass to every visitor. All social meetings had abundance of it, and it was the attraction which brought the neighbors together at log-rollings and corn-shuckings. I recall seeing my father, when his colored manager invited the neighboring negroes to a corn-shucking, although he himself was an abstainer, supplying the whiskey to enliven the workers. The scene was an inspiriting one. The bright corn ears, as they were torn from their enveloping shucks and thrown on the rapidly growing pile, flashed in the bright blaze of the light-wood fire, and the loud chanting of the negro song echoed weirdly from the surrounding woods. At the close the leaders seized him in defiance of his protests and carried him around the dwelling-house on their shoulders, the entire crowd accompanying, and singing the old song, "Round the corn, Sally!" He had not then reached the dignity of a judge, but I think, judicial dignity would not have protected him.

DUELS.

We are happily in our day spared the constant thrilling anxiety which our grandparents had in consequence of the frequency of duels, often resulting in the death of one or both parties. Public opinion inexorably demanded that there should be no shrinking from the ordeal. In South Carolina men of established reputation thought it no shame to act as seconds to two belligerent students of the State College, and assisted them in a combat which resulted in the death of one and in so terrible a wound to the other that his usefulness for life was destroyed. I am glad to say that I find no mortal combats between citizens of Raleigh, although divers men who had engaged in them afterwards made their home within its limits. I am glad, too, that the editors of both our newspapers, Mr. Joseph Gales and Mr. William Boylan, had the courage to raise their voices against this terrible practice. The following eloquent apostrophe appears in the *Minerva* of 1807, after giving an item to the effect that in Beaufort, South Carolina, Arthur Smith on Monday afternoon and Thomas Hutson on Tuesday of the same week had been slain in duels:

"Oh, thou idol, who delightest in human sacrifice; who offerest up blood as a sweet-smelling incense! when will thy reign cease? Oh, ye votaries of this Moloch, ye abettors of murder and bloodshed! Remember that the day will assuredly come when you are to know whether you are to form your actions by the laws of honor, or the laws of God!"

It was seldom that these "affairs of honor," as they were called, were bloodless. The combatants usually aimed to kill, the distances were short, generally ten paces, the weapons, pistols carrying balls as large as the end of one's thumb. There were no amusing comments of the French type regarding the result. I find only one chronicle of a humorous nature, ridiculous because the challenge did not conform to the rules of "the code." I copy it *verbatim*.

> Sir. You will please bring your gun and Tom Brown to Mr. Ja. Joneses in the morning to give me consolation.
>
> NATHAN'L MORRIS.
>
> To Mr. Wm. Dillard, Wake County.

I have searched the subsequent columns in vain in order to ascertain whether the irate Mr. Morris ever got his "consolation" from Mr. Dillard and his gun. As newspapers then, as now, never failed to chronicle bloody tragedies, the probabilities are that the soil of Wake County was not fertilized by the gore of either the offender or his disconsolate foe.

LA FAYETTE'S VISIT.

THE enthusiasm in regard to the Revolutionary War received a great impetus by the visit of La Fayette in 1825. Colonel William Polk, by the request of the Governor, met him at the Virginia line and escorted him throughout the State to the South Carolina boundary. Near Raleigh he was met by Colonel Thomas Polk of Mecklenburg in command of a corps of cavalry, followed by nearly one hundred citizens on horseback. The General and his suite, which included his son, Washington La Fayette, and his Secretary, M. Le Vasseur, alighted from their carriages and a general introduction took place. At the city limits they were met by a company of infantry under command of Captain John S. Ruffin. The cavalcade proceeded to the Capitol amid firing of cannon and huzzas of the assembled people. Colonel Polk and the General rode together in a barouche drawn by four iron-grays. The Governor received him in the vestibule, escorted him to the reception chamber, where he was welcomed in a formal address by the Governor (Burton), to which he made a suitable reply. At the conclusion the company was gratified with a spectacular scene. La Fayette and Polk, both of whom were wounded at Brandywine, rushed into each other's arms, and with tears of joy avowed "their gratitude that they who had borne the brunt of the battle together in their youthful prime, had been spared to meet again on peaceful plains and in happier hours." Then an old soldier named Cross, who also had been wounded at Brandywine, was brought up and exhibited his venerable scars.

La Fayette spent from Tuesday until Thursday in Raleigh, abundantly fêted and very gracious. Tradition hath it that he had a voracious appetite. Mr. James D. Royster informed me that, in common with hundreds of others, he had the honor of shaking his hand. His invariable salutation was, "How do

you do, my son? How do you do?" When old soldiers were accorded a more leisurely introduction, he invariably asked the question, "Are you married?" If the reply was "Yes, sir;" he would say with unction, "Happy man; happy man!" If the reply was "No, sir;" he would reply, "Lucky dog! lucky dog!" An immigrant from France, naïvely thinking that his countryman would, as a matter of course, be interested in his family affairs, informed him of the recent death of his wife. He received the mechanical reply, "Happy man; happy man!"

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

But I must close these random sketches. It is so delightful for me to take these old people by the hand and talk with them and look at the world through their eyes, that I never know when to stop. I had written a three-hour speech before I had noticed it, from half of which I have spared you to-night. I like, too, to look over the old newspapers and notice what items were enjoyed in the old days. Some of them were very grave and some very amusing. I am struck with frequent satires on the ladies, showing that these interesting creatures filled then, as now, a large portion of the public mind. Before concluding, I quote several of them. The first is from *The Wasp*, a newspaper of small dimensions printed in the Gales office and edited by two boys who afterward attained great distinction, Joseph Gales of the *National Intelligencer*, and Edward J. Hale, of the *Fayetteville Observer*.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone, a heap of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who, on the twenty-fourth of May,
Began to hold her tongue.

The next is from Mr. Boylan's newspaper:

RECEIPT TO CURE A LOVE-FIT.

Tie one end of a rope fast over a beam,
And make a slip knot at the other extreme;
Then just underneath let the cricket be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get.
Then over his head let the snicket be got,
And under one ear be well settled the knot;

The cricket kicked down, let him take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest to the work of the string.

Another:

TO MATTHEW BRAMBLE, ESQ.

In the blithe days of honeymoon,
With Kate's allurements smitten,
I loved her late, I loved her soon,
And called her dearest kitten.
But now my kitten's grown a cat,
And cross, like other wives,
Oh! by my soul, my honest Mat,
I fear she has nine lives.

The kindred joke about the husband saying that when he was first married he loved his bride enough to bite her, but that he had not been married six months before he bitterly repented not having bodily devoured her, came in later.

I notice two anecdotes, new to me, about ninety years old. They are fair specimens of what struck the risible nerves of our forefathers. The first is on a newly imported Dutchman, who, having learned that a spirit is a ghost, angrily inquired of the bar-tender, "What for de tivel don't you put plenty of ghost in my water?"

The other is, of course, on an Irishman, an editor, who, on giving the news that wool was rising in price, but whiskey was falling, offered the consolation to his readers, that if their coats will be more costly, the lining will be cheaper.

FRANCES COURTENAY BAYLOR

[1845—]

HENRY CLINTON FORD

EARLY in the Seventeenth Century John Baylor, a Cavalier gentleman from Devonshire, England, settled in New Kent County, Virginia. Sprung from sturdy English stock, liberally educated at Cambridge, possessed of large grants in the new county, he played no mean part in the affairs of the Virginia colony. It is from this early ancestor, through a long line of worthy men and women of New Kent and Caroline counties, that Frances Courtenay Baylor is descended. Born at Fayetteville, Arkansas, January 20, 1845, she was a little later taken by her parents, James and Sophy (Neville) Baylor, to San Antonio, Texas, which was her home till the close of the Civil War. The next few years she spent enjoyably in England, whither she went with General Walker, a brother-in-law and cousin, and his family. That her stay in England was both delightful and profitable, that she was at once a sympathetic and penetrating observer of English life, is abundantly evidenced in much of her literary work. Returning to Virginia as a young woman, she was not long in finding play for the generous interest and energies so characteristic of all her later life. In Norfolk and Winchester she assisted largely in establishing industrial schools for the Slater Fund. From this early service to other activities in connection with industrial schools, hospital work, sewing schools, cooking schools for shop girls, and the like, was a step at once natural and congenial. All the while, as she found leisure for it, she was trying out her literary gifts. Her reputation as a writer was made secure on the appearance in 1885 of "The Perfect Treasure," the first of the two delightful portraits of English and American types now facing each other under the caption 'On Both Sides.' Since then her life has been more than ever a busy one. For several years she travelled widely, gathering fresh material for new types. She was married, August 24, 1896, to George Sherman Barnum, a Canadian, and they later settled in Savannah, Georgia. On the death of her husband she removed to Lexington, Virginia, establishing herself for a time at beautiful Mulberry Hill. Here her pen continued active, as it has done all these later years, and as it is doing to-day at her home in Winchester, Virginia.

Miss Baylor's literary reputation rests chiefly upon her short stories and novels. It is interesting to note, however, that her first effort was a play, "Petruchio Tamed," which was put out anonymously and received with marked favor. Stimulated by the success of this venture, she gave herself up seriously to literary work. Entertaining and thoughtful articles from her pen were not long in appearing in such representative newspapers as the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* Boston *Globe,* New Orleans *Times-Democrat,* Huddersfield (Yorkshire) *Gazette,* London *Truth,* and others of like standard—articles covering a wide range of sympathy, from bits of fiction to ethical and social essays. From time to time, too, she tried her hand at verse; and she had the satisfaction of seeing at least two of her poems, "Kind Words to Virginia" and "The Last Confederate," widely republished. As hitherto remarked, however, it was in stories, short and long, that she found herself. For twenty years she has been a regular contributor to nearly all the leading magazines of the East, in which have appeared such short stories as "In the Old Dominion" (the most popular, perhaps), "Belles and Beaux," "Our Cooks," "The Confessions of a Physician," "Cupid's Practical Joke," "Two Sweethearts and a Wife," "Miss Wiggs," and "The Hermit of Grandpère." Her longer stories, some of which first ran serially in magazines, are 'The Featherlings of Ferneyhough,' 'On Both Sides' (1885), 'Juan and Juanita' (1886), 'Behind the Blue Ridge' (1887), 'The Shocking Example' (1889), 'Claudia Hyde' (1895), 'The Ladder of Fortune' (1899), 'A Georgian Bungelow' (1900), and 'Miss Nina Barrow' (1902). To these may be added 'The Matrimonial Coolie,' now in process of making and soon to be put forth.

Miss Baylor's genius expresses itself best in pictures of local and national types. Job Ketchum, Mrs. Sykes, Claudia Hyde, and a score of other figures big and little, are as distinct and living as Uncle Toby, or Becky Sharp, or Uriah Heep. Real men and women they are—individual, natural; we know them as we know those with whom we daily touch elbows. And not only are they living; they are true to life. What Virginian, what Southerner, whose memory goes back three decades fails to see in Mr. Hyde, Claudia, and Uncle Beverly, familiar figures of the old South! How pathetically real is the luckless mountaineer, John Shore! How our hearts go out to Flanders, the rollicking, big-hearted, irresponsible Irishman, whose like we have so many times seen! Mr. and Mrs. George Washington Withers climb the ladder of fortune in characteristic American fashion. Stage by stage, he, the orphan son of a Western miner, gathers his millions; step by step his milliner wife mounts the social stairway. Little Nina Barrows are all too common: over-fed, over-

dressed, petulant, imperious American children. Soul-felt, no doubt, was the message of an English foreign minister to the author that Mrs. Sykes had been the bane of his official career in every capital of Europe. We can fairly see and hear Daddy Dick, who has long been "preachin' de wud o' de Spirit," as he explains the origin of the white and black races. The types are many; and they are drawn, the major and the minor ones, with almost equal fidelity. In the main they illustrate phases of English and American social life. Over against the impossible Englishman is set the equally impossible American; the lovable American traits are balanced by English traits quite as delightful. And all is done in a style that is easy, graceful, natural.

On the side of plot-making she is not so strong. A distinguished critic had this to say of 'Behind the Blue Ridge,' on its appearance in 1887: "A novel it is not, any more than her delightful 'On Both Sides' was a novel, and possibly she may never learn to produce a fully developed story; but she is so liberally equipped on a side where novelists are often lame that we are eager to see her win that large praise which seems just within her grasp . . . The ineffective close indicates a general artistic defect in the writer; but when all such exceptions are taken, there remains a book of such exuberant, genuine humor, such delightful portraiture, such fresh disclosure of wayward, lovable humanity, that we can only ask of Miss Baylor, whether she can write novels or not, to continue to introduce us to the world which her genius has revealed to her." This is itself large praise; and it is praise justly due her later works as well. It may fairly be questioned, however, whether she has ever produced the fully developed story hoped for. In 'Claudia Hyde' and 'The Ladder of Fortune' there is, indeed, a forward step,—in the proportioning of parts, in the linking of events, in the approach made to unity. At best, however, the total effect is that of a mechanism carefully built up, not of an organic product. Skilfully forged as all the parts are, perfect as each is in itself, they lack the oneness of the organism that simply grows. The individual characters are eminently natural; but their influence one upon another is not convincing. The situations are all interesting enough in themselves; we are not always satisfied, however, that they are essential to the orderly working out of the story. In fine, we miss the illusion that all the forces are working inevitably; we are never so absorbed in the interplay of forces as to be driven breathlessly on, impatient to get at the only possible solution. These are defects, certainly; but they are not such defects, in view of the author's great merits in other directions, as to rob her of high rank among Southern writers of fiction.

Those unfamiliar with Miss Baylor's work will find 'On Both Sides,' 'Behind the Blue Ridge,' 'Claudia Hyde,' and 'Juan and Juanita' especially entertaining. The first is her most widely known work. Published in 1885, it speedily ran through ten editions; and it was republished in Edinburgh and London, where it was almost equally appreciated. Under the title are really embraced two stories, "The Perfect Treasure" and "On This Side," each of which first appeared independently as a magazine story. Delightfully witty and humorous are these sketches of a party of Americans in England and the later visit of their English friends to America. Nowhere else, perhaps, is the author's remarkable gift of portraiture more clearly manifest. Next in order of popularity is 'Juan and Juanita,' a juvenile of intense interest. Two Mexican children escape from a band of Indians, who have for several years held them captive, and successfully make a three-hundred-mile journey home. The story as told reminds us of 'Robinson Crusoe,'—such is the realism, such the minuteness and faithfulness of detail. Few children can fail to be absorbed in this delightful tale; and grown men and women will be little less entertained. 'Behind the Blue Ridge' has its setting in the mountains of Virginia. The central figure, John Shore, wanders through life aimlessly and lucklessly. His is not a nature to withstand the forces that bear in upon him. But he is so likable, so lovable a personality that our every sympathy goes out to him in his life, and we feel in his death a real personal sorrow. 'Claudia Hyde' is another story of Virginia life. The Civil War is over; the old plantation is little more than a wreck. Mr. Hyde, as hospitable and courtly as when two-score slaves crowded his broad acres, fails lamentably to meet the changed conditions. Uncle Beverly has never deserted him or the family. Sunday in and out he sits on the box of the ancient family carriage; to an occasional direction from his old master we hear with perfect understanding his indignant "Mars Addison! *I'se* a drivin'." Ideal is Claudia, eldest daughter of the motherless home. It is she who is the responsible head of affairs, indoors and out. Unselfish, cheery, brave, altogether loving and lovable, she lays quick and lasting hold on our hearts. When in the end, after a love story that is exquisite for its simplicity and fresh naturalness, she goes to England as the wife of Sir Gerald Mildmay, we are reluctant to give her up, much as we have learned to like him, delighted as we have been at the drift of every current that has brought their lives in touch.

These stories, as suggested, are particularly enjoyable; the rest are but little less so. We read 'Miss Nina Barrow' and resolve that no child of ours shall start out so petted and pampered; in 'The

Ladder of Fortune' we are impressed with the ultimate emptiness of high social position and many millions, if life offer no more satisfying objective. All that Miss Baylor has written is eminently worth reading.

Henry A. Ford.

IN THE OLD DOMINION

From *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1883. Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

FOUR o'clock of a lovely day in the early autumn; a chilly wind, contradicted by a hot sun; a touch of crimson in the sumach bushes lining a country lane in Virginia, down which a gentleman is galloping—a fine, erect figure mounted on a stout hack, which is carefully groomed, somewhat dingy in accoutrement, and just now putting out its best paces. At the mouth of the lane, where it debouches into the high-road, there is a glorious maple, that a month later might well stand for the burning bush of Moses, with its shimmering lights, glowing and sparkling in new and beautiful combinations of color, as sunshine, cloud, and breeze make of it alternately a tree of gold, a tree of blood, a tree of bronze.

Already the ground at its feet is carpeted in a way to delight the æsthetic soul, and a girl who has been sitting for an hour with a lap full of leaves, which she has been admiring, arranging, comparing, unable to decide which to keep and which to throw away, rises, seizes two parcels, drops three, recaptures them only to drop half her leaves, makes a triumphant swoop upon these, and picks her way toward the horseman. Not a lady at all; an awkward, freckled factory-girl, going home with the coming week's work; yet the moment he catches sight of her, he pulls up his horse with a suddenness that sends streams of liquid mud flying up the animal's flanks, and as he walks past her takes his hat off and executes a profound and courtly salute,—such as Sir Charles Grandison may have kept for the duchesses of his acquaintance,—goes on quietly for a

few hundred yards, and then resumes his gallop for a couple of miles, when he reaches a shackling, low-spirited gate, off the hinge, set in a luxuriant, unclipped hedge of *bois d'arc,* and turns into the grounds of Edgewood. In its day Edgewood was known from New England to the Carolinas as one of the colonial show-places, with a thousand acres at its back, half as many slaves to till its fields, stables that accommodated fifty horses, and room and welcome for a perennial stream of guests,—the belles, beaux, and local magnates of the country and neighborhood, with such distinguished foreigners as chanced to stray that way. The house was built of English bricks, in a pseudo-Grecian style of architecture, with portico sufficient for the Madeleine, and a noble hall, through which one could drive a coach-and-four: two features greatly insisted upon by the Virginian gentry of the period. It stood in a park of seventy-five acres of beautiful woodland, and was set on a knoll commanding fine views of the surrounding country. But the place was sadly shorn of its past glories, and in China would properly have been regarded as a monument, not a home, and promptly converted into a chapel and grounds for the worship and deification of ancestors. The lawn was ragged and unkempt, and the grass dying, apparently, of a green and yellow melancholy. The enormous wooden pillars of the portico were almost destitute of paint, and the boards under-foot were rotting away in various places. In front, a weather-stained, chipped marble fountain seemed incapable of pumping up so much as a single tear over its own bright past and arid future, or that of its owners. Of the original estate, only two hundred and fifty acres remained, producing chiefly blue thistles, and having no modern devices, such as phosphates, rotation of crops, and improved machinery, to stimulate its flagging cereals.

The front door was a fine old piece of mahogany, to which time had given a rich wine-color; it was further adorned with a huge brass lock and knocker, polished by several generations of muscular Africans, under the lynx-eyed supervision of as many notable housewives. It stood open, revealing a section of the hall, with its stained floor, spindle-legged furniture, racks for hats, whips, and fishing-tackle, family portraits, and a group of crossed swords wielded by Revolutionary sires, sup-

plemented by two others that had belonged to the dead sons of the house,—two gallant young cavalry officers, who fell on the same day in the Wilderness.

Just outside, in a rustic arm-chair, sat an old man of ninety, who looked as though he would crumble at a touch; with long, scanty locks of white hair hanging down on his shoulders, a face wrinkled like a baked apple, a nose that still insisted on being handsome amid the wreck and ruin of all the other features, and two bristling tufts of white hair set above a pair of pale blue eyes, deeply sunken in their sockets and wandering in expression. He was dressed with extreme care, in the style of the "fine old English gentleman," in a dark suit of some long-past period, very long as to the waistcoat and tight as to the coat; wore a patched boot neatly blacked, topped by gray gaiters, a fob, and a voluminous cravat, wrapped around his neck again and again, until the tip of chin and ears disappeared. It was this, combined with a trick he had of moving his entire body, from the waist, in turning to address one, that gave a curious Jack-in-the-box effect to the shining bald crown which had, indeed, been engaged for a life-time in trying to keep itself above water. With one tremulous, deep-veined hand he held a brown vellum book, from which he was reading aloud to a gentleman sitting near, using the other to turn over the yellow leaves, and pointing his moral with a skinny forefinger as he peered closely at the text.

"Listen to this, my boy," said he, his cracked voice rising in shrill exultation, as he went on with the passage from his favorite author: " 'If New England be called a receptacle of Dissenters, Pennsylvania a nursery of Quakers, Maryland the retirement of Roman Catholics, North Carolina the refuge of runaways, and South Carolina the delight of buccaneers and pirates, Virginia may justly be esteemed the happy retreat of true Britons and true Churchmen.' " It is impossible to give an idea of the emphasis and importance he contrived to throw into his "Virginia." Even in his thin tones it had a dignified, Old Dominion, Mother-of-States-and-Presidents swell to it that told its own tale of love and pride: it was a roll-call of the States, in which his heart said "Here!" as plainly as possible to the listening ear.

His companion had given a merely mechanical attention,

and was saying, "You are very fortunate, Mr. Vesey, in being able to read without your glasses. I suffer considerable inconvenience from the necessity I am always under of carrying them about with me wherever I go. My carelessness and absence of mind are such that—"

"There's my son!" exclaimed the old gentleman abruptly; "and he has taken the chestnut out again, in spite of my having distinctly forbidden it. A troublesome lad,—a very troublesome lad." Saying this for the third time, he rose with great difficulty, and aided by his cane limped to the edge of the veranda, and stood there waiting for his son to dismount.

"You have taken the chestnut again, Wyndham, although you knew it was contrary to my wishes. I am surprised at your want of filial respect, sir,—surprised, surprised," he called out fretfully, as soon as his son came within earshot. "You have three saddle-horses of your own, sir, and had better leave mine alone. I should think that an intimation of my wishes on the subject would be all that is necessary; but you forget yourself, sir,—forget yourself entirely."

Although assailed in this way, the son did not seem at all disturbed, but fastened his bridle-rein composedly to a staple driven into one of the oaks; a substitute for the stable-boys who used to dart out from behind the house, by some happy inspiration, the moment there was any need of them. Mr. Vesey the elder was in his second childhood, and had a fixed idea that, with a stable full of thoroughbreds, his son would ride his father's horses. It was useless to argue the point, or explain that the chestnut was the only decent bit of horseflesh about the place; so his son advanced, hat in hand, made his apologies elaborately, and was told that "Mr. Brooke, of Shirley, had been waiting for more than an hour." Now, although the two men had been neighbors, schoolmates, college chums, and intimate friends all their lives, and were moreover in the habit of meeting daily at the same hour for a game, or games, of backgammon, of which both were very fond, the mere suspicion of discourtesy to a guest was so intolerable that Mr. Wyndham Vesey hastened to go through a second set of apologies, as formal and punctilious as though they had been meant for an entire stranger. On examination, "the troublesome boy" proved to be a man of sixty-five, with gray hair and beard, and

dignity and ease of manner quite incomparable, and a diction as clear-cut as his profile. His friend was a year or two older, of equally good address, with a manner suggestive of intense self-respect, utterly untinged by self-assertion, delightfully simple and unaffected, and with that unspoken deference for the opinions and utterances of others which scores so many points for the accomplished man of the world, especially with women.

After shaking hands, the friends stood for several minutes making the usual inquiries after each other's health, and that of each member of their respective households. It was, "I hope the ladies at Shirley are in the enjoyment of their usual good health to-day," and "I trust that Miss Gertrude has quite recovered from the extremely severe attack of neuralgia from which she was suffering yesterday," accompanied by repeated bows and thanks, and so on through the list. To have omitted anybody or slurred over so important a ceremony would have been considered almost indecent. The three gentlemen took chairs, and began a desultory conversation, which was soon interrupted by the arrival of the daughter of the house, Miss Gertrude Vesey, a smiling little lady, who trotted out, key-basket in hand, and greeting Mr. Brooke informed him that she was "right glad to see him," and "it certainly was a mighty fine day for him to ride over;" two phrases whose Elizabethan quaintness suited her and her surroundings. She was so fair and plump and rosy that, though only three years younger than her brother, she looked a softened fifty, and was regarded by her father as a mere child. If in consequence of her poverty she belonged to the black-alpaca sisterhood, by virtue of her ladyhood she had contrived to take out of that dubious material all its unpleasant shininess and suggestion of vulgarity. Worn as Miss Gertrude wore it, with lace at the throat and wrists,—a miniature of an ancestress, a court beauty of Queen Anne's reign,—and a watch from whose chain depended a cross made from the wood of General Washington's coffin, it became to all intents and purposes a black silk, and could have held its own in the very finest company.

Yes, Miss Vesey wore alpaca and took boarders, who seemed to have taken her, so gentle and mild was she, and to have been the gainers by the transaction. For it had come to this. The scanty living afforded by the land had to be supple-

mented by something; and if every helpless incapable in petticoats and difficulties runs to boarders as inevitably as a garden to weeds, it is no wonder that a woman whose recipe for pickled oysters had been copied in half the cookery-books of a state where all the housewifely arts are esteemed and practiced, as they used to be among English dames a couple of centuries back, should take an impregnable position, and, first inserting advertisements demanding and according the "very highest testimonials," await the result as calmly as Napoleon before Austerlitz. Among the family heirlooms was a treasure,—the only one on which no one had counted or been able to dissipate, —in the shape of a small book bound in leather, in which several generations of ladies had recorded their domestic experiences and experiments. Here, in faded, crabbed characters, with a liberal use of capitals, and not always a fanatical adherence to the rules of spelling, were recorded recipes of every conceivable kind. A tremendous compound of honey, hyssop, licorice root, anise-seed, pulverized elecampane, angelica root, pepper, and ginger, called "Queen Elizabeth's Cordial Electuary," and said to have been "Her Majesty's favorite remedy when troubled with straitness," which must have been pretty often, if we may judge from her pictures; "The Honorable Mr. Charles Hamilton's Method of Making Grape Wines," which "the Duke de Mirepoix," presumably a judge of such matters, "preferred to any other;" "Dr. Fuller's Chemical Snuff for Drowsy Distempers;" an "Incomparable Method of Salting Meat as Adopted by the late Empress of Russia," "more expensive than common brine," as imperial brine has a right to be, "but promising advantages that most people would be glad to purchase at a much higher price,"—these, with recipes for "Bragget," "Ink Powder," a "Grand Ptisan or Diet Drink of Health and Longevity, by a Celebrated French Physician, who lived nearly one hundred and twenty years," doubtless on his own mixture, and a highly genteel "Remedy for Noisome Vermin," which "if applied with only the tip of a pin will cause the insect to be instantly deprived of existence," jostled each other in this quaint record of the dark age in which a woman was supposed to "superintend her family arrangements, investigate her accounts, instruct her servants, and keep within the bounds of her husband's income."

There was ample field for the expenditure of all Miss Vesey could earn; for, in addition to other claims, she had a brother's widow and her two daughters to take care of, beside a little boy, a distant cousin, who, being left orphaned and homeless, drifted, as a matter of right and of course, under the roof of a fourth cousin, who felt that she was only fulfilling a plain duty in engaging to support and educate him.

We will now go back to the company on the veranda, talking over several matters of local interest, with occasional interruptions from Mr. Vesey, senior, whose chair is set a little apart, so that he catches only a word here and there.

Mr. Brooke: "I saw Egerton Wharton, yesterday, when I went into town; and it was a great source of gratification to me to meet him again, and recall the pleasant week we spent together at Baltimore in the winter of '70. He has been living out in the West for thirty years, you know, but tells me that he has come home to remain, and has bought back the old place. He has been remarkably successful in his commercial ventures, I hear, and has achieved an independent fortune."

Mr. W. Vesey, flicking with thumb and middle finger one of his sister's neatest darns on the knee of his trousers: "I am glad to hear it. Now that his time is no longer monopolized by mōney-making, a mechanical routine of sordid cares, in which there is little or no expansion of the higher faculties, or room for more elevating pursuits, he will be at liberty to cultivate the feelings and pursue the objects that exalt our nature, rather than increase our fortune. He married a Stainsforth, did he not?"

Mr. Brooke: "Yes. I was at his wedding, and it was a most interesting occasion. I still remember the alacrity with which I saluted the lovely bride, a most bewitching young enchantress; a second-cousin of mine, once removed. Her mother was a Fosbrooke, and her grandmother a Noel."

Old Gentleman, who has slipped down in his chair, and has been dozing, with his head on his breast: "Eh? What's that?"

Mr. W. Vesey: "We were saying that Egerton Wharton's wife's mother was a Fosbrooke, and the grandmother a Noel."

Old Gentleman, sitting bolt upright: "Nothing of the sort, Wyndham,—nothing of the sort. Her mother was a

Flower, and her grandmother was a gentlewoman of great worth and discretion, a daughter of Richard Jocelyn, of Helstone."

Mr. W. Vesey: "I think you are mistaken, sir. You are thinking of the other brother."

Old Gentleman: "Nothing of the sort,—noth-ing-of-the-sort. How can I be mistaken? I never was mistaken in a thing of the kind in my life—never. His father's place in King and Queen marched with mine, and I knew him when he was in long clothes. Visiting in the West, isn't he?"

Mr. Brooke: "He has come home, but he is looking wretchedly ill, and tells me the doctors give him a lease of only two years on life; just as he has gained all that he hoped for. Well, *'Sunt superis sua jura.'* "

Old Gentleman, decisively: "He had better retire to his estate to die, and be buried among his own people."

Miss Vesey, on hospitable thoughts intent: "Is he staying in the neighborhood?"

Mr. Brooke: "I am unable to say. He was with Heathcote yesterday."

Old Gentleman: "That is a tide-water name. What is he doing up here?" (Glancing suspiciously from son to guest, from under his white, tufted eyebrows, as if the fact of Mr. Heathcote's being out of his own county required satisfactory explanation, and was in itself damaging).

Mr. W. Vesey: "He has come to settle up his aunt's property. She died without a will, and he is next of kin."

Old Gentleman, mollified by the respectable nature of his errand: "Oh, indeed! Fine man, his father. He was *arbiter elegantiarum* of the county, when we were young fellows. No such people about here. The gentleman ceases with the oyster in Virginia."

Mr. W. Vesey, aside to his friend: "He is talking of the grandfather. Are you disposed to give me my revenge, now? If so, we may as well go inside for our game, unless, indeed, you prefer to woo the fickle goddess on the porch."

Mr. Brooke, rising: "Not at all; but may I trouble you for a glass of water, first?"

Miss Vesey: "Not water alone, Mr. Brooke. You must try my raspberry cordial."

Interval of five minutes, after which a small African, with his wool carded out carefully and a snow-white apron over his every-day suit, appears in the doorway, a sulky frown on his face, the result of being forced to make a *toilette de circonstance,* and in his hand a silver tray, bearing glasses of cordial, in which bits of ice tinkle temptingly, flanked by a blue India plate, full of golden sponge-cake that clamors to be eaten.

"Ah, here is our Mercury," says Mr. Vesey; and after a little more conversation and liberal refreshment of the inner man, both gentlemen rise, and take their way to a large, bare room on the right of the hall, with windows giving on the porch. Left alone, outside, the weary old man takes intermittent naps, or lets his eyes wander to the white monuments in the cemetery on the hillside, where the declining rays of the sun are shining sadly upon the lonely graves of many a gallant soul who wore the blue or gray; and then to the mist-veiled mountain peaks, on which their eyes must often have rested, too, with God knows what longings for the distant home and friends they were never to see again. At last sleep wins what remains of the day. Not content with sleeping, he snores, and presently wakes himself up, and cries out with feeble fierceness, "Who's that?" It is the inquiry he usually makes under such circumstances, and never meets a response; but this time, as soon as he gets done blinking and staring, in the general confusion of his senses, he sees a dapper, spruce-looking man coming up the steps and approaching him. The new-comer has not dropped from the clouds at all, but has driven up in a smart buggy, very like a tea-tray set on wheels, freshly painted, glittering with varnish, and presenting a striking contrast to the vehicle in which Mr. Brooke was wont to make his appearance,—a dingy, mud-splashed, ram-shackle affair, made up of blistered leather and black wood, the shafts being tied up in various places with bits of rope, and the harness three sizes too large for the small pony it festooned. With a good deal of difficulty old Mr. Vesey gets himself out of his chair, and bows to the stranger; then sinks back, and, leaning on his cane, peers suspiciously into the unfamiliar face.

Old Gentleman: "Good evening to you, sir. Take a seat" (waving him stiffly toward a chair).

Taking the seat indicated, he lolled back in it with breezy

ease, crossed his legs aggressively, and, running his hand through his hair, began with breathless volubility to explain his errand, in short, staccato phrases, that irritated his listener very much as a fusilade from a pea-shooter might have done, though he caught only one in a dozen.

STRANGER: "Been traveling through your country. Very poor country, I call it. Shouldn't think it would yield twelve bushels of anything to the acre. Going to rack and ruin. Guess we'll have to buy you out and put you down in truck farms. Convenient to markets. Raised on a farm. Worked on it till I took to the road. Know all about it. Got a better thing. Always on the lively hop, but layin' up the circulatin' cornstant." (In his satisfaction he here jerks up his coat-sleeves a little way, and rubs his hands together.) "Got a cousin down here. Been sick, and had to stop to see him." (Here he winked facetiously, and laid a finger on the side of his nose.) "Know him? Name's Perkins—Obadiah."

OLD GENTLEMAN, shaking his head: "I have never met the relative you mention. There is no such name in the county."

STRANGER: "What say? Been livin' five miles from here twenty years! Spick-spanking farm on the Woodville pike. No rags, bones, dirt, nor weeds there, you bet. Wife and ten children, mostly of the female gender."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Now that I think of it, there *has* been a person of that name about here for a good while. I trust that you are enjoying your visit, sir." (At this moment a pretty, dark-eyed boy of about six runs out on the porch and seeing the stranger shrinks behind Mr. Vesey's chair.)

STRANGER: "Nice little chap. Grandson?"

OLD GENTLEMAN: "No, sir: a young relative, who has been the subject of a most afflicting dispensation of Providence, and has lost both his parents, whose places we are endeavoring as far as possible to fill."

STRANGER: "Fond of children. Got two little buckets of my own, out my way. Come here, young 'un." (Child declines.)

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Go and speak to the—ah"—(hesitates, and wipes his face with an enormous red bandana, laboriously searched for and applied) "the gentleman, my dear." (Child goes.)

STRANGER: "That's right. Be polite. It's always worth ninety cents on the dollar. Now, tell me, who are you?"

CHILD, as though he were announcing himself a Guelph or Ghibelline: "I am a Vesey."

STRANGER: "Oh, you are, are you?" (Laughing.) "How old are you?"

CHILD: "Going on seven."

STRANGER: "Well, how do you like it as far as you've got?" (Silence.) "Now tell me what you know. Can you read and write? Can you say your catechism?"

CHILD: "Which one?"

STRANGER: "How's that? How many do you learn?"

CHILD: "I know two: Cousin Gertrude's and Grandpa's. But I've forgot my duty to my neighbor."

STRANGER: "That's bad. Well, suppose you say the other. Sail in, now."

CHILD: "I can't say it, 'less Grandpa asks the questions."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Very well, my son. Come here, and I will hear you. Speak so you can be heard. What are you?"

CHILD: "A gentleman."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "What is a gentleman, my son? What does he do?"

CHILD, in a shrill treble, running all the words together: "Fears God, loves his country, tells the truth, respects women, pities the unfortunate, helps the needy, and does his duty." (Old gentleman explains to stranger, and both laugh heartily.)

OLD GENTLEMAN, concluding that stranger is not quite as objectionable as he at first thought: "May I offer you a glass of wine?"

STRANGER: "No, I'm 'bliged to you. Must be off. Smart-like chap, that. Gets that off like it was greased. Like to see the lady of the house." (Child goes in search of Miss Vesey, who presently comes out, dropping a stiff courtesy on the door-sill to the stranger.)

STRANGER, not rising: "How are yer, ma'am? My name's Bates. I'm down here introducin' the finest thing of the age. Sold two thousand of 'em since the first of April. Can't get 'em made fast enough. Buckwheat cakes don't go off no faster. Got a large wash, ain't yer? Done in the

house? Now I tell yer what yer want to do. Yer want to buy one of Baker's patent, automatic-action, self-feeding, double-cylindered wringers. Have all your petticoats and stockings out on the fence by eight o'clock, ef yer was born deaf and dumb and blind!"

A faint color tinged Miss Vesey's cheek at this "bold and indelicate allusion to certain garments," as she put it afterward, in talking over the merits of the new invention with her sister; but she passed it over at the time, though she stiffened perceptibly, and pushed her chair back a little further from the presumptuous speaker. The family linen weighed as heavily upon Miss Vesey as it ever did upon Falstaff, and when got up at home was about equivalent to a weekly case of small-pox; so she listened not only with patience, but with interest, to Mr. Bates's exposition of the incomparable advantages to be derived from the use of his wringer, and then went for a paper and pencil with which to take his address, in the event of her deciding to invest in the machine. Mr. Vesey, with one of the changes of humor to which he was subject, had grown more and more irritated during the conversation, and had interrupted it several times with stage asides, such as, "Send the man away, Gertrude. We shall not sell any of the land, tell him." Wholly mistaking Mr. Bates's mission, he had an idea, born doubtless of much painful experience in the past, that some more of the Edgewood acres were about to be put into the melting-pot. When his daughter had gone, he leaned forward, and said with a puzzled air, "What part of the country did you say you lived in, sir?"

"Bad Axe, Michigan," promptly and proudly replied Mr. Bates.

"Good God! What a place to come from!" said the old man, a look of positive horror overspreading his face; and getting up, he tottered into the hall without another word, and shuffled slowly out of sight, every line in his figure expressive of the profoundest disgust.

It was not long after Miss Vesey had dismissed the florid Bates that some Washington people, staying in the neighborhood, came to call, and flocking up the steps were soon dotted about the porch in groups of two or three, enlivening the scene by their gay costumes and comments. The other ladies of the

family were sent for,—a timid, sad-eyed widow and her two daughters. Conversation flourished apace, and old Mr. Vesey, coming back after a while with two books under his arm, exclaimed, "Well, I declare!" at the sight of so many visitors, and was about to beat a retreat, when one of the gentlemen pulled up an arm-chair, and insisted on installing him in it. They entered into a friendly, if on Mr. Vesey's part rambling and incoherent, chat, and the younger man was highly diverted to hear his companion talk of "Tom Jefferson" and "Tom Paine," "the Resolutions of '98;" quote from "Mr. Addison's works" and Euripides; enter into an ardent defense of the principles and practices of the Whig party; and make a tremendous onslaught in Johnsonian periods upon foreigners in general, and the French in particular. It was, "I apprehend that the greatest danger threatening the perpetuity of our institutions lies in the unrestricted powers of our Chief Executive, sir. What does Patrick Henry say? 'The President of the United States will always come in at the head of a party. He will be supported in all his acts by a party. The day is coming when the patronage of the President will be tremendous, and from this power the country may sooner or later fall.'" Or, "Don't talk to me of the French, sir. I have no prejudices, but look at the Reign of Terror! They are a dirty race; they eat the Lord knows what kind of messes and kickshaws, and you can't believe a single word they say, sir. I was educated in England, and the day I left Southampton to return to my native land I looked toward France, and then toward England; and I said to myself, 'I thank my God that I sprang from this people, and not from that.'"

Meanwhile Miss Vesey had been taken possession of by a bright, pretty girl, of whom she was very fond, though the girl was as unlike as could be the ideal model young lady whom Miss Vesey had been trained to admire and imitate in her own youth. "So awfully glad to see you, dear Miss Gertrude," the girl was saying. "Do sit right down here by me, and let me tell you what stacks of fun we've been having lately."

"'Awful' is a very suitable word to use when you have occasion to allude to the Day of Judgment, Amy; but I hardly think it applicable to the pleasure we experience on meeting a friend," objected Miss Vesey. "I wish you would try—"

"Oh, never mind, you dear old-fashioned thing! Don't scold. Everything is awful nowadays that isn't quite too perfectly jolly. I've been to a party at the Seaforths', and I danced twenty-three dances running. What do you think of that? Weren't you awfully fond of waltzing, too, when you were a girl?" asked the girl. "It's just too delightful for anything."

"I never waltzed in my life, my dear," said Miss Vesey, gently patting her young friend's hand as she spoke. "I don't approve of it, at all, you know. It seems to me a most indelicate proceeding, and I think that if you should read Salmagundi you would agree with me. I used to dance quadrilles, sometimes, but I never gave the gentleman more than the tips of my fingers, and I *always* wore gloves."

"Good gracious! You don't mean it!" cried Miss Amy, amazed, and not a little amused by such a code of propriety. "How glad I am that I didn't live then! There was a sweet little man, with a perfect love of a moustache, who danced like an angel, at the party, the other night, and how we did spin! I tore all the embroidered flounce off my dress, and my hair all came down, and I dare say I looked a fright; but that didn't matter."

Miss Vesey, severely, for her: "My dear child, how can you talk of any gentleman in such a shocking way? And alluding to his—his moustache—it is positively bold. It is a fault of heedlessness, no doubt," she went on, afraid of having given offense, "yet it cannot but give rise to scandal among the gossips. It is a great pity that you spoilt so expensive a dress, dancing in that violent way."

"Oh, that don't matter. Popper will give me a dozen like it, if I want them," said Amy.

"But surely you can repair the injury," urged Miss Vesey.

"No, I can't. I can't darn a bit, and it would be an awful bother."

Now Miss Vesey was amazed, in her turn. Her own needlework was exquisite. She had been pinned by her skirts to the chintz covering of a mahogany chair, at her grandmother's side, for two hours daily, from the age of three until such a measure was no longer necessary; and a child of six, at that period in Virginia, who could not make a shirt for her

father neatly and completely was regarded as either hopelessly stupid, or a disgrace to her family. She could only murmur, "Dear me, dear me! I never knew any one so sadly neglected. You must not be angry with me for saying so, my dear."

"Why, of course not. I don't mind about not sewing. Popper's got lots of money, just pots of it, and he don't care how much I spend. My shoe-bill at school last winter was sixty dollars for three months, and my candy-bill was seventy-five, and Popper never said a word."

"I think I never heard of such extravagance!" exclaimed Miss Vesey. "It is really wicked to throw away money in that reckless fashion. What would you do if reverses came, my dear?"

"Oh, come and be housemaid at Edgewood, you dear thing!" replied the warm-hearted girl, with a kiss and pressure of Miss Vesey's hand. "There, they are going! I must say good-by." And say good-by she did; and Miss Vesey, having waited to get a last nod and bright smile from her through the carriage window, pulled out her knitting, and clicked away briskly with her needles in the twilight. Through the open window close by came the rattle, rattle, rattle, and clop, clop, of the dice-boxes, with fragments of the conversation of the two gentlemen inside, "Ha! Had you there, Everard." "I've crossed the Rubicon now." "Look out for your laurels!" "Ten games ahead! Really, your hand seems to have lost its cunning. You block your game by heaping up men in the corners, I think." The voices grew higher and higher, expressing exultation on the one hand, and much irritation on the other. Presently Mr. Vesey called out, "Sixes!" "That takes all your men in," exclaimed his opponent, in a disgusted tone. "Sixes again, by the beard of the Prophet!" cried Mr. Vesey, and a clatter of pieces taken off and dumped down in the vacant board followed. "Sixes *again!*" he next shouted, in delighted amazement. "AND AGAIN!" he exclaimed, in genuine astonishment. "Did you ever hear of such luck?"

This was more than poor Mr. Brooke could bear, for he was of an impulsive temperament, and had been losing steadily all the afternoon. "By Heaven, it isn't fair! It isn't fair!" he roared, and, getting up, seized board, dice, and men, and threw them violently out of the window upon the lawn.

A dead silence followed this outburst, and then Miss Vesey, all of whose faculties had come out to hear, overheard her brother say, in his lowest, quietest, and most distinct tones, as he pushed back his chair, "You have called my honor in question, Mr. Brooke, and I am under my own roof. Allow me to wish you good-evening." With this he walked up-stairs, and a moment later Mr. Brooke bolted out on the porch, hastily untied his horse, scrambled into the buggy, and belaboring an astonished pony with the butt end of his cane was soon out of the Edgewood grounds.

The estrangement that followed between the two friends was one of the most painful episodes either had ever known. A most melancholy hiatus in their relations set in. They met continually, but only to stalk past each other fiercely, with averted looks, and then to go home to brood over their respective injuries.

"To think that Everard Brooke, whom I have known, man and boy, for fifty years, should accuse me of cheating! Loading the dice! A Vesey loading dice!" groaned Mr. Vesey to his sister, throwing himself about in his comfortable arm-chair as though it contained nests of scorpions, instead of well-stuffed cushions.

"Wyndham Vesey is too hard on me," Mr. Brooke would say. "I met him at the post-office this morning, and he could not have treated me with more contempt if I had been a tramp! He must know that I said what I did in an impulse of ungovernable temper; but I am not going to tell him so while he continues to assume that confounded air of superiority."

This state of affairs continued until Mr. Brooke, implacable, as people in the wrong generally are, having raged and abused and suffered his fill, came suddenly, one morning, in looking over an old trunk, upon a handsome silver-mounted whip, the gift of his friend. Forthwith habit, affection, regret, enforced by a conscience silenced, not convinced, all made a united, and this time successful, assault upon the weakened citadel, and sitting down he wrote as follows:—

THE HONORABLE WYNDHAM VESEY:

SIR,—Feeling as I do that I have almost forfeited the right to address you at all, it is with considerable trepidation that I approach

the subject of our late misunderstanding. I cannot too deeply deplore that in a moment of extreme irritation I allowed myself to be betrayed into a most ungentlemanly and indeed unpardonable display of temper and ill-breeding; but at the same time, I must be allowed to utterly disclaim the construction you unhappily placed upon my hasty utterances, reflecting severely upon you as a gentleman and a man of honor, to offer you an unconditional apology for the same, express my profound regret at what has happened, and assure you of the high esteem in which I have ever held you.

With assurances of distinguished consideration, I have the honor to remain very faithfully yours, EVERARD BROOKE.

If the grave, orderly, dignified Mr. Brooke knew how to lose his temper with a good-will on rare occasions, he also knew how to atone for his indiscretion. He got in reply an extremely frank and cordial acceptance of his *amende honorable,* and, meeting Mr. Vesey two days later, looked so dreadfully embarrassed, held out his hand with such an uncertain air, and murmured in such an agitated tone, "You will shake hands with me, won't you, Wyndham?" that Mr. Vesey nearly wrung it off, and they were soon going through the usual stilted inquiries for the ladies at Shirley and Edgewood, with a barely perceptible additional tinge of formality and deference. The friendship that had withstood the shocks of a life-time, to be imperiled, strange to say, by four throws of a dice-box, flowed on ever after in a current strong as it was deep, undisturbed by the faintest breath of disagreement; and every day in the week, at the usual hour, the two men may still be seen, deeply engaged in the mysteries and intricacies of their favorite pastime.

London, June 1873. Published by H. Lincoln Walker, 171, Strand.

JUDAH PHILIP BENJAMIN.

BORN AT ST. CROIX, W. INDIES, 1811.

"He came among us in mature life with great and known celebrity"

The first Chief Justice of England, at the Banquet in London 30th June 1883

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN

[1811—1884]

PIERCE BUTLER

JUDAH PHILIP BENJAMIN was born in the island of St. Thomas, at that time a British possession, on August, 6, 1811. His parents, Philip Benjamin and Rebecca de Mendes, were English Jews, who had emigrated to the West Indies in 1808; and from St. Thomas the family at length removed to the United States, about 1816, settling in Charleston. Judah was the eldest son, having a sister two years his senior, Rebecca, (afterwards Mrs. Abraham Levy), and younger brothers and sisters, Solomon, Joseph, Julia, Harriet, and Penina.*

The fortunes of the family were at a low ebb when they arrived in the United States, and continued so for many years. But being persons of education themselves, the Benjamins made successful efforts to educate their children, and Judah, with others of them, attended the well-known academy of Fayetteville, North Carolina. Going thence to Yale College in 1825, he remained but two full years; at the end of that time the inability of his father to continue his support compelled him to leave college and begin his struggle for a livelihood. Though thus interrupted, his studies had given him some training, and his own readiness and persistence ultimately made good any deficiencies in formal education.

Shortly after leaving college, young Benjamin came to New Orleans, in 1828, to begin a life of hard work with a cheerfulness and determination to succeed that soon won rich reward. He began as a penniless notary-clerk, studied law, studied French and Spanish, taught as a private tutor; within four years he was admitted to the bar, December 16, 1832, and felt himself already so assured of success that, in February of the next year, he was married. His success as a lawyer was so rapid and remarkable as to lead, within ten years, to his recognition among the foremost lawyers at a bar where not a few of the advocates were men of national reputation. Almost at the beginning of his career the preparation, in conjunction with Thomas Slidell, of a 'Digest of the Reported Decisions of the Superior Courts in the Territory of Orleans and State of Louisiana,' had displayed the peculiar gifts of the young lawyer for careful

*The daughter of Mrs. Levy, Mrs. Popham, now a resident of New Orleans, and descendants of Penina Benjamin, who married Mr. John Kruttschnitt, of New Orleans, are the most direct representatives of this large family.

analysis and close reasoning. The book, though modest in its pretensions, was highly useful, and continued a standard work of reference for many years. In 1842 his connection with a series of suits arising out of the release of slaves from the brig *Creole,* at Nassau, greatly extended his reputation, his brief in what is called the "Creole Case" being printed and widely circulated throughout the Union, attracting attention not only by its own merit but also by reason of the growing interest in the slavery question.

His practice had been very lucrative, sufficient to enable him not only to aid generously in the support of his mother and sisters, but also to provide comfortably for his wife, and to accumulate a considerable fortune. He purchased an interest in a sugar plantation, "Bellechasse," below New Orleans, and devoted himself to the fascinating study of methods for improving the cultivation of cane and the manufacture of sugar. At "Bellechasse" he established his home; but his wife, a beautiful, artistic, cultured, but self-indulgent Creole (Natalie St. Martin, died in 1891), found the life on the plantation too dull. She went to France, with her only child, Ninette*, and continued to reside there the rest of her life, visited almost every summer by her husband, so long as he remained in America. The plantation home, after Mrs. Benjamin's departure, was offered to his mother and sisters, who came there to live in 1847. He himself was compelled by his continued activity at the bar and his increasing interest in politics to live in New Orleans; but he spent much time at "Bellechasse," and devoted himself with characteristic energy to the development of the plantation, and particularly to the study of the new science of sugar chemistry. He wrote interesting and highly useful articles upon the subject, in *De Bow's Review;* installed one of the earliest of the improved mills and vacuum processes for the manufacture of sugar; and won first prize for his sugar at the State Fair, and special commendation from a chemist sent out by the United States. The plantation was successful until a series of disastrous floods from the river, coupled with the failure of a friend whose notes he had endorsed for a large amount, so crippled his fortune that he was compelled to relinquish the uncertain business of sugar making and return with renewed vigor to the law.

Meanwhile he had been very active in political life. Elected to the lower house of the State Legislature in 1842, he began a political career in which he never met defeat. In 1844 he was a delegate to the convention for framing a new State Constitution, and took a leading part in the convention's debates. He was an active partizan on the Whig side, but rarely gave serious offense to his defeated opponents, in spite of the bitterness of factional feeling at that time.

*So known, but christened Anne Marie Natalie, married Captaine Henri de Bousignac; died, childless, 1898.

In 1852 he was again a delegate to a Constitutional Convention, and so influential that the press of the opposition spoke as if the resultant Constitution were mainly his work. In this year he was elected to the State Senate, and then to the Senate of the United States. While keeping up his interest in political life, he was rapidly rebuilding his fortune in the practice of his profession; was successfully leading the movement which resulted in the building of the Jackson Railroad, now the Illinois Central; and was striving desperately to promote the building of a railroad, and ultimately of a canal, across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. This dream of trans-isthmian communication was very dear to Benjamin's heart; he labored for its realization nearly ten years, was at one time apparently in sight of success, and failed, it would seem, merely through the unsettled condition of affairs in Mexico.

These and other projects of public utility were well known and appreciated by Mr. Benjamin's fellow citizens; to the larger public, however, he will always be best known as the brilliant lawyer and eloquent orator. His remarkable gifts as an orator were to be first displayed in a wide field in the great debates in the United States Senate. True to his convictions, Mr. Benjamin soon became known there as one of the ablest exponents of the Southern views upon slavery and the constitutional guaranties of State sovereignty. He adopted and in a certain sense extended the teachings of Calhoun, in a series of subtly reasoned speeches that won him first place among the debaters of the Senate, and that may well be studied to-day as presenting the views of the more earnest and conservative among the Southern leaders. They will be found generally courteous and temperate in expression at a time when violent speech even in the Senate was not uncommon; they recognize the inevitableness of civil war, even as early as 1856; they recognize, too, that the issues of such a war may well be unfortunate for the South, but that the South must not therefore give up without a struggle what she regards as her just due under the Constitution; and if their logic appear to us now as over-strained, it might be suggested that it seems so, of course, in the light of Appomattox. The most worthy of these speeches are those upon the Kansas question, May 2, 1856; upon the Lecompton Constitution, March 11, 1858; upon the right of secession, December 31, 1860; and the farewell to the Senate upon the secession of Louisiana, February 4, 1861. His record in the Senate was peculiarly brilliant, and the old reporter of the Senate when asked, years afterward, whom he considered the best equipped member of that body, replied unhesitatingly, "Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana."

During his senatorial career the Whig party, of which he had

always been a staunch adherent, went to pieces upon the question of slavery. Mr. Benjamin became a Democrat, and in spite of fierce opposition was reëlected to the Senate in 1859.

Upon the secession of Louisiana Mr. Benjamin, after a farewell address that was acclaimed by Sir George Cornewall Lewis as "better than Disraeli could have done," retired from the Senate. He was soon after appointed Attorney-General in the Confederate Cabinet; and in September, 1861, became also Secretary of War. His administration of the War Department was not successful; he was severely criticized and censured by the Confederate Congress for the loss of Forts Henry and Donelson, and especially for the disaster at Roanoke Island. But President Davis, recognizing the fact that he was a most capable coadjutor, appointed him Secretary of State in February, 1862.

For the duties of this office Mr. Benjamin was admirably fitted by temperament and training. Accepting at first the recognized policy of "King Cotton," he afterwards sought a more rational basis, and directed with great skill and intelligence the efforts of the various Confederate agents to secure the recognition of their government by European powers. To this end he made offer of a substantial subsidy in cotton to Louis Napoleon. The failure of Confederate diplomacy, however, followed the failure of Confederate arms, despite the energy and skill with which affairs were conducted by Mr. Benjamin. It should be remarked that he was the most influential member of Mr. Davis's official family, and actually wrote the President's messages when other duties filled the time of the Executive.

Upon the fall of Richmond, Mr. Benjamin accompanied Mr. Davis in his retreat until it became manifest that all hope of the Confederacy was indeed lost. He then made his way to the Florida Coast in disguise, escaped to the Bemini Isles in an open boat, and thence, encountering great peril and hardship, to Nassau, to Havana, to St. Thomas, and at last to Liverpool.

Nothing daunted by the absolute wreck of his fortunes when he himself was already past middle life, Mr. Benjamin set to work to earn his living by his pen in London, and began the study of the English law. His name and fame as an advocate enabled him to shorten materially the period usually required in preparation for the bar; and he was admitted as a barrister in June, 1866. As had been the case when he was a penniless young stranger beginning the practice of law in New Orleans, so now, when he was beginning anew, at fifty-five, in a foreign land, his success was almost immediate. He wrote a treatise upon the "Sale of Personal Property" (1868), which immediately became a standard text-book, highly

valued by the legal fraternity both in England and in America. This book established his reputation, and his practice became rapidly more extensive and lucrative. He was made Queen's Counsel in 1872; and as an index to the rapidity of his rise in England it might be noted that his fees, which had been but £495 in the first year, now rose to £5,623, and in 1880 reached the sum of £15,972, regarded as a very great income for the British advocate of that day.

Early in the year 1883 failing health compelled him to retire from practice at the bar, and the short remainder of his life was spent chiefly in the home he had built for his wife in the Avenue d'Iéna, Paris, where he died, May 6, 1884. The close of his remarkable career in England was celebrated at a great farewell banquet tendered him by the members of the English bar, an honor never before accorded; and upon this occasion most memorable tributes were paid to Mr. Benjamin both as a man and as a lawyer by the foremost representatives of the bar where he had won fame and a new fortune. "Who is the man," said Sir Henry James at this farewell banquet, "save this one, of whom it can be said that he held conspicuous leadership at the bar of two countries?"

As a man Mr. Benjamin was kindly in disposition and loyal to friends, exceedingly generous, and ready to help. The salient feature of his character was his cheerful courage, his resolute facing of disaster with the determination to begin the fight anew. As an orator he was simple and unaffected in delivery as in style; his voice was notably sweet, clear as a bell; and his perfectly modulated voice and careful enunciation made it easy to follow him despite the great rapidity with which he habitually spoke. In legal argument he was noted for his power of logical analysis and clear statement of the main issue; his mind perceived at once the vital point, and it was his habit to proceed at once to that point, divesting the most complex questions of their confusing details in a way that often carried conviction at once to the mind of his hearer. His style is remarkable, at a time when it was the custom to indulge in rather exalted rhetoric, for its directness and simplicity; he does not allow ornament to overlay his thought, but lets it serve to illuminate; he eschews, almost entirely, the use of words and phrases from the classics or from the modern languages. While his fame rests chiefly upon his attainments as a lawyer and an orator, and must therefore chiefly concern those of his profession, there is literary ability of no mean order in the many addresses and occasional magazine articles that constitute his work.

Pierce Butler

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Benjamin's various writings aside from the legal work mentioned above, are to be found principally in the pages of court reports, the 'Congressional Globe,' and similar publications. For the argument in the *Creole* cases, see 10 'Robinson's Louisiana Annual Reports,' 202, 279, 339; for the great addresses in the Senate, 'Congressional Globe,' 1855-1856, Part I., p. 1092 *et seq.;* 1857-1858, Part II., p. 1065 *et seq.;* 1859-1860, Part III., p. 2233 *et seq.;* 1860-1861, Part I., p. 212 *et seq.; Ibid,* p. 727 *et seq.;* for the articles on sugar, see *De Bow's Commercial Review of the Southern and Western States,* Vol. II., pp. 322-345; Vol. V p. 4457; *Ibid,* pp. 357-364. In 'Modern Eloquence,' Vol. XI, p. 200 *et seq.,* and in Putnam's 'World's Orators,' Vol. XI., p. 97 *et seq.,* will be found "Education the Foundation Stone of Republican Government," an address before the public schools in New Orleans, 1845: in the 'World's Best Orators,' Vol. I., p. 399 *et seq.,* the farewell to the Senate.

For biographical details, see Pierce Butler's 'Judah P. Benjamin,' George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, 1907; an excellent short sketch is that by Max J. Kohler, "Publications of the American Jewish Historical Society," No. 12; and also his article in the 'Jewish Encyclopædia.'

EDUCATION THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT

Delivered before a gathering of the Free Schools in the city of New Orleans in 1845.

One of the most eminent philosophers of modern times, who had made the science of government his peculiar study, after investigating what were the principles essential to every mode of government known to man, has announced the great result that virtue was the very foundation, the corner-stone of republican governments; that by virtue alone could republican institutions flourish and maintain their strength; that in its absence they would wither and perish. Therefore it was that the enlightenment of the people by an extended system of moral education, their instruction in all those great elemental truths which elevate the mind and purify the heart of man, which, in a word, render him capable of self-government, were objects of the most anxious solicitude of our ancestors; and

the Father of his Country, in that farewell address which has become the manual of every American citizen, when bestowing the last counsels of a heart glowing with the purest and most fervent love of country that ever warmed a patriot's breast, urged upon his countrymen the vital necessity of providing for the education of the people, in language which cannot be too often repeated: "It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

Recreant indeed should we prove to the duty we owe to our country, unworthy indeed should we be of the glorious heritage of our fathers, if the counsels of Washington fell disregarded on our ears.

But if that great man had so decided a conviction of the absolute necessity of diffusing intelligence amongst the people in his day, how unspeakably urgent has that necessity become in ours! In the first attempts then made to organize our institutions on republican principles, the most careful and guarded measures were adopted in order to confine the powers of the government to the hands of those whose virtue and intelligence best fitted them for the exercise of such exalted duties. The population of the country was sparse; the men then living had witnessed the revolution that secured our independence; its din was still ringing in their ears; they had purchased liberty with blood, and dearly did they cherish, and watchfully did they guard, the costly treasure; the noblest band of patriots that ever wielded sword or pen in freedom's holy cause were still amongst them, shining lights, guiding by their example and instructing by their counsels, to which eminent public services gave added weight. Now, alas! the latest survivor of that noble band has passed away. Their light has ceased to shine on our path. The population that then scarce reached three millions now numbers twenty; and the steady

and irresistible march of public opinion, constantly operating in the infusion of a greater and still greater proportion of the popular element into our institutions, has at length reached the point beyond which it can no farther go; and from the utmost limits of the frozen North to the sunny clime of Louisiana, from the shores washed by the stormy Atlantic to the extreme verge of the flowery prairies of the Far West, there scarce breathes an American citizen who is not, in the fullest and broadest acceptation of the word, one of the rulers of his country. Imagination shrinks from the contemplation of the mighty power for weal or for woe possessed by these vast masses of men. If swayed by impulse, passion, or prejudice to do wrong, no mind can conceive, no pen portray, the scenes of misery and desolation that must ensue. But if elevated and purified by the beneficent influence of our free public education, if taught from infancy the lessons of patriotism and devotion to their country's good, if so instructed as to be able to appreciate and to spurn the counsels of those who in every age have been ready to flatter man's worst passions and to pander to his most degraded appetites for purposes of self-aggrandizement—if, in a word, trained in the school and imbued with the principles of our Washington, the most extravagant visions of fancy must fall short of picturing the vivid colors of the future that is open before us. The page of history will furnish no parallel to our grandeur; and the great republic of the western world, extending the blessings of freedom in this hemisphere and acting by its example in the other, will reach the proudest pinnacle of power and of greatness to which human efforts can aspire. And for the attainment of this auspicious result, how simple yet how mighty the engine which alone is required!—a universal diffusion of intelligence amongst the people by a bounteous system of free public education.

It has been said by the enemies of popular government that its very theory is false—that it proceeds on the assumption that the greater number ought to govern; and the records of history, and the common experience of mankind, are appealed to in support of the fact that the intelligence and capacity required for government are confined to a small minority; that only a fraction of this minority are possessed of a leisure or inclination for the study and reflection which are indispensable

for the mastery of the important questions on which the prosperity and happiness of a country must depend; and that those men best qualified to be the leaders and guides of their countrymen in the administration of the government have the smallest chances of success for the suffrages of the people, by reason of the secluded habits engendered by application to the very studies required to qualify them for the proper discharge of public duties. Those who are attached to free institutions can furnish but one reply to these arguments: the premises on which they rest must be destroyed; the foundation of fact must be swept away, and the majority, nay, the whole mass of the people must be furnished with that degree of instruction which is required for enabling them to appreciate the advantages which flow from a judicious selection of their public servants, and to distinguish and reward that true merit which is always unobtrusive. Nor is this an utopian idea; if not easy of attainment, the object is at least practicable with the means that a kind Providence has supplied for us. The most sanguine advocates for public schools cannot, nor do they, pretend that each scholar is to become a politician or a statesman, any more than it would be practicable or desirable to make of each an astronomer or a chemist. But in the same manner as it would be useful to instruct all in the general outlines and striking facts of those sciences, it will not be found difficult to give to the youth of America such instruction in the general outlines and main principles of our government as would enable them to discriminate between the artful demagogue or the shallow pretender and the man whose true merit should inspire their confidence and respect. This alone would suffice for all purposes connected with the stability and prosperity of our country and its institutions; for not even the stanchest opponent of free government pretends that the mass of the people are swayed by improper motives, that their impulses are wrong, but only that their ignorance exposes them to be misled by the designing.

The same eminent philosopher to whom I have already alluded, Montesquieu, after establishing the principle that virtue is the mainspring of democracies, alludes to this very subject of the education of the people in free governments, and remarks that it is especially for the preservation of such govern-

ments that education is indispensable. He defines what he means by virtue in the people, and declares it to be the love of our country and its laws; the love of country which requires a constant preference of public interest to that of the individual, and which, to use his own language, is peculiarly affected by republics. "In them," says he, "the government is confided to all the citizens. Now, government is like all other earthly things—to be preserved, it must be cherished. Who ever heard of a king that did not love monarchy, or a despot who detested absolute power? Everything, then, depends on establishing this love of country, and it is to this end that education in republics ought specially to be directed." If this distinguished writer be correct in these remarks—and who can gainsay them?—how boundless the field for instruction and meditation which they afford! How is a love of country—that love of country on which our existence as a nation depends—to be preserved, cherished, and made within us a living principle, guiding and directing our actions? Love of country is not a mere brute instinct, binding us by a blind and unreflecting attachment to the soil, to the earth and rocks and streams that surrounded us at our birth. It is the offspring of early associations, springing up at the period when the infant perceptions are first awakened by the Creator to the beauteous works of His power which surround us, sustained and cherished by the memory of all the warm affections that glow in the morning of life. The reminiscences of our childish joys and cares, of the ties of family and of home, all rush back on the mind in maturer years with irresistible force, and cling to us even in our dying hour. England's noble bard never clothed a more beautiful thought in more poetic language than when he depicted the images that crowded into the memory of the gladiator dying in the arena of Rome:—

> He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize—
> But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
> There were his young barbarians all at play,
> There was their Dacian mother.

But although these feelings are natural to man in all climes and ages, how intensely are they felt, how deeply do they become rooted in the hearts of those who, in addition to the

early associations peculiar to each, are knit together in one common bond of brotherhood by the recollection of the great and noble deeds of those who have lived before them in the land; who can point to records of historic lore and show names of their country and her sons inscribed upon the brightest pages in the annals of the past! What, then, are the means by which to kindle this love of country into a steady and enduring flame, chaste, pure, and unquenchable as that which vestals for their goddess guarded? Your Free Public Schools. Let the young girl of America be instructed in the history of her country; let her be taught the story of the wives and mothers of the Revolution; of their devoted attachment to their country in the hour of its darkest peril; of that proud spirit of resistance to its oppressors which no persecution could overcome; of that unfaltering courage which lifted them high above the weakness of their sex, and lent them strength to encourage and to cheer the fainting spirits of those who were doing battle in its cause —and when that girl shall become a matron, that love of country will have grown with her growth and become strengthened in her heart, and the first lessons that a mother's love will instil into the breast of the infant on her knee will be devotion to that country of which her education shall have taught her to be justly proud. Take the young boy of America and lead his mind back to the days of Washington. Teach him the story of the great man's life. Follow him from the moment when the youthful soldier first drew his sword in defense of his country, and depict his conduct and his courage on the dark battlefield where Braddock fell. Let each successive scene of the desperate Revolutionary struggle be made familiar to his mind; let him trace the wintry march by the blood-stained path of a barefooted soldiery winding their painful way over a frozen soil; teach him in imagination to share the triumphs of Trenton, of Princeton, and of Yorktown. Let him contemplate the hero, the patriot, and the sage, when the battle's strife was over and the victory secured, calmly surrendering to his country's rulers the rank and station with which they had invested him, withdrawing to the retirement of the home that he loved, and modestly seeking to escape the honors that a grateful people were to bestow. Teach him to appreciate the less brilliant but more useful and solid triumphs of the states-

man; tell him how, at the people's call, the man that was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," abandoned the calm seclusion that he cherished, again, at an advanced age, to expose himself to the stormy ocean of public life: first, to give aid and counsel to his countrymen in devising a frame of government that should forever secure their liberties; and then, by his administration of that government, to furnish a model and guide for the chief magistrates that were to succeed him. And then lead him at length to the last sad scene, the closing hour of the career of the greatest man that earth has ever borne, to the death-bed of the purest patriot that ever periled life in his country's cause, and let him witness a mighty people bowed down with sorrow and mourning the bereavement of their friend, their father. And as the story shall proceed, that boy's cheeks shall glow and his eye shall kindle with a noble enthusiasm, his heart shall beat with quicker pulse, and in his inmost soul shall he vow undying devotion to that country which, above all riches, possesses that priceless treasure, the name, the fame, and the memory of Washington.

Nor is it here that the glorious results of your system of universal education for the people are to be arrested. The same wise Providence which has bestowed on the inhabitant of the New World that restless activity and enterprise which so peculiarly adapt him for extending man's physical domain over the boundless forests that still invite the ax of the pioneer, has also implanted in his breast a mind searching, inquisitive, and acute; a mind that is yet destined to invade the domain of science, and to take possession of her proudest citadels. Hitherto the absence of some basis of primary instruction has caused that mind, in a great degree, to run riot, for want of proper direction to its energies; but its very excesses serve but to prove its native strength, as a noxious vegetation proves, by the rankness of its growth, the fertility of the soil when yet unsubdued by man. Let this basis be supplied, and instead of indulging in visionary schemes or submitting to the influence of the wildest fanaticism—instead of becoming the votary of a Mormon or a Miller—the freeman of America will seek other and nobler themes for the exercise of his intellect; other and purer fountains will furnish the living waters at which to slake

his thirst for knowledge. The boundless field of the arts and sciences will be opened to his view. Emulation will lend strength and energy to each rival in the race of fame. Then shall we have achieved the peaceful conquest of our second, our moral independence. Then shall we cease morally as well as physically to be the tributaries of the old world. Then in painting, other Wests and other Allstons will arise; then sculpture will boast of other Greenoughs and Powerses; then the name of Bowditch will not stand alone amongst the votaries of that science which has her home in the heavens; then other philosophers will take their place by the side of Franklin, and other divines will emulate the fame and follow in the footsteps of Channing.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE U. S. SENATE

FEBRUARY, 5, 1861

MR. PRESIDENT: If we were engaged in the performance of our accustomed legislative duties, I might well rest content with the simple statement of my concurrence in the remarks just made by my colleague. Deeply impressed, however, with the solemnity of the occasion, I cannot remain insensible to the duty of recording, amongst the authentic reports of your proceedings, the expression of my conviction that the State of Louisiana has judged and acted well and wisely in this crisis of her destiny.

Sir, it has been urged, on more than one occasion, in the discussions here and elsewhere, that Louisiana stands on an exceptional footing. It has been said that whatever might be the rights of the states that were original parties to the Constitution—even granting *their* right to resume, for sufficient cause, those restricted powers which they delegated to the General Government in trust for their own use and benefit—still Louisiana can have no such right, because *she* was acquired by purchase. Gentlemen have not hesitated to speak of the sovereign states formed out of the territory ceded by France as property bought with the money of the United States, belonging to them as purchasers; and, although they have not carried their doctrine to its legitimate results, I must conclude that

they also mean to assert, on the same principle, *the right of selling for a price that which for a price was bought.*

I shall not pause to comment on this repulsive dogma of a party which asserts the right of property in free-born white men, in order to reach its cherished object of destroying the right of property in slave-born black men—still less shall I detain the Senate in pointing out how shadowy the distinction between the condition of the servile African and that to which the white freemen of my state would be reduced, if it indeed be true that they are bound to this Government by ties that cannot be legitimately dissevered, without the consent of that very majority which wields its powers for their oppression. I simply deny the fact on which the argument is founded. I deny that the province of Louisiana, or the people of Louisiana, were ever conveyed to the United States for a price as property that could be bought or sold at will. Without entering into the details of the negotiation, the archives of our State Department show the fact to be, that although the domain, the public lands, and other property of France in the ceded province, were conveyed by absolute title to the United States, *the sovereignty was not conveyed otherwise than in trust.*

A hundred fold, sir, has the Government of the United States been reimbursed by the sales of public property, of public lands, for the price of the acquisition; but not with the fidelity of the honest trustee has it discharged the obligations as regards the sovereignty.

I have said that the Government assumed to act as trustee or guardian of the people of the ceded province, and covenanted to transfer to them the sovereignty thus held in trust for their use and benefit, as soon as they were capable of exercising it. What is the expressed language of the treaty?

> The inhabitants of the ceded Territory *shall be incorporated in the Union* of the United States, and admitted *as soon as possible,* according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of *all* the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the meantime they shall be maintained and *protected* in the enjoyment of their liberty, *property,* and the religion which they profess.

And, sir, as if to mark the true nature of the cession in a

manner too significant to admit of misconception, the treaty stipulates no price; and the sole consideration for the conveyance, as stated on its face, is the desire to afford a strong proof of the friendship of France for the United States. By the terms of a separate convention stipulating the payment of a sum of money, the precaution is again observed of stating that the payment is to be made, not as a consideration or a price or a condition precedent of the cession, but it is carefully distinguished as being a consequence of the cession. It was by words thus studiously chosen, sir, that James Monroe and Thomas Jefferson marked their understanding of a contract now misconstrued as being a bargain and sale of sovereignty over freemen. With what indignant scorn would those staunch advocates of the inherent right of self-government have repudiated the slavish doctrine now deduced from their action!

How were the obligations of this treaty fulfilled? That Louisiana at that date contained slaves held as property by her people through the whole length of the Mississippi Valley —that those people had an unrestricted right of settlement with their slaves under legal protection throughout the entire ceded province—no man has ever had the hardihood to deny. Here is a treaty promise to *protect* that property, that *slave property*, in that *Territory, before* it should become a State. That this promise was openly violated, in the adjustment forced upon the South at the time of the admission of Missouri, is matter of recorded history. The perspicuous and unanswerable exposition of Mr. Justice Catron, in the opinion delivered by him in the Dred Scott case, will remain through all time as an ample vindication of this assertion.

If, then, sir, the people of Louisiana had the right, which Congress could not deny, of admission into the Union with *all* the rights of *all* the citizens of the United States, it is in vain that the partisans of the right of the majority to govern the minority with despotic control, attempt to establish a distinction to her prejudice, between her rights and those of any other state. The only distinction which really exists is this: that she can point to a breach of treaty stipulations expressly guaranteeing her rights, as a wrong superadded to those which have impelled a number of her sister states to the assertion of their independence.

The rights of Louisiana as a sovereign state are those of Virginia; no more, no less. Let those who deny her right to resume delegated powers, successfully refute the claim of Virginia to the same right, in spite of her expressed reservation made and notified to her sister states when she consented to enter the Union. And, sir, permit me to say that, of all the causes which justify the action of the Southern States, I know none of greater gravity and more alarming magnitude than that now developed of the denial of the right of secession. A pretension so monstrous as that which perverts a restricted agency, constituted by sovereign states for common purposes, into the unlimited despotism of the majority, and denies all legitimate escape from such despotism, when powers not delegated are usurped, converts the whole constitutional fabric into the secure abode of lawless tyranny, and degrades sovereign states into provincial dependencies.

It is said that the right of secession, if conceded, makes of our Government a mere rope of sand; that to assert its existence imputes to the framers of the Constitution the folly of planting the seeds of death in that which was designed for perpetual existence. If this imputation were true, sir, it would merely prove that their offspring was not exempt from that mortality which is the common lot of all that is not created by higher than human power. But it is not so, sir. Let facts answer theory. For two-thirds of a century this right has been known by many of the states to be, at all times, within their power. Yet, up to the present period, when its exercise has become indispensable to a people menaced with absolute extermination, there have been but two instances in which it has been even threatened seriously: the first, when Massachusetts led the New England States in an attempt to escape from the dangers of our last war with Great Britain; the second, when the same state proposed to secede on account of the admission of Texas as a new state into the Union.

Sir, in the language of our declaration of secession from Great Britain it is stated, as an established truth, that "all experience has shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they have been accustomed." And nothing can be more obvious to the calm and candid observer

of passing events than that the disruption of the Confederacy has been due, in great measure, not to the existence, but to the denial of this right. Few candid men would refuse to admit that the Republicans of the North would have been checked in their mad career, had they been convinced of the existence of this right, and the intention to assert it. The very knowledge of its existence, by preventing occurrences which alone could prompt its exercise, would have rendered it a most efficient instrument in the preservation of the Union. But, sir, if the facts were otherwise—if all the teachings of experience were reversed—better, far better, a rope of sand, aye, the flimsiest gosammer that ever glistened in the morning dew, than chains of iron and shackles of steel; better the wildest anarchy, with the hope, and the chance, of one hour's inspiration of the glorious breath of freedom, than ages of the hopeless bondage and oppression to which our enemies would reduce us.

We are told that the laws must be enforced; that the revenues must be collected; that the South is in rebellion without cause and that her citizens are traitors.

Rebellion! the very word is a confession; an avowal of tyranny, outrage, and oppression. It is taken from the despot's code, and has no terror for other than slavish souls. When, sir, did millions of people, as a single man, rise in organized, deliberate, unimpassioned rebellion against justice, truth, and honor? Well did a great Englishman exclaim on a similar occasion:

> You might as well tell me that they rebelled against the light of heaven; that they rejected the fruits of the earth. Men do not war against their benefactors; they are not mad enough to repel the instincts of self-preservation. I pronounce fearlessly that no intelligent people ever rose, or ever will rise, against a sincere, rational, and benevolent authority. No people were ever born blind. Infatuation is not a law of human nature. When there is a revolt by a free people, with the common consent of all classes of society, there must be a *criminal* against whom that revolt is aimed.

Traitors! Treason! Aye, sir, the people of the South imitate and glory in just such treason as glowed in the soul of Hampden; just such treason as leaped in living flame from the impassioned lips of Henry; just such treason as encircles with a sacred halo the undying name of Washington!

You will enforce the laws. You want to know if we have a Government; if you have any authority to collect revenue; to wring tribute from an unwilling people? Sir, humanity desponds, and all the inspiring hopes of her progressive improvement vanish into empty air at the reflections which crowd on the mind at hearing repeated, with aggravated enormity, the sentiments against which a Chatham launched his indignant thunders nearly a century ago. The words of Lord North and his royal master are repeated here in debate, not as quotations, but as the spontaneous outpouring of a spirit the counterpart of theirs.

In Lord North's speech on the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, he said:

> We are no longer to dispute between legislation and taxation; *We are now only to consider whether or not we have any authority there.* It is very clear we have none, if we suffer the property of our subjects to be destroyed. We must punish, control, or yield to them.

And thereupon he proposed to close the port of Boston, just as the Representatives of Massachusetts now propose to close the port of Charleston, *in order to determine whether or not you have any authority there.* It is thus that, in 1861, Boston is to pay her debt of gratitude to Charleston, which, in the days of her struggle, proclaimed the generous sentiment that "the cause of Boston was the cause of Charleston." Who, after this, will say that Republics are ungrateful? Well, sir, the statesmen of Great Britain answered to Lord North's appeal, "Yield." The courtiers and politicians said, "Punish," "Control." The result is known. History gives you the lesson. Profit by its teachings.

So, sir, in the address sent under the royal sign-manual to Parliament, it was invoked to take measures "for better securing the execution of the laws," and acquiesced in the suggestion. Just as now, a senile Executive, under the sinister influence of insane counsels, is proposing, with your assent, "to secure the better execution of the laws," by blockading ports and turning upon the people of the states the artillery which they provided at their own expense for their own defence, and entrusted to you and to him for that and for no other purpose. Nay, even in states that are now exercising the un-

doubted and most precious rights of a free people; where there is no secession; where the citizens are assembling to hold peaceful elections for considering what course of action is demanded in this dread crisis by a due regard for their own safety and their own liberty; aye, even in Virginia herself, the people are to cast their suffrages beneath the undisguised menaces of a frowning fortress. Cannon are brought to bear on their homes, and parricidal hands are preparing weapons for rending the bosom of the mother of Washington.

Sir, when Great Britain proposed to exact tribute from your fathers against their will, Lord Chatham said:

> Whatever is a man's own is absolutely his own; no man has a right to take it from him without his consent. Whoever attempts to do it, attempts an injury. Whoever does it, commits a robbery. You have no right to tax another. I rejoice that America has resisted. . . . . Let the sovereign authority of this country over the colonies be asserted in as strong terms as can be devised, and be made to extend to every point of legislation whatever, so that we may bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise every power, *except that of taking money out of their own pockets without their consent.*

It was reserved for the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, and for the Congress of a Republic of freemen, to witness the abnegation of all power, save that of exacting tribute. What imperial Britain, with the haughtiest pretensions of unlimited power over dependent Colonies, could not even attempt without the vehement protest of her greatest statesmen, is to be enforced in aggravated form, if you can enforce it, against independent states.

Good God! sir, since when has the necessity arisen of recalling to American legislators the lessons of freedom taught in lisping childhood by loving mothers; that pervade the atmosphere we have breathed from infancy; that so form part of our very being, that in their absence we would lose the consciousness of our own identity? Heaven be praised that all have not forgotten them; that when we shall have left these familiar halls, and when force bills, blockades, armies, navies, and all the accustomed coercive appliances of despots shall be proposed and advocated, voices shall be heard from this side of the Chamber that will make its very roof resound with the indignant clamor of outraged freedom. Methinks I still

hear ringing in my ears the appeal of the eloquent Representative (Hon. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio) whose Northern home looks down on Kentucky's fertile borders: "*Armies, money, blood, cannot maintain this Union; justice, reason, peace, may.*"

And now to you, Mr. President, and to my brother Senators, on all sides of this Chamber, I bid a respectful farewell; with many of those from whom I have been radically separated in political sentiment, my personal relations have been kindly, and have inspired me with a respect and esteem that I shall not willingly forget; with those around me from the Southern States, I part as men part from brothers on the eve of a temporary absence, with a cordial pressure of the hand and a smiling assurance of the speedy renewal of sweet intercourse around the family hearth. But to you, noble and generous friends, who, born beneath other skies, possess hearts that beat in sympathy with ours; to you, who, solicited and assailed by motives the most powerful that could appeal to selfish natures, have nobly spurned them all; to you who, in our behalf, have bared your breasts to the fierce beatings of the storm, and made willing sacrifice of life's most glittering prizes in your devotion to constitutional liberty; to you, who have made our cause your cause; and from many of whom I feel I part forever, what shall I, can I say? Naught, I know and feel, is needed for myself; but this I will say for the people in whose name I speak to-day: whether prosperous or adverse fortunes await you, one priceless treasure is yours—the assurance that an entire people honor your names, and hold them in grateful and affectionate memory. But with still sweeter and more touching return shall your unselfish devotion be rewarded. When, in after days, the story of the present shall be written; when history shall have passed her stern sentence on the erring men who have driven their unoffending brethren from the shelter of their common home, your names will derive fresh luster from the contrast; and when your children shall hear repeated the familiar tale, it will be with glowing cheek and kindling eye; their very souls will stand a-tiptoe as their sires are named, and they will glory in their lineage from men of spirit as generous and of patriotism as high-hearted as ever illustrated or adorned the American Senate.

JOHN BENNETT

[1865—]

ELLISON A. SMYTH, JR.

JOHN BENNETT was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, on May 17, 1865. His ancestry is a combination of Welsh, Scotch, Dutch, English, and French. In his paternal line, William Bennett came from England long prior to the Revolution and settled in Chester County, Province of Pennsylvania, now Cecil County, Maryland. His sons settled in Virginia. William, the oldest, married a daughter of Colonel Van Sweringen, Lieutenant of the County under King George, afterwards a friend and advisor of Washington, and his successful competitor for election to the House of Burgesses. Gerritt Van Sweringen, his ancestor, came from Holland with his French wife in 1658, settled in the Dutch Colony of Manhattan and was High Sheriff of New Amstel; after the fall of New Amsterdam he became Secretary of the Maryland Provincial Council and was the author of the notable letter of Lord Baltimore, to the Lords of the Privy Council in the Penn-Baltimore dispute. A son of this William Bennett was Thomas Sweringen Bennett of Shepardstown, Virginia, where was born John B. H. Bennett, the father of the subject of this sketch.

On the maternal side John Bennett is descended from John Trimble of Culpeper County, Virginia. Among his collaterals was the famous Dr. Hugh Williamson, a friend of Franklin and of Washington, whom Thomas Jefferson called the "Cato of America." General Isaac Trimble, of the Confederate Engineering Corps, fought under Lee at Gettysburg. Through the Trimbles, John Bennett is connected with the late Dr. James Woodrow of South Carolina and with Woodrow Wilson of Princeton.

John Bennett's early schooling was limited to the public and high schools of his native town. A good home library fostered his natural literary taste and laid the foundation for his subsequent work. Forced by circumstances into the broader school of the world, he became a reporter on the *Ross County Register* in 1883. His natural talent for drawing suggested this to him as a calling, and he attended the Cincinnatti Art School with the intention of becoming an illustrator. Fate decreed otherwise, and in 1884 he entered the office of the *Chillicothe Daily News* and became its editor, being

also a correspondent for the *State Journal* and other papers, drew cartoons for *Life, Puck* and *Judge,* and contributed regularly both prose sketches and verse to the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.* It was in this hard but fascinating newspaper work that he found his best school in English composition. His talent for drawing stood him in good stead, and hard work was his necessity and best friend. He says of himself, "I was by turns and at the same time correspondent, paragrapher, reporter, editor, taxidermist, draughtsman, humorist, and caricaturist, and at times played in a little German orchestra."

In 1889 he left regular newspaper work and became chief cartoonist for *Light,* a Chicago comic weekly of very short life. For the next few years he wrote and drew for various magazines, notably for *St. Nicholas,* and became known as a writer and illustrator of children's stories. Many of his short prose sketches and verses went the rounds of all the papers. But all this time his life was a struggle. There were long intervals, when, from ill health, he was not able to write a line that was not later torn up as being below the standard which he had set for himself. His first book failed to find a publisher. His second was 'Master Skylark,' a story of the Elizabethan Stage, appearing first as a serial in *St. Nicholas* in 1896-1897. In the fall of 1895 he studied at the Art Students' League in New York and worked up the historical and local material which subsequently served as the setting for 'Barnaby Lee.' Being solicited by the publishers of 'Master Skylark' for another book, during almost constant illness he wrote 'The Story of Barnaby Lee,' an American Colonial romance of Peter Stuyvesant, Van Sweringen, and Charles Calvert. This appeared first as a serial in *St. Nicholas* in 1901-1902 and in book form in 1902.

In 1898 he went to Charleston, South Carolina, where he now resides, and where, in 1902, he married Susan, the youngest daughter of the Hon. Augustine T. Smythe, of that city.

Attracted by the peculiar negro dialect of the rice-field African, so distinct from that of Page's Virginia negro and the familiar "Uncle Remus" talk of Harris; their remarkable superstitions; weird, minor-keyed, religious "spirituals," and fast vanishing folk-lore, he became deeply engaged in research and literary work along this line. Somewhat in this connection he wrote 'The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard,' a book of strong local coloring and with fine descriptions of Southern post-bellum conditions and of swamp scenery. This was published in 1906.

John Bennett's personal characteristics, which have especially influenced his writings, are love for Nature, animate and inanimate, whether bird, beast, tree or landscape, and his power of close and

accurate observation, which enables him to grasp the details, and the absolutely correct details, and pick out the telling features which constitute local coloring not only in landscape and historical setting, but in delineation of his *dramatis personae,* whether the latter be of a by-gone period or drawn from life, as is notably the case in 'Peyre Gaillard.' In fact, it may be accepted as an axiom that any fact or custom or detail in John Bennett's writing or drawing is entirely correct historically, and the result of long and painstaking study and research, not only of the literature, but, where possible, of the actual localities. He is a many-sided man, and his hand and eye are skilled in things mechanical involving manual dexterity not ordinarily pertaining to a literary profession. And lastly, he has a broad sympathy for humanity, based not only upon his own varied experiences, but flowing from his genial nature. This gives a charm and reality to the characters in his books and has made him a welcome companion to his many friends.

'Master Skylark' is, as a narrative, the simplest of his books, written as it was, especially for children. The descriptions are painted with a light, clear touch, suggestive of the aquarelle. The coarseness and brutality of the age are touched on sufficiently to show a recognition of their existence, and yet not enough to oppress child readers with the depth of their tragedy. This is especially true in the prison scene, in which any sombreness is relieved by the all-controlling love for home and mother which influences the hero to reject the glories of a court life. The scene where Master Skylark sings before Elizabeth is, from a narrative standpoint, the key to the book. The underlying value to the student is the portrayal of the Elizabethan Stage and the estimate of Shakespeare as a man and a friend as well as the prince of letters whom the world honors. 'Master Skylark' has been issued in America, England, Canada, and Australia, and translated into Dutch and German; has been placed on the list of auxiliary reading for Shakespeare courses in Harvard, Wellesley, and other colleges; is on the shelves of the Shakespeare library at Stratford; has been twice dramatized; and listed by Herr Brandl, of Heidelberg, Germany's foremost Shakespeare scholar, in his Shakespeareana as a careful and accurate account of the English stage in Shakespeare's time.

'The Story of Barnaby Lee' is, as a narrative, perhaps the best of Bennett's books. Its descriptions and word pictures present the same reality, delicacy and charm as those of 'Master Skylark,' but the characters are painted with a stronger touch, and their personality is more marked. The duel between Calvert and Van Sweringen and the immediate subsequent events form a strong chapter. It brings out vividly conditions, domestic and political, in New Amsterdam and

Maryland which put the reader in touch with the times of 1664. Historians have spoken of its historical accuracy and especially of the characterization of Peter Stuyvesant and Charles Calvert. 'Barnaby Lee' has been published in England, Australia, and Canada, as well as in America.

The South, and particularly the coast region of the South Atlantic States, owes much to John Bennett for the dispassionate truthfulness in his pictures of Southern conditions after the war, of the relation of master and slave, and particularly for his rendering of the rice-field negro or "Gulla" dialect, all of which make historically valuable 'The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard.' The narrative is of a widely different type from that of his other books. To the general reader, the cryptogram and its unravelling excite to the greatest extent the imagination; and there the influence of Poe's "Gold Bug" is apparent and is frankly acknowledged by the author, though the interpretation of the mystic doggerel of the crazy negro, Jude, is ingeniously developed. The later chapters, where the discovered treasure is valued, are, perhaps, too much elaborated, almost to the point of tediousness. But to one who knows the locality, has threaded its vast and tangled swamps; has known its people, remnants of a once proud, wealthy and cultured race; has visited on an intimate footing its old plantation homes and seen the decay of their former splendors; and has lived through the vicissitudes of post-bellum horrors, the book presents the picture of truth itself. When the opening chapters of the manuscript were read to an old rice planter for his criticism, the silent tears that coursed down his sallow cheeks were mute testimonials to its appeal to one who knew.

Gilmore Simms has excelled in depicting the Southern swamp, but the swamps in 'Peyre Gaillard' are presented with a touch just as masterly. Bennett's keenness of observation, coupled with a love of Nature, places the Santee Swamp of 'Peyre Gaillard' on a par, at least, with the best of Simms's.

The dialect of the South Atlantic "rice field" negro is a thing *sui generis* and in some respects retains its native African coloring: this is due to the great disparity in numbers between white and black in these regions. One well versed in the negro talk of Page, so true to the Virginia darkey, or in that of "Uncle Remus," which is the inland tongue of the negro further South, would be at a loss to interpret the ordinary talk of the rice-field and coast-island African. Locally it is known as "Gulla," or "Gullah," doubtless a corruption of Angola, whence came many of the slaves to the coast of South Carolina and Georgia. In intonation it suggests the Jamaican negro, in expression only itself can be its parallel. Gilmore Simms, especially in his 'Woodcraft,' faithfully portrays some aspects of this. Mr.

A. E. Gonzales of the Columbia, South Carolina, *State* has written stories which appeared in the Charleston *News and Courier* and the Columbia *State*, in which he has shown himself a master not only of the language but also of the quaint humor of the negro of this region. These have, however, never been collected into book form. Mrs. Christensen of Beaufort, South Carolina, has published in Boston 'Afro-American Folk-lore,' giving the "Brer Rabbit" stories in Gulla, as told her by "Prince," who "nuse to bin driber on Cumbee fur Nat Heyward." Rev. John G. Williams of Allendale, South Carolina, published through the *News and Courier,* a series of negro sermons by "Brudder Coteny" which truthfully preserve the oddities of Gulla dialect and thought. These are republished in pamphlet form, entitled 'De Ole Plantation,' but unfortunately they are probably known to but few. The accuracy and careful use of this idiom, and the spelling of the peculiar negro expressions is a most valuable portion of 'Peyre Gaillard.'

The tale is founded on a combination of ancient traditions of families of the region. The Drayton treasure *was* buried by an old negro, who, faithful to his "Old Missis," never did tell where it was hidden, because *she* could not possess it; and it has never been found. There is scarcely a description of a plantation, a house, a room, the original of which cannot be pointed out, and it is an open secret that many of the characters belong to the region and are, or were, personally known to the writer.

Of John Bennett's poems the following have been set to music: "The Skylark Song" from 'Master Skylark'; music by the author, arranged by Kiefer. Century Company. *St. Nicholas,* 1897. Also music by Dudley Buck. John Church Company, 1903. "In The Dear Long Ago". Words in Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette,* 1892, music by W. T. Porter, John Church Company, 1892. "A Tiger Tail," words in *St. Nicholas,* 1897. Music by Grace Wilbur Conant. G. Schirmer, 1906.

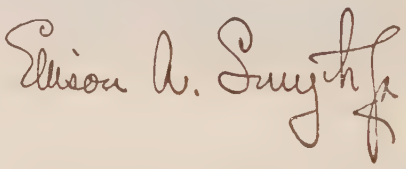
Besides these his best known poems are: "The Magnificat of the Hills," *Independent,* 1892, and "In a Rose Garden," from 'Chap Book', Stone and Kimball, Chicago, 1896, set to music by Arthur Farwell, Ditson and Company, 1897. This poem is included by Charles Dudley Warner in his 'Library of the World's Best Literature.' "Parody on Poe's 'Raven'," *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette;* used by Miss Carolyn Wells in her 'Parody Anthology.' Stedman's 'American Anthology' utilizes the "Skylark Song" and the "Song of the Hunt" from 'Master Skylark" and two songs from 'Chap Book.'

John Bennett's minor writings, consisting of stories and ballads, appeared in *St. Nicholas* from time to time and are being collected

for publication, with humorous silhouettes by the author, under the title of 'Wise and Otherwise Tales.'

His three books first appeared as follows: 'Master Skylark,' a serial in *St. Nicholas,* 1896-97. 'Story of Barnaby Lee,' a serial in *St. Nicholas,* 1901-02. 'The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard,' 1906.

He has been for some time engaged in a critical study of negro music, including the origin of the airs, and a philological study of the words, with a view to publishing a comprehensive and authoritative work on the subject; as well as a study of negro folk-lore and superstitions, fast vanishing or losing their primitive value and nature. This latter is to appear at the request of the publishers, as a series of papers in *Harper's Monthly.*



THE MAGNIFICAT OF THE HILLS

From *The Independent,* 1892. By kind permission.

These are the hills the Lord hath made
That man may fear him unfraid.
Up through the gateway of the skies
Their purple slopes of peace arise
Like sunlit paths to Paradise.

Range after range in grand accord
They stand like altars of the Lord,
Mute Sinais of divine decree,
Whose silent heights shall ever be
A decalogue of life to me;

For from them faith doth fall like dew
As well on Gentile as on Jew;
And through their calm rolls up a cry
Of distant valleys chanting high;
"The King of Kings is passing by!

"The Lord hath left His secret place;
The heavens veil His dazzling face;
The waters are before Him bowed;
And on the mountains, hoary-browed,
The herald thunder shouts aloud!

"The Lord is walking in His world
With banner-clouds of storm unfurled;
His feet are winged with living flame,
And trumpet-winds abroad proclaim
The deathless glory of His name!"

Arise, my soul, from trouble free!
The best of life is yet to be.
The Lord thy God is living still;
Thy valley yet shall find the hill
Up which a way awaits thy will!

Arise, my soul, confiding stand
Within the hollow of his hand
Who was before the Earth and Sea,
Is now, and evermore shall be
The Lord of All Infinity!

IN A ROSE GARDEN

From 'The Chap Book.'

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We shall not care at all.
It will not matter then a whit,
The honey or the gall.
The summer days that we have known
Will all forgotten be and flown;
The garden will be overgrown
Where now the roses fall.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We shall not mind the pain.
The throbbing crimson tide of life
Will not have left a stain.

The song we sing together here
The dream we dream together, dear,
Will mean no more than means a tear
    Amid a summer rain.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
    The grief will all be o'er;
The sea of care will surge in vain
    Upon a careless shore.
These glasses we turn down, to-day,
Here at the parting of the way;
We shall be wineless then as they,
    And shall not mind it more.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
    We'll neither know nor care
What came of all life's bitterness
    Or followed love's despair.
Then fill the glasses up again,
And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain;
We'll build one castle more in Spain,
    And dream one more dream there.

THE SONG BEFORE THE QUEEN

From 'Master Skylark.' Copyright, 1897, by The Century Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

THEN the stage stood empty and the music stopped.

At this strange end a whisper of surprise ran through the hall. The Queen tapped with the inner side of her rings upon the broad arm of her chair. From the look on her face she was whetting her tongue. But before she could speak, Nick and Colley, dressed as a farmer boy and girl, with a garland of house-grown flowers about them, came down the stage from the arras, hand in hand, bowing.

The audience-chamber grew very still—*this* was something new. Nick felt a swallowing in his throat, and Colly's hand winced in his grip. There was no sound but a silky rustling in the room.

Then suddenly the boys behind the players' curtain

laughed together, not loud, but such a jolly little laugh that all the people smiled to hear it. After the laughter came a hush.

Then the pipes overhead made a merry sound as of shepherds piping on oaten straws in new grass where there are daisies; and there was a little elfish laughter of clarionets, and a fluttering among the cool flutes like spring wind blowing through crisp young leaves in April. The harps began to pulse and throb with a soft cadence like raindrops falling into a clear pool where brown leaves lie upon the bottom and bubbles float above green stones and smooth white pebbles. Nick lifted up his head and sang.

It was a happy little song of the coming and the triumph of the spring. The words were all forgotten long ago. They were not much: enough to serve the turn, no more; but the notes to which they went were like barn swallows twittering under the eaves, goldfinches clinking in purple weeds beside old roads, and robins singing in common gardens at dawn. And wherever Nick's voice ran, Colley's followed, the pipes laughing after them a note or two below; while the flutes kept gurgling softly to themselves as a hill brook gurgles through the woods, and the harps ran gently up and down like rain among the daffodils. One voice called, the other answered; there were echo-like refrains; and as they sang Nick's heart grew full. He cared not a stiver for the crowd, the golden palace, or the great folk there—the Queen no more—he only listened for Colley's voice coming up lovingly after his own and running away when he followed it down, like a lad and a lass through the bloom of May. And Colley was singing as if his heart would leap out of his round mouth for joy to follow after the song they sung, till they came to the end and the skylark's song.

There Colley ceased, and Nick went singing on alone, forgetting, caring for, heeding nought but the song that was in his throat.

The Queen's fan dropped from her hand upon the floor. No one saw it or picked it up. The Venetian ambassador scarcely breathed.

Nick came down the stage, his hands before him, lifted as if he saw the very lark he followed with his song, up, up,

up into the sun. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes were wet, though his voice was a song and a laugh in one.

Then they were gone behind the curtain, into the shadow and the twilight there, Colley with his arms about Nick's neck, not quite laughing, not quite sobbing. The manuscript of the Revel lay torn in two upon the floor, and Master Gyles had a foot upon each piece.

In the hall beyond the curtain there was a silence that was deeper than a hush, a stillness rising from the hearts of men.

Then Elizabeth turned in the chair where she sat. Her eyes were as bright as a blaze. And out of the sides of her eyes she looked at the Venetian ambassador. He was sitting far out on the edge of his chair, and his lips had fallen apart. She laughed to herself. "It is a good song, Signor," said she, and those about her started at the sound of her voice. "*Chi tace confessa*—it is so! There are no songs like English songs—there is no spring like an English spring—there is no land like England, my England!" She clapped her hands. "I will speak with those lads," said she.

Straightway certain pages ran through the press and came behind the curtain where Nick and Colley stood together, still trembling with the music not yet gone out of them, and brought them through the hall to where the Queen sat, every one whispering, "Look!" as they passed.

On the dais they knelt together, bowing, side by side. Elizabeth, with a kindly smile, leaning a little forward, raised them with her slender hand. "Stand, dear lads," said she, heartily. "Be lifted up by thine own singing, as our hearts have been uplifted by thy song. And name me the price of that same song—'twas sweeter than the sweetest song we ever heard before."

"Or ever shall hear again," said the Venetian ambassador, under his breath, rubbing his forehead as if just wakening out of a dream.

"Come," said Elizabeth, tapping Colley's cheek with her fan, "what wilt thou have of me, fair maid?"

Colley turned red, then very pale. "That I may stay in the palace forever and sing for your Majesty," said he. His fingers shivered in Nick's.

"Now that is right prettily asked," she cried, and was well pleased. "Thou shalt indeed stay for a singing page in our household—a voice and face like thine are merry things upon a rainy Monday. And thou, Master Lark," said she, fanning the hair back from Nick's forehead with her perfumed fan—"thou that comest up out of the field with a song like the angels sing—what wilt thou have: that thou mayst sing in our choir and play on the lute for us?"

Nick looked up at the torches on the wall, drawing a deep, long breath. When he looked down again his eyes were dazzled and he could not see the Queen.

"What wilt thou have?" he heard her ask.

"Let me go home," said he.

There were red and green spots in the air. He tried to count them, since he could see nothing else, and every thing was very still; but they all ran into one purple spot which came and went like a firefly's glow, and in the middle of the purple spot he saw the Queen's face coming and going.

THE FIGHT OF THE YAWL

From 'Barnaby Lee.' Copyright 1902 by The Century Company. By kind permission of the publishers and the author.

Of their pursuers they could as yet see nothing through the fog; but before them, dimly outlined, lay a long tobacco-landing, down which Captain Kregier ran. "Hei! there is a boat. Thank God!" he cried. And they all went running after him.

Beside the landing lay a yawl, like a duck on the water. When they came to it they saw it was yellow and black—seeing which, Barnaby uttered a startled cry. He had seen that yawl before.

But "Quick!" cried Mynheer Van Sweringen, and stopped at the throat of the wharf, standing with rapier ready. "Into her! I will hold them off until ye are all gone down."

With that he flourished his rapier until it shone through the fog like a ring of cold white fire. At once the rascals halted, and drew back for an instant, daunted. They had tasted that long blade, and were not hungry for more. But

all about him the heavy stones beat upon the wharf and threw up handfuls of sand and dirt as they ricochetted around him.

"Be quick!" he said. "Are ye all gone down?"

"No," cried Captain Kregier.

Again he cried, "Are ye all gone down?"

"No," was the captain's answer. "You must hold them off a little yet. Albert hath swooned."

"Then be quick," cried Mynheer Sweringen; "I can hardly stand them off any more." Yet he laughed as he spoke, though he was panting for breath, and ran back again into the fog.

All the mist around him seemed alive; bludgeons struck at him, stones flew by. Twice he lunged and recovered again, with his trouble for his pains; twice again he lunged and twice came back with his sword-blade dripping red.

Where all their pistols were, it seemed that none but heaven knew, or Van Sweringen would never have seen his wife and child again.

His head was bare and his long hair hung in strings across his face. His sleeves were rolled to the elbow, and on his wrist at his rapier-hilt was a little gold bracelet which his wife had given him. His eyes seemed on fire, and he laughed hysterically. Both the landing and the river-shore were lost in the drifting mist. All he could see was the struggling press that crowded down the narrow landing. Again he lunged with a shout, and a man plunged forward at his feet with a choking, bitter wail.

"Ye would have it!" cried Van Sweringen. "God have mercy on your soul!" And turning, he ran down the landing, for he could no longer hold his ground. They had pressed him back upon the wharf, and there was no room for sword-play.

"Are ye all gone gone down?" he shouted as he ran. "I can keep them back no longer."

Barnaby looked up at him and felt his whole heart leap, for Van Sweringen's face was wild with the fighting, and his eyes were like red coals. "Push off!" cried Van Sweringen. "I can jump for it, let me look out for myself." And he turned again for an instant to fight for running ground.

As he turned, a ragged, whirling stone from somewhere in the fog struck him just at the roots of his hair. His sword hand dropped, and he staggered back; the point of his rapier plowed the earth. Blindly raising his left hand, he felt about his face.

"This way, Mynheer," cried Barnaby. "This way!"

But Mynheer Van Sweringen staggered about as though he had not heard.

"Ware, sir, ware!" shrieked Barnaby; for he saw a huge, tall fellow, who had just overtaken the wild pursuit, come charging down the landing with an oak cudgel in his hand as thick as the butt of a tree.

But Van Sweringen still stood there, dizzily rocking to and fro, his sword-point fallen, his hand to his face, uncertain, dazed and blinded.

Captain Kregier was lifting the trumpeter down. Van Ruyn, with a face like death, was trying to ship the oars. A stone had struck him in the side and had broken two of his ribs.

"Ach, Gott!" cried Kregier. "Have we failed, after all? Albert, sustain thyself, and leave me go to fight. *Ach Himmel!* they have slain him!" for Mynheer Van Sweringen, stricken blind, came staggering down the landing.

Something sprang up into Barnaby's throat that choked him until his head spun. Setting his teeth, his breath coming fast, he tugged on the mooring-line. "Look out!" he cried. "Look out!" and scrambled upon the landing.

The man with the oak cudgel was running down the wharf, bellowing like an angry bull, and whirling his club. Barnaby drew his pistols, and cocked them with shaking hands. "Look out!" he shrieked, and fired point-blank along the landing. The hot flame spurted into the fog through the dense powder-smoke, and the heavy smothered crash reechoed from the bluffs. He heard a cry, "Ware, all! They're getting at their guns. They've hand guns amongst 'em!" and the rogues broke back again. But one man was lying along the piling and another sat down slowly with his hand to his breast. "I'm hit," he said. "I'm done for!" and he leaned back against a post; and all at once he gave a great

gasp and his lips fell apart, and the side of his jacket was wet and red.

Kregier laid the trumpeter safe in the stern of the yawl, then climbed up to the wharf, and taking Mynheer Van Sweringen in his strong arms, sprang back with him into the rolling boat, and fell with a crash on the thwart. "Hurry, there, boy!" he cried. "They are coming!"

But Barnaby stood looking back at the sailor on the landing. The rogue had crumpled down upon one side, with his hands upon his breast and his head on the earth. The boy's face was very white.

"Hurry, there!" cried Kregier. "Quick, there! Hurry, boy!" for two men were coming down the landing, running doggedly together.

One was tall and gaunt, the other short and heavy. The short man's head was tied up in a handkerchief, but the taller villain wore a hat, the broad, flapping brims of which were tied up with leather thongs.

"By glory!" he cried. "They are taking the yawl! They are making off with the yawl!"

But the other gave a hoarse gasp.

"There standeth the gromet himself. Look out for the boat; I'll tend to the boy. I'll give it to him!"

Barnaby turned with a cry, and leaped down into the yawl; it was Captain John King and Jack Glasco, the master's mate. He cast off the line; the boat swung round; the tide was running out. "They are off, by glory!" he heard King shout; and then with an angry cry John King sprang from the wharf above, and after him the master's mate.

One instant Barnaby saw the red soles of their shoes flashing downward through the air, and their loose pea-jackets flapping like wild, inadequate wings; then down into the water they came with a tremendous splash, scarce a yard from the stern of the yawl. Struggling forward as Kregier tugged madly at the oars, they plunged through the water and caught the dripping gunwale.

The boat swung round, heeling down to her side, and the water rushed into her.

"Get the boy, Jack," cried King, "while I turn the cursed thing over!"

The master's mate made a desperate clutch at Barnaby across the gunwale. Barnaby raised the pistol and struck him fiercely with its butt.

"Oh," screamed the master's mate, "the gromet hath broken my skull!" Yet still he clung to the stern of the yawl like a bulldog.

"Hit him! Hit him; I cannot see to run the rogue through," cried Mynheer Van Sweringen, groping blindly about the boat. "Where is he? Tell me where he is;" and he raised his rapier.

Directly in front of him Captain John King was clinging to the gunwale, glaring up into his blinded face with a visage distorted with hate.

"Ye pestilent, meddling ape!" cried King. "I'll have my vengeance on ye!" And hanging with one hand against the tug of Kregier's rowing he thrust the other into his breast and drew out a flint-locked pistol.

He tried to cock it with his thumb, but his hands were wet and his fingers slipped. Down went the hammer. A flash followed. Barnaby thought the charge was gone, but it was only a spatter of sparks at the pan.

With an inarticulate cry of rage, King bit at the cock with his teeth, and clenching them fast on the wing of the hammer, drew it back to the full.

"Take that!" he cried, and thrust the weapon straight at Mynheer Van Sweringen's breast.

With a desperate left-handed clutch, Barnaby caught the picaroon's wrist, and throwing his weight upon it, at the same time brought down the butt of his pistol upon King's head with all the strength that was in his right arm.

As he struck there was a spurt of flame and a roaring crash in his ears. In a blind smother of powder-smoke and of burning woolen stuffs, he felt a ripping stab of pain tear through his nearer shoulder, and a stunning shock like the blow of a cudgel benumbed his whole left arm.

Choking for breath, he cried out bitterly, caught the arm with his other hand, and let the empty pistol fall into the water at his feet.

John King's fingers slipped nervelessly from their hold. He made as if to clap them to his broken head; but all his

senses seemed knocked into a daze and he could not guide his hands.

He stood a moment, reeling with the motion of the water; then slowly wavering to and fro, dropped forward on his face, his hands outstretched before him, as limp as a floating weed, and slowly sank out of sight beneath the eddy behind the boat. The master's mate was plunging back to shore in frantic haste.

Then the yawl came away with a jump and the fugitives felt they were safe at last.

FACING POVERTY

From 'The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard.' Copyright, 1906, by The Century Company. By kind permission of the publishers and author.

In those hard days one traveled through miles of abandoned rice-fields where millions of dollars had been expended years before, but which were now overgrown with sea-oats, wampee and bulrushes. Here and there wild-duck stands built by negro hunters, or the forlorn parapets and ramparts of deserted earth-works reared dejected heads above the idle marsh; but, practically, there appeared no use for tens of thousands of acres.

Tom Gaillard, whom the war had left the only man of his family able to care for the rest, scraped and struggled to get money together, borrowing, selling and sacrificing until he had secured enough to put the rice plantations into working order again; the levees were rebuilt, sluices and trunks, reserves and all, in the very thoroughest way.

But Tom Gaillard was a man whom ill fortune seemed to please itself relentlessly to pursue.

At the start-out it seemed as if all he did must flourish like a green bay tree. The long lack of produce from the Southern States had increased the value of their product, so that the first crops raised, dropping as they did, into the empty market, brought values such as seemed to promise fortune to all who entered on the venture.

Thereupon all rushed in, and the over-product for that season filled the market and overflowed it; the produce of

the South became a drug; the splendid profits which had seemed assured fell to the verge of loss. It was only by the most rigid economy, that year, both ends were made to meet.

Then Tom, and not he alone, awoke to a pitiful fact: that planters of rice most uniformly successful before the war were now most unsuccessful; the process, not of raising rice, but of managing labor, having all to be learned over again, amid confusing, baffling and disheartening conditions. Men who knew all there was to know of rice found that there were other things to be known which they were, alas! too old to learn. Man after man essayed to rise upon the gathered ruins of an old estate, only to be prostrated in more complete wreck by the utter irresponsibility of negro laborers. No matter what the urgency or the need; no matter if the employer's failure involved their own, the freed negroes would execute only their self-appointed, insufficient tasks.

Rice-crops not worked with the most delicately sedulous and constant care are lost. If worked at all, rice must be worked to the instant, with hoe, water and reaping-hook. Lands subject to sudden freshet, thus requiring particular care, for this reason became almost at once impossible of cultivation.

Unable to secure competent, painstaking labor by any means, of pleading, threat, or the offering of profit, from laborers unable to reason for themselves and unwilling to obey orders, Tom abandoned L'Arbre Seul. Once more borrowing money, where alone, in those days, it was to be had, from the North, through factors in the cities, at twenty per cent. interest, usury such as even the Jews had not taken, he went on.

On Côtes Verts plantation were two thousand acres of as fine rice as ever the sun shone on. The harvest-flow was on, the rice heading in perfection; a redeeming crop seemed soon to be cut, cocked in the fields, borne on waiting flats to be milled into a fortune.

Forty-eight hours after there remained nothing but ruin: a cyclone had wiped it out, had driven the salt tide over the rice-fields, to their utter devastation, had washed out the sluicing trunks, overthrown banks, and hurled the barns to

destruction. Out of two thousand acres, Tom cut not half an acre, and that was not worth milling.

Yet a worse blow fell: the great levee along the river gave way in a huge crevasse. The overwhelming rush of the cyclone tide began it; the scour of the river lent underhand aid; a quicksand, unsuspected, beneath the field, heaved and shuddered to its depths, trembled like the contents of a caldron; the superincumbent structure of the great levee gave a shiver, crumpled and went down into the sands beneath the water. In two hours, thus, ninety thousand dollars went down into an abyss without a bottom, as swiftly as a hideous face appears and disappears in a dream. Green Shores plantation was ruined, the crevasse was past mending; Tom Gaillard was worse off than he was before; for then, though poor, it was but moneyless poverty; now he was plunged in debt.

He had expended every cent which he and his family had, every cent he could gather and borrow; the plantations were now so encumbered by mortgages that no more could be raised on them to enable him to go on.

To pay his debts, which he could not meet by further borrowing, he sold the low-country plantations for enough to pay off mortgages and debts, no more; property at forced sale never brings adequate returns. This left him, when his honest purpose was accomplished, not one farthing with which to begin life again.

Encumbered as he was by the helplessness of many, whither to turn he did not know. The South was in much this same condition in one vast sweep from East to West.

At this juncture imbecile old Anthony Gaillard died, at the great age of ninety-seven years; and since he might not take his estate with him where he was going, and for that reason only, left behind him Blue Hill plantation and its half-wrecked mansion, Indigo House. Further he left his sisters, two little, slender, silver-haired women, going down to their last homes with no man's shoulders on which to lay their burdens but Tom Gaillard's, no arm but his on which to lean.

Blue Hill brought with it a roof, little more, beyond the bare means of subsisting by the labor of their hands and of

preserving their lives from season to season; but it brought a roof to cover their heads; they had no other refuge.

For this reason they were living at Blue Hill.

Blue Hill was the oldest holding in the Gaillard family, the one on which their ancestors had lived longest, therefore the last to be let go. Their family had lived on the place for upwards of two hundred years; the little plantation graveyard was full of them; the names on the mossy tombstones there, from generation to generation, followed each other like the chapters in a story. And though everything else was gone, and though the old house would have been falling upon their heads had not a solid roof of cypress shingles, which had already withstood the storms of ninety years, still measurably protected it from storm, they wanted to keep the old place in the family.

They were put to expedients to live; frugality and economy meant nothing like this. Eked to the uttermost their means scarcely sufficed for a livelihood. They could no longer even attempt to keep up appearances; they were so poor as to have fallen beneath comparisons.

Their affairs were desperate. Tom Gaillard had nothing; yet the two little old aunts depended upon him to keep the place in the family—ay, though the ground had been sewn with dragon's teeth and tares they still have wished to hold it. It would have broken the little old ladies' hearts to have been compelled to sell, and to see a stranger's foot set upon Blue Hill in ownership and mastery.

They were now desperately poor; it was in truth pitiful how poor they were; yet they were absolutely uncomplaining.

The negroes on the place plaited their hats for them of marsh-grass and wild rice straw; they went without shoes because they had none; it made the heart resentful of fate to see pretty girls going about in the pitiful gowns which Jean, Marie and Sue Gaillard had to wear.

When they first came to Blue Hill the boys slept on the floor, using their saddles for pillows, there being no others.

The negroes had nearly ruined the place, except rooms that were double-locked and barred, to which they could find no access by key and into which they were afraid to break. The andirons, which were very handsome ones, were bent

and broken; the mahogany balusters of the stairway had been torn down rail by rail and used to poke fires. The negroes had set their water-gourd and bucket on the top of what had once been a beautifully hand-carved table of rose-wood, that being the only table they found in the house easily and readily available for their purposes, and on it likewise had butchered small miserable beasts and fowl. The carved mahogany bedstead in Cousin Louise's room had in part been used for firewood.

There was not a picture left hanging except on the walls of the dining-room. Some had been taken during the war by the Federal soldiers; some were thrust through with sabres or bayonets; some were carried away by the negroes. The cords of others had rotted, so that, breaking, frames and glasses were precipitated to the floor and smashed into a thousand bits. The ones left hanging on the walls were so flapped and beaten by the swaying of the house during the earthquakes that they were scarcely better than those which fell. The paper had all fallen from the walls, from the excessive damp, long before.

This was what the family found, when, homeless and penniless, they came to take possession of the place.

The locked-up bedrooms, unoccupied for years, and the prey of moth, dry-rot, mould and decay, were like a row of ghosts in faded tatters, from tester and valance to the pitiable damask window-curtains. One room was still occupied by the old library, rows on rows of ancient books, pulpy at the top with the gathered dust of years, mouldering away to ruin, the pages of the old yellow volumes brown with time and spotted with mildew. Here were portfolios of antique prints, and of quaint old music for viols and violins, played by whom nobody now knew. Many of the books had been stolen by Northern soldiers during the war, for the gigantic wrong of horrible war makes men forget small human rights; and had not the house been from time to time occupied by honest officers, it would, without a doubt, have been plundered to the last printed page. A set of Dickens and one of Scott still bore the thanks of a picket-guard of Southern cavalry elaborately written on their title-pages in a fine manly hand; and Vanity Fair, from the Thackeray set, was taken by one

of those soldiers, and carried off to the war; after all was over, and those who were left had got back again to their homes, he sent the volume back, a deal the worse for wear, writing in it that it had gone with him through the last great campaign and had been surrendered with him at Appomattox; he did not know why the Federal soldiers had not confiscated it for furnishing comfort to the enemy, as it had certainly done to him. But the heat of summer and the dampness of winter, and the long lapse of all adequate care had played sad havoc with the fine old books and their bindings of crimson leather, buff and gold; the stitchings were rotted asunder, and their backs were crumbling into yellow dust on the shelves.

The room I occupied had no furniture in it but a rough cot such as soldiers have, a small wooden piggin or foot-tub for my bath, which was turned upside down for a chair, a bucket of clean water, a looking-glass on the wall, and an earthenware hand-bowl.

THOMAS HART BENTON

[1782—1858]

CHAMP CLARK

SEVENTEEN hundred and eighty-two was a great year for America, for then were born Thomas Hart Benton, Daniel Webster, and John C. Calhoun. The date of Benton's birth was March fourteenth; the place, near Hillsboro, North Carolina. He passed his youth and early manhood in Tennessee, where for a short time he served as a member of the Legislature, and was Colonel of Volunteers during the first part of the War of 1812; but he spent most of his life as a citizen of Missouri, which State he served thirty-two years in Congress, thirty in the Senate, and subsequently two in the House. He was the first Senator to serve thirty consecutive years in the Senate—"Six full Roman Lustrums," as he said in his pompous way. His record was never equaled until March 4, 1897, when Justin Smith Morrill of Vermont began his thirty-first year of continuous Senatorial service.

Colonel Benton's father, Jesse Benton, was by birth an Englishman and was private secretary to William Tryon, the next to the last of North Carolina's royal governors. His mother was Anne Gooch, a daughter of a younger brother of Sir William Gooch, a Scotchman, who was royal governor of Virginia.

Colonel Benton's career embraced four fields of human endeavor: The Law, War, Politics, and Literature. When he entered the Senate in 1821, aged thirty-nine, and ceased to practice law, he stood in the front rank of the St. Louis bar. As a soldier he acquitted himself well. But for his bloody affray with Andrew Jackson in a Nashville hotel in 1813, he would probably have risen to high command. He always believed that Nature fashioned him for a soldier. During the Mexican War he desired to be made Commander-in-Chief of our forces in the field with the rank of Lieutenant-General, and came near succeeding in that ambition. At the request of President Polk a bill for creating that extraordinary rank was introduced into Congress with the understanding that Benton would be appointed. The reason for this bill was the wish that a Democratic hero might come out of that war to become the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, thereby eclipsing the crimson glories and Presidential chances of Generals Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott, both of whom were Whigs. The bill passed the House but was defeated in the Senate, as Benton alleges, through the jealous machinations of James Buchanan, William

L. Marcy, and Robert J. Walker, all members of Polk's cabinet and all aspirants for the Presidency. Being mere civilians, they had no desire to see a Democratic hero *en route* to the White House *via* Mexico. That was the nearest that Benton ever came to the Presidency, though James Parton, in his 'Life of Andrew Jackson,' declares that before the Iron Soldier of the Hermitage had been in the White House a twelve-month, a twenty-four years' Presidential programme was formulated: Jackson, eight years; Van Buren, eight; Benton, eight. Man proposes; but God disposes. General William Henry Harrison appeared upon the scene and broke that beautiful and comprehensive Democratic Presidential programme off precisely in the middle! No sane man can doubt that Benton would have made a grand President. Had he been made Lieutenant-General so as to have come out of the Mexican War as a Democratic hero, he would have been elected President in 1848 and reëlected in 1852. With his views on public questions events would have been shaped so differently that the war between the States would certainly have been postponed—perhaps averted forever.

In his 'Life of Benton' President Roosevelt ridicules the idea of the Lieutenant-Generalcy for Benton; but the President wrote that before he had placed his friend, Dr. Leonard Wood, in line of promotion to the command of the army. Over against that opinion of President Roosevelt as to Benton's soldierly qualities I confidently place that of President Jackson, under whom Benton served; for it is a historic fact that he intended to make Benton commander of our forces in that war with France which at one time seemed inevitable, and in the war with Mexico had it occurred during Jackson's administration.

The bill creating a Lieutenant-Generalcy having failed, Polk nominated Benton for a Major-Generalcy and the Senate promptly confirmed the nomination. Benton curtly and positively refused to accept the commission. With him it was *Aut Cæsar aut nullus.*

The fight which Benton made in 1849, 1850, and 1851 to retain his seat in the Senate and in 1852-'53-'54-'55 and '56 to regain it has never been equalled in our history for sheer ferocity. The least disposition on his part to conciliate his foes or to compromise with them would have enabled him to hold his Senatorial place till the hour of his death, for Missouri was intensely proud of him; but in his lexicon there were no such words as conciliation or compromise. He was dogmatic, domineering, truculent, egotistical, and insulting. He had so long been the absolute Czar of the fierce Democracy of Missouri that he could brook no opposition, would tolerate no difference of opinion, would hold out the olive branch to no one. Truly he laid on and spared not his multitudinous enemies, but smote them

hip and thigh. With enthusiasm they repaid him in his own coin. Old Dr. Johnson declared that he loved a good hater. It's a pity that he never knew Benton. His capacity for hatred and his manifold methods of exhibiting it would certainly have warmed the cockles of the Ursa Major's heart. From January, 1849, when the Missouri Legislature instructed him how to vote by the "Jackson resolutions," bottomed on the theories of John C. Calhoun, which resolutions Benton spat upon and trampled in the dust, to the close of the polls in 1856, he was a candidate for the Senate thrice, for the House of Representatives twice and for Governor once, losing every race except for the House in 1852. Though he lost, it was in these campaigns that he created that sentiment in favor of the perpetuity of the Union which enabled the younger Francis Preston Blair, Benjamin Gratz Brown and others to prevent Missouri from seceding in 1861 and thereby most probably changed the result of the Civil War. So that Benton out of office perhaps more materially influenced our destiny than by his thirty years in the Senate and two in the House.

However that may be, his enforced retirement gave him leisure to write his 'Thirty Years' View,' which is indispensable to students of our institutions and which will transmit his fame to remotest generations. He wrote of the momentous transactions of three decades, all of which he saw and a part of which he was. While serving in the House he had the unique experience of frequently hearing his own book quoted as high authority, sometimes on his side, sometimes against him, in the debates in which he was then participating. In addition to that invaluable work in two ponderous volumes, he performed the herculean task of abridging the debates in Congress from March 4, 1789, to March 4, 1857, into sixteen volumes, the last of which he dictated in a whisper on his deathbed. He also wrote a large pamphlet, full of rancor and learning, on "The Dred Scott Decision"; but it is upon his 'Thirty Years' View' that his reputation as an author must chiefly rest.

Henry Clay was denominated "The Great Kentuckian," John Caldwell Calhoun "The Great South Carolinian," Thomas Hart Benton "The Great Missourian" and Daniel Webster "The Great New Englander." The formulas used in the books touching them are: "Clay, Calhoun, Webster and Benton"; "Calhoun, Clay, Webster and Benton"; "Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Benton" and so on through various changes, in which Benton is always placed last, which is a gross and preposterous injustice. He was not so magnetic a leader as Clay, so great an orator as Webster, or so profound a logician as Calhoun; but in range and thoroughness of information he overtopped them all. A short time before Senator George Frisbie Hoar's death, I happened

to sit beside him in a street car. I said: "Senator, which knew the more, Thomas Hart Benton or John Quincy Adams?" With a twinkle in his eye, he replied: "Both! If left to them to decide!" After a moment's reflection he added: "Perhaps that is not a fair statement. The subjects of their researches were so different that it is difficult if not altogether impossible to compare them. Thomas H. Benton knew more about our domestic affairs than any other man that ever lived, while John Quincy Adams knew more about our foreign affairs than any other man that ever lived." Most assuredly a high tribute to both. It was not only the wide scope of his information but his thoroughness that renders his great book an accepted authority on every subject with which it deals. I have quoted it scores of times, in Congress and out, and I have heard others quote it more frequently, and I have never yet heard the accuracy of his statement of facts questioned. He wrote his book partly because it was impossible for him to be idle, for a more industrious man never lived; partly to earn some much-needed money, for, notwithstanding innumerable opportunities to grow rich, he remained poor—proof positive of his integrity—but chiefly to vindicate his own career and General Jackson's to posterity. A more honest, honorable, truthful, courageous, patriotic man never lived. These high qualities appear everywhere in his book, as do also his stupendous egotism, his bitter animosities, and his intense love of friends. He was an omnivorous reader—a learned man; he possessed an iron constitution; was sober and economical of his time; he was an active participant in tremendous events and was not at all bashful about claiming the lion's share of the credit; but there is everywhere apparent in his narrative a desire to be entirely just to those of whom he speaks. He left out of his book many whom he disliked except where he was compelled to mention them in the roster of the Senate or in the roll-calls.

He was a powerful speaker both in Congress and on the hustings, exhausting every subject which he discussed. If any one doubts this, let him read Benton's numerous speeches on Free Salt, which was his pet hobby, and discover how much learning he manifested upon that humble subject. His speeches were verbose, but they are packed full of information. His commanding presence, handsome countenance, massive head and body, together with his marvelous, physical vitality gave him a vast advantage in debate. This advantage he maintained by his remarkable pugnacity, his withering sarcasm and his disposition to hector his opponents, though this disposition was not calculated to render him popular. His knowledge of history and geography was so prodigious that no man ever engaged him on a question of fact and came off victor. A fine illustration of that is found in his crushing answer to Webster, when the latter

asserted that Nathan Dane was the author of the ordinance of 1787 as to the Northwest Territory. While Benton was not an orator, he occasionally rose to eloquence. There is no effort in his book to be ornate. His style is best in his short biographical essays. If one of his most relentless enemies, Henry S. Foote of Mississippi, California, and Tennessee, a learned man, is to be believed, Benton the writer is much superior to Benton the speaker, for, while disparaging him as a speaker, he pronounces upon him this high encomium as a writer:

"When he chose to do so he could express himself on paper with a clearness and precision not often equalled; he had command of a simple, nervous and idiomatic English style which few of his own generation could boast; and there is one specimen of his elaborate composition which no man of just taste can peruse without unmixed gratification. I allude now to the eulogy delivered or rather read by him in the national Senate upon his colleague, Dr. Linn, which I have read more than once and always with renewed and increased admiration. Mr. Fox's celebrated eulogy upon his friend and compatriot—that Duke of Bedford who whilst living was so unfortunate as to be so terribly stigmatized and derided by Mr. Burke—I confess seems to me to be decidedly inferior in all essential respects to the speech of Mr. Benton to which I have referred; and, had he always written and spoken so happily, he would have attained a far higher rank in the world's estimation than can now be accorded to him."

The principal thing which made him such a potent factor in our affairs was that he was the chief prophet and defender of the West. More clearly than any other man of his time he comprehended her measureless resources and her glorious destiny. In very truth he was *Pater Patriae* of the Trans-Mississippi region.

While he concerned himself with all the measures affecting the public weal, the questions of great pith and moment to which he particularly devoted his mighty energies and which he made practically his own were Free Homes, the destruction of the Bank of the United States, the trans-continental railroad and the Americanizing of the Oregon country. But for his untiring efforts the British possessions would this day extend to the mouth of the Columbia. His ceaseless agitation led to its colonization and his unanswerable speeches enabled us to extend our dominion to the Forty-ninth parallel.

There is a stock anecdote to the effect that he once said that General Jackson was a great man because he helped Benton in Benton's fight on the Bank. That is frequently told to prove his egotism. Notwithstanding that anecdote, however, it was Benton's fight rather than Jackson's, for Benton began the fight before Jackson was even elected to the Presidency.

All the so-called histories make it appear that Galusha A. Grow of Pennsylvania, who was Speaker of the House in the Thirty-seventh Congress, is father of the Homestead Law. Technically true, essentially false. From 1824 to 1851 Benton waged a battle royal for Free Homes and achieved everything except the name Homestead before Grow entered Congress, which he did March 4, 1851, the day on which Benton quit the Senate.

Benton died in Washington April 10, 1858. Though he held no public office at that time, both Houses of Congress adjourned out of respect to his memory—a most unusual tribute. Religious services over his body were attended by a large concourse of people, including the President, Vice-President, Cabinet Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, Senators and Representatives in Congress.

Missouri gave him the most magnificent funeral ever seen west of the Great River and in St. Louis erected his statue of heroic size, chiseled on whose base are his prophetic words:

"There is the East! There is India!"

Forty years later she placed his effigy in Statuary Hall, the great American Valhalla, where, so long as the Republic endures, he will be pointed out as "The Great Missourian."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Benton, Thirty Years' View.
Benton, Congressional Debates.
John W. Forney, Anecdotes of Public Men.
Roosevelt, Life of Benton.
Meigs, Life of Benton.
John Wentworth, Recollections.
Switzler, History of Missouri.
John F. Darby, Recollections.
Addresses on the Presentation of the Benton and Blair Statues, Congressional Document.
Rozier, Early Days of Missouri.
Henry S. Foote, History of the Civil War.
Polk's Diary (Unpublished).

PREFACE TO 'THIRTY YEARS' VIEW'

JUSTICE to the men with whom I acted, and to the cause in which we were engaged, is my chief motive for engaging in this work. A secondary motive is the hope of being useful to our republican form of government in after ages by showing its working through a long and eventful period; working well all the time, and thereby justifying the hope of its permanent good operation in all time to come, if maintained in its purity and integrity. Justice to the wise and patriotic men who established our independence, and founded this government is another motive with me. I do not know how young I was when I first read in the speeches of Lord Chatham, the encomium which he pronounced in the House of Lords on these founders of our republic; but it sank deep into my memory at the time, and, what is more, went deep into the heart; and has remained there ever since. "When your lordships look at the papers transmitted us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation—and it has been my favorite study—I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation, or body of men, can stand in preference to the general congress at Philadelphia." This encomium, so just and so grand, so grave and so measured, and the more impressive on account of its gravity and measure, was pronounced in the early part of our revolutionary struggle—in its first stage—and before a long succession of crowning events had come to convert it into history, and to show of how much more these men were capable than they had then done. If the great William Pitt—greater under that name than under the title he so long refused—had lived in this day, had lived to see these men making themselves exceptions to the maxim of the world, and finishing the revolution which they began—seen them found a new government and administer it in their day and generation, and until "gathered to their

fathers," and all with the same wisdom, justice, moderation, and decorum, with which they began it; if he had lived to have seen all this, even his lofty genius might have recoiled from the task of doing them justice;—and, I may add, from the task of doing justice to the *People* who sustained such men. Eulogy is not my task; but gratitude and veneration is the debt of my birth and inheritance, and of the benefits which I have enjoyed from their labors; and I have proposed to acknowledge this debt—to discharge it is impossible—in laboring to preserve their work during my day, and in now commending it, by the fruits it has borne, to the love and care of posterity. Another motive, hardly entitled to the dignity of being named, has its weight with me, and belongs to the rights of "self-defence." I have made a great many speeches, and have an apprehension that they may be published after I am gone—published in the gross, without due discrimination—and so preserve, or perpetuate, things said, both of men and measures, which I no longer approve, and would wish to leave to oblivion. By making selections of suitable parts of these speeches, and weaving them into this work, I may hope to prevent a general publication—or to render it harmless if made. But I do not condemn all that I leave out.

Of qualifications for the work, I have one, admitted by all to be considerable, but by no means enough of itself. Mr. Macaulay says of Fox and Mackintosh, speaking of their histories of the last of the Stuarts, and of the Revolution of 1688: "They had one eminent qualification for writing history; they had spoken history, acted history, lived history. The turns of political fortune, the ebb and flow of popular feeling, the hidden mechanism by which parties are moved, all these things were the subject of their constant thought, and of their most familiar conversation. Gibbon has remarked, that his history is much the better for his having been an officer in the militia, and a member of the House of Commons. The remark is most just. We have not the smallest doubt that his campaigns, though he never saw an enemy, and his parliamentary attendance, though he never made a speech, were of far more use to him than years of retirement and study would have been. If the time that he spent on parade and at mess in Hampshire, or on the Treasury bench and at Brooke's, during

the storms which overthrew Lord North and Lord Shelburne, had been passed in the Bodleian Library, he might have avoided some inaccuracies; he might have enriched his notes with a greater number of references; but he never could have produced so lively a picture of the court, the camp, and the senate-house. In this respect Mr. Fox and Sir James Mackintosh had great advantages over almost every English historian since the time of Burnet." I can say I have those advantages. I was in the Senate the whole time of which I write—an active business member, attending and attentive—in the confidence of half the administrations, and a close observer of the others—had an inside view of transactions of which the public only saw the outside, and of many of which the two sides were very different—saw the secret springs and hidden machinery by which men and parties were to be moved, and measures promoted or thwarted—saw patriotism and ambition at their respective labors, and was generally able to discriminate between them. So far, I have one qualification; but Mr. Macaulay says that Lord Lyttleton had the same, and made but a poor history, because unable to use his material. So it may be with me; but in addition to my senatorial means of knowledge, I have access to the unpublished papers of General Jackson, and find among them some that he intended for publication, and which will be used according to his intention.

I do not propose a regular history, but a political work, to show the practical working of the government, and speak of men and events in subordination to that design, and to illustrate the character of institutions which are new and complex—the first of their kind, and upon the fate of which the eyes of the world are now fixed. Our duplicate form of government, State and Federal, is a novelty which has no precedent, and has found no practical imitation, and is still believed by some to be an experiment. I believe in its excellence, and wish to contribute to its permanence, and believe I can do so by giving a faithful account of what I have seen of its working, and of the trials to which I have been subjected.

I write in the spirit of Truth, but not of unnecessary or irrelevant truth, only giving that which is essential to the object of the work, and the omission of which would be an imperfection, and a subtraction from what ought to be known. I

have no animosities, and shall find far greater pleasure in bringing out the good and the great acts of those with whom I have differed, than in noting the points on which I deemed them wrong. My ambition is to make a veracious work, reliable in its statements, candid in its conclusions, just in its views, and which contemporaries and posterity may read without fear of being misled.

RETIREMENT AND DEATH OF GENERAL JACKSON

From 'Thirty Years' View.'

The second and last term of General Jackson's presidency expired on the third of March, 1837. The next day at twelve, he appeared with his successor, Mr. Van Buren, on the elevated and spacious eastern portico of the Capitol, as one of the citizens who came to witness the inauguration of the new President, and no way distinguished from them, except by his place on the left hand of the President-elect. The day was beautiful—clear sky, balmy, vernal sun, tranquil atmosphere; and the assemblage immense. On foot, in the large area in front of the steps, orderly without troops, and closely wedged together, their faces turned to the portico—presenting to the beholders from all the eastern windows the appearance of a field paved with human faces, this vast crowd remained riveted to their places, and profoundly silent, until the ceremony of inauguration was over. It was the stillness and silence of reverence and affection; and there was no room for mistake as to whom this mute and impressive homage was rendered. For once, the rising was eclipsed by the setting sun. Though disrobed of power, and retiring to the shades of private life, it was evident that the great ex-President was the absorbing object of this intense regard. At the moment he began to descend the broad steps of the portico to take his seat in the open carriage which was to bear him away, the deep repressed feeling of the dense mass broke forth, acclamations and cheers bursting from the heart and filling the air—such as power never commanded, nor man in power received. It was the affection, gratitude, and admiration of the living age, saluting for the last time a great man. It was the acclaim of pos-

terity, breaking from the bosoms of contemporaries. It was the anticipation of futurity—unpurchasable homage to the hero-patriot who, all his life, and in all circumstances of his life, in peace and in war, and glorious in each, had been the friend of his country, devoted to her, regardless of self. Uncovered, and bowing, with a look of unaffected humility and thankfulness, he acknowledged in mute signs his deep sensibility to this affecting overflow of popular feeling. I was looking down from a side window, and felt an emotion which had never passed through me before. I had seen the inauguration of many presidents, and their going away, and their days of state, vested with power, and surrounded by the splendors of the first magistracy of a great republic. But they all appeared to be as pageants, empty and soulless, brief to the view, unreal to the touch, and soon to vanish. But here there seemed to be a reality—a real scene—a man and the people—he, laying down power and withdrawing through the portals of everlasting fame;—they, sounding in his ears the everlasting plaudits of unborn generations. Two days after, I saw the first patriot ex-President in the car which bore him off to his desired seclusion. I saw him depart with that look of quiet enjoyment which bespoke the inward satisfaction of the soul at exchanging the cares of office for the repose of home. History, poetry, oratory, marble and brass, will hand down the military exploits of Jackson: this work will commemorate the events of his civil administration, not less glorious than his military achievements, great as they were; and this brief notice of his last appearance at the American capital is intended to preserve some faint memory of a scene, the grandeur of which was so impressive to the beholder, and the solace of which must have been so grateful to the heart of the departing patriot.

Eight years afterward he died at the Hermitage, in the full possession of all his faculties, and strong to the last in the ruling passion of his soul—love of country. Public history will do justice to his public life; but a further notice is wanted of him—a notice of the domestic man—of the man at home with his wife, his friends, his neighbors, his slaves; and this I feel some qualification for giving, from my long and varied acquaintance with him. First, his intimate and early friend—

then a rude rupture—afterwards friendship and intimacy for twenty years, and until his death; in all forty years of personal observation, in the double relation of friend and foe, and in all the walks of life, public and private, civil and military.

The first time that I saw General Jackson was at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1799—he was on the bench, a judge of the then Superior Court, and I a youth of seventeen, back in the crowd. He was then a remarkable man, and had his ascendant over all who approached him, not the effect of his high judicial station, nor of the senatorial rank which he had held and resigned; nor of military exploits, for he had not then been to war; but the effect of personal qualities; cordial and graceful manners, hospitable temper, elevation of mind, undaunted spirit, generosity, and perfect integrity. In charging the jury in the impending case, he committed a slight solecism in language which grated on my ear, and lodged in my memory, without derogating in the least from the respect which he inspired; and without awakening the slightest suspicion that I was ever to be engaged in smoothing his diction. The first time I spoke with him was some years after, at a (then) frontier town in Tennessee, when he was returning from a Southern visit, which brought him through the towns and camps of some of the Indian tribes. In pulling off his overcoat, I perceived on the white lining of the turning down sleeve, a dark speck, which had life and motion. I brushed it off, and put the heel of my shoe upon it—little thinking that I was ever to brush away from him game of a very different kind. He smiled; and we began a conversation in which he very quickly revealed a leading trait of his character,—that of encouraging young men in their laudable pursuits. Getting my name and parentage, and learning my intended profession, he manifested a regard for me, said he had received hospitality at my father's house in North Carolina, gave me kind invitations to visit him; and expressed a belief that I would do well at the bar—generous words which had the effect of promoting what they undertook to foretell. Soon after, he had further opportunity to show his generous feelings. I was employed in a criminal case of great magnitude, where the oldest and ablest counsel appeared—Haywood, Grundy, Whiteside—and the trial of which General Jackson attended through concern

for the fate of a friend. As junior counsel I had to precede my elders, and did my best; and it being on the side of his feelings, he found my effort to be better than it was. He complimented me greatly, and from that time our intimacy began.

I soon after became his aide, he being a major-general in the Tennessee militia, made so by a majority of one vote. How much often depends upon one vote!—New Orleans, the Creek campaign, and all their consequences, date from that one vote!—and after that, I was habitually at his house; and, as an intimate, had opportunities to know his domestic life, and at the period when it was least understood and most misrepresented. He had resigned his place on the bench of the Superior Court, as he had previously resigned his place in the Senate of the United States, and lived on a superb estate of some thousand acres, twelve miles from Nashville, then hardly known by its subsequent famous name of the Hermitage—name chosen for its perfect accord with his feelings; for he had then actually withdrawn from the stage of public life, and from a state of feeling well known to belong to great talent when finding no theatre for its congenial employment. He was a careful farmer, overlooking everything himself, seeing that the fields and fences were in good order, the stock well attended, and the slaves comfortably provided for. His house was the seat of hospitality, the resort of friends and acquaintances, and of all strangers visiting the State—and the more agreeable to all from the perfect conformity of Mrs. Jackson's character to his own. But he needed some excitement beyond that which a farming life can afford, and found it, for some years, in the animated sports of the turf. He loved fine horses—racers of speed and bottom—owned several, and contested the four mile heats with the best that could be bred, or brought to the State, and for large sums. That is the nearest to gaming that I ever knew him to come. Cards and the cockpit have been imputed to him, but most erroneously. I never saw him engaged in either. Duels were usual in that time, and he had his share of them, with the unpleasant concomitants; but they passed away with all their animosities, and he has often been seen zealously pressing the advancement

of those against whom he had but lately been arrayed in deadly hostility.

His temper was placable as well as irrascible, and his reconciliations were cordial and sincere. Of that, my own case was a signal instance. After a deadly feud, I became his confidential adviser; was offered the highest marks of his favor, and received from his dying bed a message of friendship, dictated when life was departing, and when he would have to pause for breath. There was a deep-seated vein of piety in him, unaffectedly showing itself in his reverence for divine worship, respect for the ministers of the gospel, their hospitable reception in his house, and constant encouragement of all the pious tendencies of Mrs. Jackson. And when they both afterwards became members of the church, it was the natural and regular result of their early and cherished feelings. He was gentle in his house, and alive to the tenderest emotions; and of this, I can give an instance, greatly in contrast with his supposed character, and worth more than a long discourse in showing what that character really was. I arrived at his house one wet chilly evening, in February, and came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. He started a little, called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room, and explained to me how it was. The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in—which he had done to please the child, his adopted son, then not two years old. The ferocious man does not do that! and though Jackson had his passions and his violence, they were for men and enemies—those who stood up against him—and not for women and children, or the weak and helpless; for all whom his feelings were those of protection and support. His hospitality was active as well as cordial, embracing the worthy in every walk of life, and seeking out deserving objects to receive it, no matter how obscure. Of this, I learned a characteristic instance in relation to the son of the famous Daniel Boone. The young man had come to Nashville on his father's business, to be detained some weeks, and had his lodgings at a small tavern, towards the lower part of the town. General Jackson heard of it; sought him out; found him; took him home to remain as long as his business detained him in the

country, saying, "Your father's dog should not stay in a tavern, where I have a house." This was heart! and I had it from the young man himself, long after, when he was a State Senator of the General Assembly of Missouri, and, as such, nominated me for the United States Senate, at my first election in 1820; an act of hereditary friendship, as our fathers had been early friends.

Abhorrence of debt, public and private, dislike of banks, and love of hard money—love of justice and love of country, were ruling passions with Jackson; and of these he gave constant evidence in all the situations of his life. Of private debts he contracted none of his own, and made any sacrifices to get out of those incurred for others. Of this he gave a signal instance, not long before the war of 1812—selling the improved part of his estate, with the best buildings of the country upon it, to pay a debt incurred in a mercantile adventure to assist a young relative; and going into log-houses in the forest to begin a new home and farm. He was living in these rude tenements when he vanquished the British at New Orleans; and, probably, a view of their conqueror's domicile, would have astonished the British officers as much as their defeat had done. He was attached to his friends, and to his country, and never believed any report to the discredit of either, until compelled by proof. He would not believe in the first reports of the surrender of General Hull, and became sad and oppressed when forced to believe it. He never gave up a friend in a doubtful case, or from policy, or calculation. He was a firm believer in the goodness of a superintending Providence, and in the eventual right judgment and justice of the people. I have seen him at the most desperate part of his fortunes, and never saw him waver in the belief that all would come out right in the end. In the time of Cromwell he would have been a Puritan.

The character of his mind was that of judgment, with a rapid and almost intuitive perception, followed by an instant and decisive action. It was that which made him a General, and a President for the time in which he served. He had vigorous thoughts, but not the faculty of arranging them in a regular composition, either written or spoken; and in formal papers he usually gave his draft to aid, a friend, or a secretary,

to be written over—often to the loss of vigor. But the thoughts were his own vigorously expressed; and without effort, writing with a rapid pen, and never blotting or altering; but, as Carlyle says of Cromwell, hitting the nail upon the head as he went. I have a great deal of his writing now, some on public affairs and covering several sheets of paper; and no erasures or interlineations anywhere. His conversation was like his writing, a vigorous, flowing current, apparently without the trouble of thinking, and always impressive. His conclusions were rapid, and immovable, when he was under strong convictions; though often yielding, on minor points, to his friends. And no man yielded quicker when he was convinced; perfectly illustrating the difference between firmness and obstinacy. Of all the Presidents who have done me the honor to listen to my opinions, there was no one to whom I spoke with more confidence when I felt myself strongly to be in the right.

He had a load to carry all his life; resulting from a temper which refused compromises and bargaining, and went for a clean victory or a clean defeat, in every case. Hence, every step he took was a contest; and, it may be added, every contest was a victory. I had already said that he was elected Major-General of Tennessee—an election on which so much afterwards depended—by one vote. His appointment in the United States regular army was a conquest from the administration which had twice refused to appoint him a Brigadier, and once disbanded him as a volunteer general, and only yielded to him militia victories. His election as President was a victory over politicians—as was every leading event of his administration.

I have said that his appointment in the regular army was a victory over the administration, and it belongs to the inside view of history, and to the illustration of government mistakes, and the elucidation of individual merit surmounting obstacles, to tell how it was. Twice passed by to give preference to two others in the West (General Harrison and General Winchester), once disbanded, and omitted in all the lists of military nominations, how did he get at last to be appointed Major-General? It was thus. Congress had passed an act authorizing the President to accept organized corps of

volunteers. I proposed to General Jackson to raise a corps under that act, and hold it ready for service. He did so; and with this corps and some militia, he defeated the Creek Indians, and gained the reputation which forced his appointment in the regular army. I drew up the address which he made to his division at the time, and when I carried it to him in the evening, I found the child and the lamb between his knees. He had not thought of this resource, but caught at it instantly, adopted the address, with two slight alterations, and published it to his division. I raised a regiment myself, and made the speeches at the general musters, which helped to raise two others, assisted by a small band of friends—all feeling confident that if we could conquer the difficulty,—master the first step—and get him upon the theatre of action, he would do the rest himself. This is the way he got into the regular army, not only unselected by the wisdom of the government, but rejected by it—a stone rejected by the master builders—and worked in by an unseen hand, to become the corner stone of the temple. The aged men of Tennessee will remember all this, and it is time that history should learn it. But to return to the private life and personal characteristics of this extraordinary man.

There was an innate, unvarying, self-acting delicacy in his intercourse with the female sex, including all womankind; and on that point my personal observation (and my opportunities for observation were both large and various), enable me to join in the declaration of the belief expressed by his earliest friend and most intimate associate, the late Judge Overton, of Tennessee. The Roman general won an immortality of honor by one act of continence; what praise is due to Jackson, whose whole life was continent? I repeat: if he had been born in the time of Cromwell he would have been a Puritan. Nothing could exceed his kindness and affection to Mrs. Jackson, always increasing in proportion as his elevation, and culminating fortunes, drew cruel attacks upon her. I knew her well, and that a more exemplary woman in all the relations of life, wife, friend, neighbor, relative, mistress of slaves—never lived and never presented a more quiet, cheerful and admirable management of her household. She had not education, but she had a heart, and a good one; and that was always leading her to do kind things in the kindest manner. She had the

General's own warm heart, frank manners and hospitable temper; and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. She had the faculty—a rare one—of retaining names and titles in a throng of visitors, addressing each one appropriately, and dispensing hospitality to all with a cordiality which enhanced its value. No bashful youth, or plain old man, whose modesty sat them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the titled gentlemen on her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always had her house filled with them—clever young women and clever young men—all calling her affectionately, "Aunt Rachel." I was young then, and was one of that number. I owe it to early recollections, and to cherished convictions—in this last notice of the Hermitage—to bear this faithful testimony to the memory of its long mistress—the loved and honored wife of a great man. Her greatest eulogy is in the affection which he bore her living, and in the sorrow with which he mourned her dead. She died at the moment of the General's first election to the Presidency; and every one that had a just petition to present, or charitable request to make, lost in her death, the surest channel to the ear and to the heart of the President. His regard for her survived, and lived in the persons of her nearest relatives. A nephew of hers was his adopted son and heir, taking his own name, and now the respectable master of the Hermitage. Another nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson, Esq., was his private secretary when President. The Presidential mansion was presided over during his term by her niece, the most amiable Mrs. Donelson; and all his conduct bespoke affectionate and lasting remembrance of one he had held so dear.

ADDRESS TO COLONEL DONIPHAN AND HIS MEN

From 'Thirty Years' View.'

I HAVE been appointed to an honorable and pleasant duty—that of making you the congratulations of your fellow-citizens of St. Louis, on your happy return from your long, and almost fabulous expedition. You have, indeed, marched far,

and done much, and suffered much, and well entitled yourselves to the applause of your fellow-citizens, as well as to the rewards and thanks of your government. A year ago you left home. Going out from the western border of your State, you reënter it on the east, having made a circuit equal to the fourth of the circumference of the globe, providing for yourselves as you went, and returning with trophies taken from the fields, the names of which were unknown to yourselves and your country, until revealed by your enterprise, illustrated by your valor, and immortalized by your deeds. History has but few such expeditions to record; and when they occur it is as honorable and useful as it is just and wise, to celebrate and commemorate the events which entitle them to renown.

Your march and exploits have been among the most wonderful of the age. At the call of your country you marched a thousand miles to the conquest of New Mexico, as part of the force under General Kearney, and achieved that conquest, without the loss of a man, or the fire of a gun. That work finished, and New Mexico, itself so distant, and so lately the *ultima thule*—the outside boundary of speculation and enterprise—so lately a distant point to be attained, becomes itself a point of departure—a beginning point, for new and far more extended expeditions. You look across the long and lofty chain—the Cordilleras of North America—which divides the Atlantic from the Pacific waters; and you see beyond that ridge, a savage tribe which had been long in the habit of depredations upon the province which had just become an American conquest. You, a part only of the subsequent Chihuahua column, under Jackson and Gilpin, march upon them—bring them to terms—and they sign a treaty with Colonel Doniphan, in which they bind themselves to cease their depredations on the Mexicans, and to become the friends of the United States. A novel treaty, that signed on the western confines of New Mexico, between parties who had hardly ever heard each other's names before, and to give peace and protection to Mexicans who were hostile to both. This was the meeting, and this the parting of the Missouri volunteers, with the numerous and savage tribe of the Navaho Indians living on the waters of the Gulf of California, and so

long the terror and scourge of Senora, Sinalo, and New Mexico.

This object accomplished, and impatient of inactivity, and without orders (General Kearney having departed for California), you cast about to carve out some new work for yourselves. Chihuahua, a rich and populous city of near thirty thousand souls, the seat of government of the State of that name, and formerly the residence of the captains-general of the Internal Provinces under the vice-regal government of New Spain, was the captivating object which fixed your attention. It was a far distant city—about as far from St. Louis as Moscow is from Paris; and towns and enemies, and a large river, and defiles and mountains, and the desert whose ominous name, portending death to travellers—*el jornada de los muertos*—the journey of the dead—all lay between you. It was a perilous enterprise, and a discouraging one, for a thousand men, badly equipped, to contemplate. No matter. Danger and hardship lent it a charm, and the adventurous march was resolved on, and the execution commenced. First, the ominous desert was passed, its character vindicating its title to its mournful appellation—an arid plain of ninety miles, strewed with the bones of animals perished of hunger and thirst—little hillocks of stone, and the solitary cross, erected by pious hands, marking the spot where some Christians had fallen, victim of the savage, of the robber, or of the desert itself—no water—no animal life—no sign of habitation. There the Texan prisoners, driven by the cruel Salazar, had met their direct sufferings, unrelieved, as in other parts of their march in the settled parts of the country, by the compassionate ministrations (for where is it that *woman* is not compassionate?) of the pitying women. The desert was passed, and the place for crossing the river approached. A little arm of the river, Bracito (in Spanish), made out from its side. There the enemy in superior numbers, and confident in cavalry and artillery, undertook to bar the way. Vain pretension! Their discovery, attack, and rout, were about simultaneous operations. A few minutes did the work! And in this way our Missouri volunteers of the Chihuahua *column* spent their Christmas day of the year 1846.

The victory of the Bracito opened the way to the crossing

of the river Del Norte, and to admission into the beautiful little town of the Paso del Norte, where a neat cultivation, a comfortable people, fields, orchards, and vineyards, and a hospitable reception, offered the rest and refreshment which toils and dangers, and victory had won. You rested there till artillery was brought down from Sante Fe; but the pretty town of Paso del Norte, with all its enjoyments, and there were many, and the greater for the place in which they were found, was not a Capua to the men of Missouri. You moved forward in February, and the battle of the Sacramento, one of the military marvels of the age, cleared the road to Chihuahua; which was entered without further resistance. It had been entered once before by a detachment of American troops; but under circumstances how different. In the year 1807, Lieutenant Pike and his thirty brave men, taken prisoners at the head of the Rio del Norte, had been marched captives into Chihuahua; in the year 1847, Doniphan and his men entered it as conquerors. The paltry triumph of a captain-general over a lieutenant, was effaced in the triumphal entrance of a thousand Missourians into the grand and ancient capital of all the Internal Provinces, and old men, still alive, could remark the grandeur of the American spirit under both events—the proud and lofty bearing of the captive thirty—the mildness and moderation of the conquering thousand.

Chihuahua was taken, and responsible duties, more delicate than those of arms, were to be performed. Many American citizens were there, engaged in trade; much American property was there. All this was to be protected, both life and property, and by peaceful arrangement; for the command was too small to admit of division, and of leaving a garrison. Conciliation and negotiation were resorted to, and successfully. Every American interest was provided for, and placed under the safeguard, first of good will, and next, of guarantees not to be violated with impunity.

Chihuahua gained, it became, like Santa Fe, not the terminating point of a long expedition, but the beginning point of a new one. General Taylor was somewhere—no one knew where—but some seven or eight hundred miles towards the other side of Mexico. You had heard that he had been defeated, that Buena Vista had not been a *good prospect* to him.

Like good Americans, you did not believe a word of it; but, like good soldiers, you thought it best to go and see. A volunteer party of fourteen, headed by Collins, of Boonville, undertake to penetrate the Saltillo, and to bring you information of his condition. They set out. Amidst innumerable dangers they accomplish their purpose, and return. Taylor is conqueror; but will be glad to see you. You march. A vanguard of one hundred men, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, led the way. Then came the main body (if the name is not a burlesque on such a handful), commanded by Colonel Doniphan himself.

The whole table land of Mexico, in all its breadth, from West to East, was to be traversed. A numerous and hostile population in towns—treacherous Comanches in the mountains—were to be passed. Everything was to be self-provided—provisions, transportation, fresh horses for remounts, and even the means of victory—and all without a military chest, or even an empty box, in which government gold had ever reposed. All was accomplished. Mexican towns were passed, in order and quiet; plundering Comanches were punished; means were obtained from traders to liquidate indispensable contributions; and the wants that could not be supplied, were endured like soldiers of veteran service.

The long march from Chihuahua to Monterey, was made more in the character of protection and deliverance than of conquest and invasion. Armed enemies were not met, and peaceful people were not disturbed. You arrived in the month of May in General Taylor's camp, and about in a condition to vindicate, each of you for himself, your lawful title to the double *soubriquet* of the general, with the addition to it which the colonel commanding the expedition has supplied—ragged—as well as rough and ready. No doubt you all showed title, at that time, to that third *soubriquet*; but to see you now, so gayly attired, so sprucely equipped, one might suppose that you had never, for a day, been strangers to the virtues of soap and water, or the magic ministration of the *blanchisseuse*, and the elegant transformations of the fashionable tailor. Thanks perhaps to the difference between pay in the lump at the end of the service, and driblets along in the course of it.

You arrived in General Taylor's camp ragged and rough,

as we can well conceive, and ready, as I can quickly show. You arrived: you reported for duty: you asked for service—such as a march upon San Luis de Potosi, Zacatecas, or the "halls of Montezuma;" or anything in that way that the general should have a mind to. If he was going upon any excursion of that kind, all right. No matter about fatigues that were passed, or expirations of service that might accrue: you came to go, and only asked the privilege. That is what I call ready. Unhappily the conqueror of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista, was not exactly in the condition that the lieutenant-general, that might have been, intended him to be. He was not at the head of twenty thousand men! he was not at the head of any thousands that would enable him to march! and had to decline the proffered service. Thus the long-marched and well-fought volunteers—rough and ready, and ragged—had to turn their faces towards home, still more than two thousand miles distant. But this being mostly by water, you hardly count it in the recital of your march. But this is an unjust omission, and against the precedents as well as unjust. "The ten thousand" counted the voyage on the Black Sea as well as the march from Babylon; and twenty centuries admit the validity of the count. The present age, and prosperity, will include in "the going out and coming in" of the Missouri-Chihuahua volunteers, the water voyage as well as the land march; and then the expedition of the one thousand will exceed that of the ten by some two thousand miles.

The last nine hundred miles of your land march, from Chihuahua to Matamoras, you made in forty-five days, bringing seventeen pieces of artillery, eleven of which were taken from the Sacramento and Bracito. Your horses, travelling the whole distance without United States provender, were astonished to find themselves regaled, on their arrival on the Rio Grande frontier, with hay, corn, and oats from the States. You marched farther than the farthest, fought as well as the best, left order and quiet in your train; and cost less money than any!

You arrived here to-day, absent one year, marching and fighting all the time, bringing trophies of cannon and standards from fields whose names were unknown to you before you

set out, and only grieving that you could not have gone farther. Ten pieces of cannon, rolled out of Chihuahua to arrest your march, now roll through the streets of St. Louis, to grace your triumphal return. Many standards, all pierced with bullets while waving over the heads of the enemy at the Sacramento, now wave at the head of your column. The black flag, brought to the Bracito, to indicate the refusal of that quarter which was so soon needed and received, now takes its place among your trophies, and hangs drooping in their nobler presence. To crown the whole—to make public and private happiness go together—to spare the cypress where the laurel hangs in clusters—this long, perilous march, with all its accidents of field and camp, presents an incredibly small list of comrades lost. Almost all return: and the joy of families resounds, intermingled with the applause of the State.

I have said that you made your long expedition without government orders: and so, indeed, you did. You received no orders from your government, but, without knowing it, you were fulfilling its orders—orders which, though issued for you, never reached you. Happy the soldier who executes the command of his government: happier still he who anticipates command, and does what is wanted before he is bid. This is your case. You did the right thing, at the right time, and what your government intended you to do, and without knowing its intentions. The facts are these: Early in the month of November last, the President asked my opinion on the manner of conducting the war. I submitted a plan to him, which, in addition to other things, required all the disposal troops in New Mexico, and all the American citizens in that quarter who could be engaged for a dashing expedition, to move down through Chihuahua, and the State of Durango, and, if necessary, to Zacatecas, and get into communication with General Taylor's right as early as possible in the month of March. In fact, the disposal forces in New Mexico were to form one of the three columns destined for a combined movement on the city of Mexico, all to be on the tableland and ready for a combined movement in the month of March. The President approved the plan, and the Missourians being most distant, orders were dispatched to New Mexico to put them in motion. Mr. Solomon Sublette carried the

order, and delivered it to the commanding officer at Santa Fe, General Price, on the 22d day of February, just five days before you fought the marvelous action of Sacramento. I well remember what passed between the President and myself at the time he resolved to give this order. It awakened his solicitude for your safety. It was to send a small body of men a great distance, into the heart of a hostile country, and upon the contingency of uniting in a combined movement, the means for which had not yet been obtained from Congress. The President made it a question, and very properly, whether it was safe or prudent to start the small Missouri column, before the movement of the left and the centre was assured: I answered that my own rule in public affairs was to do what I thought was right, and leave it to others to do what they thought right; and that I believed it the proper course for him to follow on the present occasion. On this view he acted. He gave the order to go, without waiting to see whether Congress would supply the means of executing the combined plan; and for his consolation I undertook to guarantee your safety. Let the worst come to the worst, I promised him that you would take care of yourselves. Though the other parts of the plan should fail—though you should become far involved in the advance, and deeply compromised in the enemy's country, and without support—still I relied on your courage, skill, and enterprise to extricate yourselves from every danger to make daylight through all the Mexicans that should stand before you —cut your way out—and make good your retreat to Taylor's camp. This is what I promised the President in November last; and what I promised him you have done. Nobly and manfully you have made one of the most remarkable expeditions in history, worthy to be studied by statesmen, and showing what citizen volunteers can do; for the crowning characteristic is that you were all citizens—all volunteers—not a regular bred officer among you; and if there had been, with power to control you, you could never have done what you did.

EULOGY ON SENATOR LINN

Delivered in The United States Senate, December 12, 1843. From 'Thirty Years' View.'

I RISE to make to the Senate the formal communication of an event which has occurred during the recess, and has been heard by all with the deepest regret. My colleague and friend, the late Senator Linn, departed this life on Tuesday, the third day of October last, at the early age of forty-eight years, and without the warnings or the sufferings which usually precede our departure from this world. He had laid him down to sleep, and awoke no more. It was to him the sleep of death! and the only drop of consolation in this sudden and calamitous visitation was, that it took place in his own house, and that his unconscious remains were immediately surrounded by his family and friends, and received all the care and aid which love and skill could give.

I discharge a mournful duty, Mr. President, in bringing this deplorable event to the formal notice of the Senate; in offering the feeble tribute of my applause to the many virtues of my deceased colleague, and in asking for his memory the last honors which the respect and affection of the Senate bestow upon the name of a deceased brother.

Lewis Field Linn, the subject of this annunciation, was born in the State of Kentucky, in the year 1795, in the immediate vicinity of Louisville. His grandfather was Colonel William Linn, one of the favorite officers of General George Rodgers Clark, and well known for his courage and enterprise in the early settlement of the Great West. At the age of eleven he had fought in the ranks of men, in the defence of a station in Western Pennsylvania, and was seen to deliver a deliberate and effective fire. He was one of the first to navigate the Ohio and Mississippi from Pittsburg to New Orleans, and back again—a daring achievement, which himself and some others accomplished for the public service, and amidst every species of danger, in the year 1776. He was killed by the Indians at an early period; leaving a family of young children, of whom the worthy Colonel William Pope (father of Governor Pope, and head of the numerous and respectable family of that name in the West) became the guardian. The father of Senator

Linn was among these children; and, at an early age, skating upon the ice near Louisville, with three other boys, he was taken prisoner by the Shawnee Indians, carried off, and detained captive for three years, when all four made their escape and returned home, by killing their guard, traversing some hundred miles of wilderness, and swimming the Ohio River. The mother of Senator Linn was a Pennsylvanian by birth; her maiden name Hunter; born at Carlisle; and also had heroic blood in her veins. Tradition, if not history, preserves the recollection of her courage and conduct at Fort Jefferson, at the Iron Banks, in 1781, when the Indians attacked and were repulsed from that post. Women and boys were men in those days.

The father of Senator Linn died young, leaving his son but eleven years of age. The cares of an elder brother* supplied (as far as such a loss could be supplied) the loss of a father; and under his auspices the education of the orphan was conducted. He was intended for the medical profession and received his education scholastic and professional, in the State of his nativity. At an early age he was qualified for the practice of medicine, and commenced it in the then Territory, now State, of Missouri; and was immediately amongst the foremost of his profession. Intuitive sagacity supplied in him the place of long experience; and boundless benevolence conciliated universal esteem. To all his patients he was the same; flying with alacrity to every call, attending upon the poor and humble as zealously as on the rich and powerful, on the stranger as readily as on the neighbor, discharging to all the duties of nurse and friend as well as of physician, and wholly regardless of his own interest, or even of his own health, in his zeal to serve and to save others.

The highest professional honors and rewards were before him. Though commencing on a provincial theatre, there was not a capital in Europe or America in which he would not have attained the front rank in physic or surgery. But his fellow-citizens perceived in his varied abilities, capacity and aptitude for service in a different walk. He was called into the political field by an election to the Senate of his adopted State. Thence he was called to the performance of judicial duties, by a fed-

*General, now Senator, Henry Dodge.

eral appointment to investigate land titles. Thence he was called to the high station of Senator in the Congress of the United States—first by an executive appointment, then by three successive almost unanimous elections. The last of those elections he received but one year ago, and had not commenced his duties under it—had not sworn in under the certificate which attested it—when a sudden and premature death put an end to his earthly career. He entered this body in the year 1833; death dissolved his connection with it in 1843. For ten years he was a beloved and distinguished member of this body; and surely a nobler or a finer character never adorned the chamber of the American Senate.

He was my friend; but I speak not the language of friendship when I speak his praise. A debt of justice is all that I can attempt to discharge: an imperfect copy of the *true man* is all that I can attempt to paint.

A sagacious head, and a feeling heart, were the great characteristics of Dr. Linn. He had a judgment which penetrated both men and things, and gave him near and clear views of far distant events. He saw at once the bearing—the remote bearing of great measures, either for good or for evil; and brought instantly to their support, or opposition, the logic of a prompt and natural eloquence, more beautiful in its delivery, and more effective in its application, than any that art can bestow. He had great fertility of mind, and was himself the author and mover of many great measures—some for the benefit of the whole Union—some for the benefit of the Great West—some for the benefit of his own State—many for the benefits of private individuals. The pages of our legislative history will bear evidence of these meritorious labors to a remote and grateful posterity.

Brilliant as were the qualities of his head, the qualities of his heart still eclipse them. It is to the heart we look for the characters of the man; and what a heart had Lewis Linn! The kindest, the gentlest, the most feeling and the most generous that ever beat in the bosom of bearded man! And yet, when the occasion required it, the bravest and most daring also. He never beheld a case of human woe without melting before it; he never encountered an apparition of earthly danger without giving it defiance. Where is the friend, or even the stranger,

in danger, or distress, to whose succor he did not fly, and whose sorrowful or perilous case he did not make his own? When—where—was he ever called upon a service, or a sacrifice, and rendered not, upon the instant, the one or the other, as the occasion demanded?

The senatorial service of this rare man fell upon trying times—high party times—when the collisions of party too often embittered the ardent feelings of generous natures; but who ever knew bitterness, or party animosities in him? He was, indeed, a party man—as true to his party as to his friend and his country; but, beyond the line of duty and of principle—beyond the debate and the vote—he knew no party, and saw no opponent. Who among us all, even after the fiercest debate, ever met him without meeting the benignant smile and kind salutation? Who of us all ever needed a friend without finding one in him? Who of us all was ever stretched upon the bed of sickness without finding him at its side? Who of us all ever knew a personal difficulty of which he was not, as far possible, the kind composer?

Such was Senator Linn, in high party times, here among us. And what he was here, among us, he was everywhere, and with everybody. At home among his friends and neighbors; on the high road among casual acquaintances; in foreign land among strangers; in all and in every of these situations, he was the same thing. He had kindness and sympathy for every human being; and the whole voyage of his life was one continued and benign circumnavigation of all the virtues which adorn and exalt the character of man. Piety, charity, benevolence, generosity, courage, patriotism, fidelity, all shone conspicuously in him, and might extort from the beholder the impressive interrogatory, '*For what place was this man made?*' Was it for the Senate, or the camp? For public or for private life? For the bar or the bench? For the art which heals the diseases of the body, or that which cures the infirmities of the State? For which of all these was he born? And the answer is, 'For all!' He was born to fill the largest and most varied circle of human excellence; and to crown all these advantages, Nature had given him what the great Lord Bacon calls a perpetual letter of recommendation—a countenance, not only good, but sweet and winning—radiant with the virtues of his

soul—captivating universal confidence; and such as no stranger could behold—no traveller, even in the desert, could meet, without stopping to reverence, and saying, 'Here is the man in whose hands I could deposit life, liberty, fortune, honor!' Alas! that so much excellence should have perished so soon! that such a man should have been snatched away at the early age of forty-eight, and while all his faculties were still ripening and developing!

In the life and character of such a man, so exuberant in all that is grand and beautiful in human nature, it is difficult to particularize excellence or to pick out any quality, or circumstance, which could claim preëminence over all others. If I should attempt it, I should point, among his measures for the benefit of the whole Union, to the Oregon Bill; among his measures for the benefit of his own State, to the acquisition of the Platte Country; among his private virtues, to the love and affection which he bore to that brother—the half-brother only—who, only thirteen years older than himself, had been to him the tenderest of fathers. For twenty-nine years I had known the depths of that affection, and never saw it burn more brightly than in our last interview, three weeks before his death. He had just travelled a thousand miles out of his way to see that brother; and his name was still the dearest theme of his conversation—a conversation strange to tell! which turned, not yet upon the empty and fleeting subjects of the day, but upon things solid and eternal—upon friendship, and the dead. He spoke of two friends whom it was natural to believe that he should survive, and to whose memories he intended to pay the debt of friendship. Vain calculation! Vain impulsion of generosity and friendship! One of these two friends now discharges that mournful debt to him: the other* has written me a letter, expressing his '*deep sorrow for the untimely death of our friend, Dr. Linn.*'

*General Jackson.

ROBERT BEVERLY

[1675—1716]

J. D. EGGLESTON, JR.

ABOUT 1662 Robert Beverly, father of Robert Beverly, the subject of this sketch, emigrated from the little town of Beverly in Yorkshire, England, where the Beverly family had lived for several centuries. He settled in Middlesex County, Virginia, and besides purchasing an estate there, became owner of large tracts of land in King and Queen County and elsewhere in the colony.*

Robert's early life was spent on the Middlesex estate, where he was born in 1675. A robust boy, accustomed to vigorous, manly sports, he was especially fond of hunting, fishing, boating, and riding to hounds. In his History he gives interesting accounts of some of his youthful experiences as a hunter.† During the early years of his life his father was Clerk of the House of Burgesses, to which office he had been elected seven years after his arrival in Virginia, and in which he remained until his death in 1687. Robert, though only ten or eleven years old, was utilized by his father and elder brother as an assistant in the duties of this office. In this way he became intimately acquainted with governmental administration, and especially with Virginia affairs and the colonial system. He acquired the habit of making records and taking notes of various matters of interest; and the knowledge thus gained and stored was of valuable aid to him when he came to write his 'History of Virginia.'

After his father's death young Beverly was sent to England to continue his education, as was the custom among the planters of the colony. Of his life while in England little is known; but from his History it is evident that he had accurate knowledge of the Englishman and his traits of character. Returning to the colony after a few years abroad, he settled in King and Queen County, upon the Beverly plantation, which had belonged to his father. Here he spent the rest of his life, with the exception of a short visit to England. He married Ursula, daughter of the first William Byrd of Westover, by whom he had several children, one of them a son, William.

Beverly seems to have become at once a man of large influence and popularity in the colony. In 1697, when only twenty-two years old, he was elected Clerk of the Council of Virginia, a responsible and

*'Lee of Virginia,' pp. 319-320.

†'Beverly's History,' Book I. *Ibid.*, Book IV.

honorable position, for the duties of which his travels, his knowledge of Englishmen and English forms of government, and his intimate acquaintance with colonial affairs had given him peculiar fitness. His administration of the office was uniformly satisfactory. Its duties, giving him access to documentary records of all kinds, qualified him still more thoroughly for the task of writing his History. In 1699-1700 he was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses.*

In 1705, while on a business trip to London, Beverly was requested by a bookseller, who seems to have known him well, to review a chapter on the history of Virginia which was about to go to the press, and to correct any errors he might detect. Beverly's account of this experience and of how he came to write his own History is well worth quoting:

"Soon after this, he, the bookseller, brings me" says Beverly, "about six sheets of paper written, which contained the account of Virginia and Carolina. This it seems was to have answered a part of Mr. Oldmixon's 'British Empire in America.' I very innocently (when I began to read) placed pen and paper before me, and made my observations upon the first page, but found it in the sequel so very faulty, and an abridgment only of some accounts that had been printed sixty or seventy years ago; in which also he had chosen the most strange and untrue parts, and left out the most sincere and faithful, so that I laid aside all thoughts of further observations, and gave it only a reading; and my bookseller for answer, that the account was too faulty and too imperfect to be mended. Withal telling him that seeing I had in my junior days taken some notes of the government, which I then had with me in England, I would make him an account of my own country, if I could find time while I staid in London. And this I should the rather undertake in justice to so fine a country, because it has been so misrepresented to the common people of England, as to make them believe that the servants in Virginia are made to draw the cart and plow, as horses and oxen do in England, and that the country turns all people black who go to live there, with other such prodigious phantasms.

"Accordingly, before I left London, I gave him a short history of the country, from the first settlement, with an account of its then state; but I would not let him mingle it with Oldmixon's other account of the plantations, because I took them to be all of a piece with those I had seen of Virginia and Carolina, but desired mine to be printed by itself. And this I take to be the only reason of that gentleman's so severely reflecting upon me in his book, for I never saw him in my life that I know of."†

*See Stedman and Hutchinson's 'Library of American Literature,' Vol. XI.
†Trent and Wells's 'Colonial Prose and Poetry, 1650-1710,' p. 348.

It was in this manner that the first history of Virginia by a native Virginian came to be written. It was published the same year, 1705, in London, and at once became widely known. At Amsterdam and Paris a French translation was published, and in 1722 a second English edition was issued.

John Fontaine, in his journal of his travel across the colony,* gives an interesting account of the hospitable reception accorded him and his companions by the historian Robert Beverly. The weather was very rainy and unpleasant, but the host did all in his power to make their stay agreeable. Fontaine especially remarks on the plainness of the house and furniture, although his host was a man of large wealth. There were "good beds, but no curtains; and instead of cane chairs, he hath stools made of wood. He lives upon the product of his land." The visitors were entreated to remain, and were sumptuously entertained until they could tarry no longer. When at last they decided that they must go, their host sent his son and several servants to accompany them beyond his domains, until they would be taken in charge by another planter.

Beverly died in 1716 on his estate and was there buried. His character is well portrayed by his book. He was an ardent lover of Nature; was a close observer, who recorded and remembered his observations; and was a man of decided likes and dislikes. He was fairly well read, but is nowhere ostentatious of his knowledge.

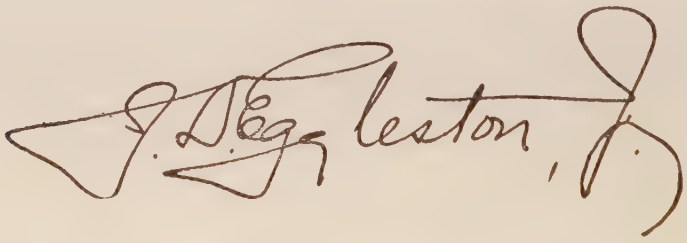
'The History and Present State of Virginia,' his only literary work, is a small volume composed of four parts; the first is devoted to the history of the Colony up to 1705; the second to a description of the country itself; the third to an account of the Indians, their manners, religion, and customs; and the fourth to the political and industrial condition of the colony at that time. He says that his purpose in writing the book is to give to the world an accurate and entertaining account of that great new world across the sea. Throughout the author says exactly what he believes to be true, regardless of public opinion. He seems especially prone to bring into play his powers of sarcasm and irony when ridiculing and deploring that great love of money for money's sake, which he, like Ruskin, thinks is the besetting sin of the Englishman. He states as his firm belief that mismanagement in the government, brought on by inordinate lust for money, was the fundamental cause of the majority of the misfortunes that befell the colonists. But there is no long and wearisome moralizing. The movement is rapid, the interest unflagging. The style is clear, direct, simple. Considering the haste in which the work was composed, the account is surprisingly free from errors. He was apt in terse and happy phrases.

*Fontaine's 'Memoirs of a Huguenot Family,' p. 264 ff.

In the accepted meaning of the word to-day Beverly's work would be called an account or story of Virginia, rather than a history. Less than one half of the book is truly historical; the rest is a descriptive story. His powers of description are of a very high order. He shows a surprising knowledge of the manners and customs of the Indians, and his discussion of them makes very entertaining reading.

The story of the supposed discovery of a gold mine, in Book I., the "Pernicious Weed," in Book II., and the "Pastimes and Games of the Colonial Virginians" in Book IV., are notable examples of his descriptive power and natural art as a stylist.

In the final analysis it will be agreed that while many historians have written better histories, few, if any, have composed more readable accounts than Robert Beverly, the first native historian of Virginia. The work may safely be classed as literature, to which class many histories must be denied. As a first attempt the work possesses undoubted merit; it has a setting of surprising richness; and it has for those of literary taste a delightful flavor.



BIBLIOGRAPHY

Adams, Dictionary of American Authors.
Appleton, Cyclopedia of American Biography.
Beverly, History and Present State of Virginia.
Bruce, Social Life of Virginia in the XVII. Century.
Campbell, History of Virginia.
Fiske, Old Virginia and Her Neighbors, Vol. II.
Fontaine, Memoirs of a Huguenot Family.
Holliday, History of Southern Literature.
Jameson, Historical Writing in America.
Lee, Lee of Virginia.
Stedman and Hutchinson, Library of American Literature. Vols. II. and XI.
Trent and Wells, Colonial Prose and Poetry.
Tyler, History of American Literature.

SUPPOSED DISCOVERY OF GOLD

All selections are from 'The History of Virginia.'

In the interval of these ships returning from England, the English had a very advantageous trade with the Indians, and might have made much greater gains of it, and managed it both to the greater satisfaction of the Indians, and the greater ease and security of themselves, if they had been under any rule, or subject to any method in trade, and not left at liberty to outvie or outbid one another, by which they not only cut short their own profit, but created jealousies and disturbances among the Indians, by letting one have a better bargain than another; for they being unaccustomed to barter, such of them as had been hardest dealt by in their commodities, thought themselves cheated and abused; and so conceived a grudge against the English in general, making it a national quarrel; and this seems to be the original cause of most of their subsequent misfortunes by the Indians.

What also gave a greater interruption to this trade, was an object that drew all their eyes and thoughts aside, even from taking the necessary care for their preservation, and for the support of their lives, which was this: They found in a neck of land, on the back of Jamestown Island, a fresh stream of water springing out of a small bank, which washed down with it a yellow sort of dust isinglass, which being cleansed by the fresh streaming of the water, lay shining in the bottom of that limpid element, and stirred up in them an unseasonable and inordinate desire after riches; for they taking all to be gold that glittered, ran into the utmost distraction, neglecting both the necessary defence of their lives from the Indians, and the support of their bodies by securing of provisions; absolutely relying, like Midas, upon the almighty power of gold, thinking that where this was in plenty, nothing could be wanting; but they soon grew sensible of their error, and found that if this gilded dirt had been real gold, it could have been of no advantage to them. For, by their negligence, they were reduced to an exceeding scarcity of provisions, and that little they had was lost by the burning of their town, while all hands were employed upon this

imaginary golden treasure; so that they were forced to live for some time upon the wild fruits of the earth, and upon crabs, mussels, and such like, not having a day's provision before-hand; as some of the laziest Indians, who have no pleasure in exercise, and won't be at the pains to fish and hunt. And, indeed, not so well as they neither; for by this careless neglecting of their defence against the Indians, many of them were destroyed by that cruel people, and the rest durst not venture abroad, but were forced to be content with what fell just into their mouths.

In this condition they were, when the first ship of the two before mentioned came to their assistance, but their golden dreams overcame all difficulties; they spoke not, nor thought of anything but gold, and that was all the lading that most of them were willing to take care for; accordingly they put into this ship all the yellow dirt they had gathered, and what skins and furs they had trucked for, and filling her up with cedar, sent her away.

After she was gone, the other ship arrived, which they stowed likewise with this supposed gold dust, designing never to be poor again; filling her up with cedar and clap-board.

Those two ships being dispatched, they made several discoveries in James River and up Chesapeake Bay, by the undertaking and management of Captain John Smith; and the year 1608 was the first year in which they gathered Indian corn of their own planting.

While these discoveries were making by Captain Smith, matters ran again into confusion in Jamestown, and several uneasy people, taking advantage of his absence, attempted to desert the settlement, and run away with the small vessel that was left to attend upon it; for Captain Smith was the only man among them that could manage the discoveries with success, and he was the only man, too, that could keep the settlement in order. Thus the English continued to give themselves as much perplexity by their own distraction as the Indians did by their watchfulness and resentments.

Anno 1609, John Laydon and Anna Burrows were married together, the first Christian marriage in that part of the world; and the year following the plantation was increased to near five hundred men.

This year Jamestown sent out people, and made two other settlements; one at Nansemond in James River, about thirty miles below Jamestown, and the other at Powhatan, six miles below the falls of James River, (which last was bought of Powhatan for a certain quantity of copper,) each settlement consisting of about a hundred and twenty men. Some small time after, another was made at Kiquotan by the mouth of James River.

AN EXPEDITION INTO NEW TERRITORY

Sir William Berkeley, who was always contriving and industrious for the good of the country, was not contented to set a useful example at home, by the essays he made of potash, flax, hemp, silk, etc., but was also resolved to make new discoveries abroad amongst the Indians.

For this end he employed a small company of about fourteen English, and as many Indians, under the command of Captain Henry Batt, to go upon such an adventure. They set out together from Appomattox, and in seven days' march reached the foot of the mountains. The mountains they first arrived at were not extraordinarily high or steep; but, after they had passed the first ridge, they encountered others that seemed to reach the clouds, and were so perpendicular and full of precipices, that sometimes in a whole day's march, they could not travel three miles in a direct line. In other places they found large level plains and fine savannas, three or four miles wide, in which were an infinite quantity of turkeys, deer, elks and buffaloes, so gentle and undisturbed that they had no fear at the appearance of the men, but would suffer them to come almost within reach of their hands. There they also found grapes so prodigiously large, that they seemed more like *bullace* than grapes. When they traversed these mountains, they came to a fine level country again, and discovered a rivulet that descended backwards. Down that stream they traveled several days, till they came to old fields and cabins, where the Indians had lately been, but were supposed to have fled at the approach of Batt and his company. However, the captain followed the old rule of leaving some toys in their cabins for them to find at their return, by which

they might know they were friends. Near to these cabins were great marshes, where the Indians which Captain Batt had with him made a halt, and would positively proceed no farther. They said, that not far off from that place lived a nation of Indians, that made salt, and sold it to their neighbors. That this was a great and powerful people, which never suffered any strangers to return that had once discovered their towns. Captain Batt used all the arguments he could to get them forward, but in vain. And so, to please those timorous Indians, the hopes of this discovery were frustrated, and the detachment was forced to return. In this journey it is supposed that Batt never crossed the great ridge of mountains, but kept up under it to the southward. For of late years the Indian traders have discovered, on this side the mountains, about five hundred miles to the southward, a river they call Oukufuskie, full of broad sunken grounds and marshes, but falling into the bay or great gulf between Cape Florida and the mouth of the Mississippi, which I suppose to be the river where Batt saw the Indian cabins and marshes, but is gone to from Virginia without ever piercing the high mountains, and only encountering the point of an elbow, which they make a little to the southward of Virginia.

Upon Captain Batt's report to Sir William Berkeley, he resolved to make a journey himself, that so there might be no hindrance for want of sufficient authority, as had been in the aforesaid expedition. To this end he concerted matters for it, and had pitched upon his deputy governor. The assembly also made an act to encourage it. But all these preparations came to nothing, by the confusion which happened there soon after by Bacon's rebellion. And since that, there had never been any such discovery attempted from Virginia, when Governor Spotswood found a passage over the great ridge of mountains, and went over them himself.

THE FIRST PIRATE TAKEN

It fell out that several merchant ships were got ready, and fallen down to Lynhaven Bay, near the mouth of James River, in order for sailing. A pirate being informed of this, and hearing that there was no man-of-war there, except a sixth

rate, ventured within the capes, and took several of the merchant ships. But a small vessel happened to come down the bay, and seeing an engagement between the pirate and merchantman, made a shift to get into the mouth of James River, where the Shoram, a fifth rate man-of-war, was newly arrived. The sixth rate, commanded by Captain John Aldred, was then on the careen in Elizabeth River, in order for her return to England.

The governor happened to be at that time at Kiquotan, sealing up his letters, and Captain Passenger, commander of the Shoram, was ashore, to pay his respects to him. In the meanwhile news was brought that a pirate was within the capes; upon which the captain was in haste to go aboard his ship; but the governor stayed him a little, promising to go along with him. The captain soon after asked his excuse, and went off, leaving him another boat, if he pleased to follow. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when the news was brought; but 'twas within night before His Excellency went aboard, staying all that while ashore upon some weighty occasions. At last he followed, and by break of day the man-of-war was fairly out between the capes and the pirate; where, after ten hours sharp engagement, the pirate was obliged to strike and surrender upon the terms of being left to the King's mercy.

Now it happened that three men of this pirate's gang were not on board their own ship at the time of the surrender, and so were not included in the articles of capitulation, but were tried in that country. In summing up the charge against them (the governor being present), the attorney-general extolled His Excellency's might, courage and conduct, as if the honor of taking the pirate had been due to him. Upon this, Captain Passenger took the freedom to interrupt Mr. Attorney in open court, and said that he was commander of the Shoram; that the pirates were his prisoners; and that nobody had pretended to command in that engagement but himself; he farther desired that the governor, who was then present, would do him the justice to confess whether he had given the least word of command all that day, or directed any one thing during the whole fight. This, His Excellency acknowl-

edged was true; and fairly yielded the honor of that exploit to the captain.

This governor likewise gained some reputation by another instance of his management, whereby he let the world know the violent passion he had to publish his own fame.

To get honor in New York, he had zealously recommended to the Court of England the necessity that Virginia should contribute a certain quota of men, or else a sum of money, towards the building and maintaining a fort at New York. The reason he gave for this, was, because New York was their barrier, and as such, it was but justice they should help to defend it. This was by order of his late Majesty King William proposed to the assembly; but upon the most solid reasons they humbly remonstrated, "that neither the forts then in being, nor any other that might be built in the province of New York, could in the least avail to the defence and security of Virginia; for that either the French or the Northern Indians might invade that colony, and not come within an hundred miles of any such fort." The truth of these objections is obvious to any one that ever looked on the maps of that part of the world. But the secret of the whole business in plain terms was this: Those forts were necessary for New York, to enable that province to engross the trade of the neighbor Indians, which Virginia had sometimes shared in, when the Indians rambled to the southward.

Now the glory Colonel Nicholson got in that affair was this: after he had represented Virginia as republican and rebellious for not complying with his proposal, he said publicly that New York should not want the 900 pounds, though he paid it out of his own pocket, and soon after took a journey to that province.

When he arrived there, he blamed Virginia very much, but pretending earnest desires to serve New York, gave his own bills of exchange for 900 pounds to the aforesaid use, but prudently took a defeasance from the gentleman to whom they were given, specifying, "that till Her Majesty should be graciously pleased to remit him the money out of the quit rents of Virginia, those bills should never be made use of." This was an admirable piece of sham generosity, and worthy of the great pains he took to proclaim it. I myself have fre-

quently heard him boast that he gave this money out of his own pocket, and only depended on the Queen's bounty to repay him: though the money is not paid by him to this day.

Neither was he contented to spread abroad this untruth there; but he also foisted it into a memorial of Colonel Quarry's to the council of trade, in which are these words: "As soon as Governor Nicholson found the assembly of Virginia would not see their own interest, nor comply with Her Majesty's orders, he went immediately to New York; and out of his great zeal to the Queen's service and the security of her province, he gave his own bills for 900 pounds to answer the quota of Virginia, wholly depending on Her Majesty's favor to reimburse him out of the revenues in that province."

Certainly His Excellency and Colonel Quarry, by whose joint wisdom and sincerity this memorial was composed, must believe that the council of trade have very imperfect intelligence how matters pass in that part of the world, or else they would not presume to impose such banter upon them.

But this is nothing, if compared with some other passages of that unjust representation, wherein they took upon them to describe the people of "Virginia to be both numerous and rich, of republican notions and principles such as ought to be corrected and lowered in time; and that then, or never, was the time to maintain the Queen's prerogatives, and put a stop to those wrong, pernicious notions which were improving daily, not only in Virginia but in all Her Majesty's other governments. A frown now from Her Majesty will do more than an army hereafter," etc.

With those inhuman, false imputations, did those gentlemen afterwards introduce the necessity of a standing army.

Thus did this gentleman continue to rule till August, 1705, when Edward Nott, Esq., arrived as governor, and gave ease to the country by a mild rule. His commission was to be governor-general, but part of his salary was paid by Lord Orkney as chief. Governor Nott had the general commission given him, because it was suggested that that method, viz.: the supreme title, would give the greater awe, and the better put the country to rights.

Governor Nott called an assembly the fall after his ar-

rival, who passed the general revisal of the laws, which had been too long in hand. But that part of it which related to the church and clergy Mr. Commissary could not be pleased in; wherefore that bill was dropt, and so it lies at this day.

This assembly also passed a new law making slaves a real estate, which made a great alteration in the nature of their estates, and becomes a very good security for orphans whose parents happened to die intestate.

This assembly also voted a house to be built for the governor's residence, and laid duties to raise the money for it. But His Excellency lived not to see much effected therein, being taken off by death in August, 1706. In the first year of his government the college was burnt down to the ground.

After this governor's death, their being no other nominated by Her Majesty to succeed him, the government fell into the hands of Edmund Jenings, Esq., the president, and council, who held no assembly during his time, neither did anything of note happen here. Only we heard that Brigadier Robert Hunter received commission to be lieutenant-governor under George, Earl of Orkney, the chief, and set out for Virginia, but was taken prisoner into France.

During Brigadier Hunter's confinement in France, a new commission issued to Colonel Alexander Spotswood to be lieutenant-governor, who arrived here in Anno 1710. He, to the extraordinary benefit of this country, still continues governor, having improved it beyond imagination. His conduct has produced wonders. But it would not become me to affront his modesty by publishing those innumerable benefits of his administration to his face; therefore I shall leave them to adorn the brighter history of some abler penman.

SERVANTS AND SLAVES

Their servants they distinguish by the names of slaves for life and servants for a time.

Slaves are the negroes and their posterity, following the condition of the mother, according to the maxim, *partus frequitur ventrem*. They are called slaves, in respect of the time of their servitude, because it is for life.

Servants are those which serve only for a few years, ac-

cording to the time of their indenture, or the custom of the country. The custom of the country takes place upon such as have no indentures. The law in this case is, that if such servants be under nineteen years of age, they must be brought into court to have their age adjudged; and from the age they are judged to be of, they must serve until they reach four and twenty; but if they be adjudged upwards of nineteen, they are then only to be servants for the term of five years.

The male servants, and slaves of both sexes, are employed together in tilling and manuring the ground, in sowing and planting tobacco, corn, etc. Some distinction, indeed, is made between them in their clothes, and food; but the work of both is no other than what the overseers, the freemen, and the planters themselves do.

Sufficient distinction is also made between the female servants, and slaves; for a white woman is rarely or never put to work in the ground, if she be good for anything else; and to discourage all planters from using any women so, their law makes female servants working in the ground tithables, while it suffers all other white women to be absolutely exempted; whereas, on the other hand, it is a common thing to work a woman slave out of doors; nor does the law make any distinction in her taxes, whether her work be abroad or at home.

Because I have heard how strangely cruel and severe the service of this country is represented in some parts of England, I can't forbear affirming, that the work of their servants and slaves is no other than what every common freeman does; neither is any servant required to do more in a day than his overseer; and I can assure you, with great truth, that generally their slaves are not worked near so hard, nor so many hours in a day, as the husbandmen, and day laborers in England. An overseer is a man, that having served his time, has acquired the skill and character of an experienced planter, and is therefore entrusted with the direction of the servants and slaves.

But to complete this account of servants, I shall give you a short relation of the care their laws take, that they be used as tenderly as possible:

All servants whatsoever have their complaints heard with-

out fee or reward; but if the master be found faulty, the charge of the complaint is cast upon him, otherwise the business is done *ex officio*.

Any justice of the peace may receive the complaint of a servant, and order everything relating thereto, till the next county court, where it will be finally determined.

All masters are under the correction and censure of the county courts, to provide for their servants good and wholesome diet, clothing and lodging.

They are always to appear upon the first notice given of the complaint of their servants, otherwise to forfeit the service of them until they do appear.

All servants' complaints are to be received at any time in court, without process, and shall not be delayed for want of form; but the merits of the complaint must be immediately enquired into by the justices; and if the master cause any delay therein, the court may remove such servants, if they see cause, until the master will come to trial.

If a master shall at any time disobey an order of court, made upon any complaint of a servant, the court is empowered to remove such servant forthwith to another master who will be kinder, giving to the former master the produce only (after fees deducted), of what such servants shall be sold for by public outcry.

If a master should be so cruel as to use his servant ill, that is fallen sick or lame in his service, and thereby rendered unfit for labor, he must be removed by the church-wardens out of the way of such cruelty, and boarded in some good planter's house, till the time of his freedom, the charge of which must be laid before the next county court, which has power to levy the same, from time to time, upon the goods and chattels of the master, after which, the charge of such boarding is to come upon the parish in general.

All hired servants are entitled to these privileges.

No master of a servant can make a new bargain for service, or other matter with his servant, without the privity and consent of the county court, to prevent the masters overreaching, or scaring such servant into an unreasonable compliance.

The property of all money and goods sent over thither to

servants, or carried in with them, is reserved to themselves and remains entirely at their disposal.

Each servant at his freedom receives of his master ten bushels of corn (which is sufficient for almost a year), two new suits of clothes, both linen and woolen, and a gun, twenty shillings value, and then becomes as free in all respects, and as much entitled to the liberties and privileges of the country, as any of the inhabitants or natives are, if such servants were not aliens.

Each servant has then also a right to take up fifty acres of land, where he can find any unpatented.

This is what the laws prescribe in favor of servants, by which you may find, that the cruelties and severities imputed to that country, are an unjust reflection. For no people more abhor the thoughts of such usage, than the Virginians, nor take more precaution to prevent it now, whatever it was in former days.

THE FISHING-HAWK

'Tis a good diversion to observe, the manner of the fishing-hawk's preying upon fish, which may be seen every fair day all the summer long, and especially in a morning. At the first coming of the fish in the spring, these birds of prey are surprisingly eager. I believe, in the dead of winter, they fish farther off at sea, or remain among the craggy uninhabited islands upon the sea coast. I have often been pleasantly entertained by seeing these hawks take the fish out of the water, and as they were flying away with their quarry, the bald eagle take it from them again. I have often observed the first of these hover over the water and rest upon the wing some minutes together, without the least change of place, and then from a vast height dart directly into the water, and there plunge down for the space of half a minute or more, and at last bring up with him a fish which he could hardly rise with; then, having got upon the wing again, he would shake himself so powerfully that he threw the water like a mist about him; afterwards away he'd fly to the woods with his game, if he were not overlooked by the bald eagle and robbed by the way, which very frequently happens. For

the bald eagle no sooner perceives a hawk that has taken his prey but he immediately pursues and strives to get above him in the air, which if he can once attain, the hawk for fear of being torn by him, lets the fish drop, and so by the loss of his dinner compounds for his own safety. The poor fish is no sooner loosed from the hawk's talons, but the eagle shoots himself with wonderful swiftness after it, and catches in the air, leaving all further pursuit of the hawk, which has no other remedy but to go and fish for another.

Walking once with a gentleman in an orchard by the river side, early in the spring, before the fish were by us perceived to appear in shoal water or near the shores, and before any had been caught by the people, we heard a great noise in the air just over our heads, and looking up we saw an eagle in close pursuit of a hawk that had a great fish in his pounces. The hawk was as low as the apple tree before he would let go his fish, thinking to recover the wood which was just by, where the eagles dare never follow, for fear of bruising themselves. But, notwithstanding the fish was dropped so low, and though it did not fall above thirty yards from us, yet we with our hollowing, running and casting up our hats, could hardly save the fish from the eagle, and if it had been let go two yards higher he would have got it; but we at last took possession of it alive, carried it home, and had it dressed forthwith. It served five of us very plentifully for breakfast, and some to the servants. This fish was a rock near two feet long, very fat, and a great rarity for the time of year, as well as for the manner of its being taken.

These fishing-hawks, in more plentiful seasons, will catch a fish and loiter about with it in the air, on purpose to have chase with an eagle; when he does not appear soon enough the hawk will make a saucy noise, and insolently defy him. This has been frequently seen by persons who have observed their fishings.

EARLY SETTLERS

I CAN easily imagine with Sir Josiah Child, that this, as well as all the rest of the plantations, was for the most part, at first, peopled by persons of low circumstances, and by such as were willing to seek their fortunes in a foreign country. Nor was it hardly possible it should be otherwise; for 'tis not likely that any man of a plentiful estate should voluntarily abandon a happy certainty, to roam after imaginary advantages in a new world. Besides which uncertainty, he must have proposed to himself to encounter the infinite difficulties and dangers that attend a new settlement. These discouragements were sufficient to terrify any man, that could live easily in England, from going to provoke his fortune in a strange land.

Those that went over to that country first, were chiefly single men who had not the incumbrance of wives and children in England; and if they had they did not expose them to the fatigue and hazard of so long a voyage, until they saw how it should fare with themselves. From hence it came to pass, that when they were settled there in a comfortable way of subsisting a family, they grew sensible of the misfortune of wanting wives, and such as had left wives in England sent for them, but the single men were put to their shifts. They excepted against the Indian women on account of their being pagans, as well as their complexions, and for fear they should conspire with those of their own nation to destroy their husbands. Under this difficulty they had no hopes, but that the plenty in which they lived might invite modest women, of small fortunes, to go over thither from England. However, they would not receive any, but such as could carry sufficient certificate of their modesty and good behavior. Those, if they were but moderately qualified in all other respects, might depend upon marrying very well in those days, without any fortune. Nay, the first planters were so far from expecting money with a woman, that 'twas a common thing for them to buy a deserving wife that carried good testimonials of her character, at the price of one hundred pounds, and make themselves believe they had a bargain.

But this way of peopling the colony was only at first. For after the advantages of the climate, and the fruitfulness of the soil were well known, and all the dangers incident to infant settlements were over, people of better condition retired thither with their families, either to increase the estates they had before, or else to avoid being persecuted for their principles of religion or government.

Thus, in the time of the rebellion in England, several good Cavalier families went thither with their effects, to escape the tyranny of the usurper, or acknowledgment of his title. And so again, upon the restoration, many people of the opposite party took refuge there, to shelter themselves from the king's resentment. But Virginia had not many of these last, because that country was famous for holding out the longest for the royal family, of any of the English dominions. For which reason the Roundheads went, for the most part, to New England, as did most of those that in the reign of King Charles II were molested on account of their religion, though some of these fell likewise to the share of Virginia. As for malefactors condemned to transportation, tho' the greedy planter will always buy them, yet it is to be feared they will be very injurious to the country, which has already suffered many murders and robberies, the effect of that new law of England.

RECREATIONS AND PASTIMES

For their recreation, the plantations, orchards and gardens constantly afford them fragrant and delightful walks. In their woods and fields, they have an unknown variety of vegetables, and other varieties of Nature to discover and observe. They have hunting, fishing and fowling, with which they entertain themselves an hundred ways. There is the most good nature and hospitality practised in the world, both towards friends and strangers: but the worst of it is, this generosity is attended now and then with a little too much intemperance. The neighborhood is at much the same distance as in the country in England; but the goodness of the roads, and the fairness of the weather, bring people often together.

The Indians, as I have already observed, had in their hunting, a way of concealing themselves, and coming up to the deer, under the blind of a stalking head, in imitation of which, many people have taught their horses to stalk it, that is, to walk gently by the huntsman's side, to cover him from the sight of the deer. Others cut down trees for the deer to browse upon, and lie in wait behind them. Others again set stakes, at a certain distance within their fences, where the deer have been used to leap over into a field of peas, which they love extremely; these stakes they so place, as to run into the body of the deer when he pitches, by which means they impale him; and for a temptation to the leap take down the top part of the fence.

They hunt their hares, (which are very numerous,) afoot, with mongrels or swift dogs, which either catch them quickly, or force them to hole in a hollow tree, whither all their hares generally tend when they are closely pursued. As soon as they are thus holed, and have crawled up into the body of the tree the business is to kindle a fire, and smother them with smoke, till they let go their hold, and fall to the bottom stifled; from whence they take them. If they have a mind to spare their lives, upon turning them loose, they will be as fit as ever to hunt at another time; for the mischief done them by the smoke immediately wears off again.

They have another sort of hunting, which is very diverting, and that they call vermin hunting; it is performed afoot, with small dogs in the night, by the light of the moon or stars. Thus in summer time they find abundance of raccoons, opossums and foxes in the corn fields, and about their plantations: but at other times they must go into the woods for them. The method is to go out with three or four dogs, and as soon as they come to the place they bid the dogs seek out, and all the company follow immediately. Wherever a dog barks, you may depend upon finding the game; and this alarm draws both men and dogs that way. If this sport be in the woods, the game, by the time you come near it, is perhaps mounted to the top of an high tree, and then they detach a nimble fellow up after it, who must have a scuffle with the beast before he can throw it down to the dogs; and then the sport increases, to see the vermin encounter those little curs.

In this sort of hunting, they also carry their great dogs out with them; because wolves, bears, panthers, wild cats, and all other beasts of prey, are abroad in the night.

For wolves they make traps and set guns baited in the woods, so that when he offers to seize the bait, he pulls the trigger, and the gun discharges upon him. What Aelian and Pliny write, of the horses being benumed in their legs, if they tread in the track of a wolf, does not hold good here; for I myself, and many others, have rid full speed after wolves in the woods, and have seen live ones taken out of a trap, and dragged at a horse's tail; and yet those that followed on horseback, have not perceived any of their horses to falter in their pace.

* * * * * *

The inhabitants are very courteous to travelers, who need no other recommendation but the being human creature. A stranger has no more to do, but to enquire upon the road, where any gentleman or good housekeeper lives, and there he may depend upon being received with hospitality. This good nature is so general among their people, that the gentry, when they go abroad, order their principal servant to entertain all visitors, with everything the plantation affords. And the poor planters, who have but one bed, will very often sit up, or lie upon a form or couch all night, to make room for a weary traveler, to repose himself after his journey.

If there happen to be a churl, that either out of covetousness, or ill nature, won't comply with this generous custom, he has a mark of infamy set upon him, and is abhorred by all.

ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE

[1809—1877]

SOPHIA BLEDSOE HERRICK

ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE was the eldest son of Moses Ousley Bledsoe, who, about the year 1816, founded and edited in Frankfort, Kentucky, the paper afterwards called the *Commonwealth*. He was the grandson of the Rev. William Bledsoe, who, because of the persecution of the Baptists in Virginia, removed from Orange County to that wild region of the State which was afterwards known as Kentucky. His mother was Sophia Childress Taylor, sister of the late Samuel Taylor of Richmond and niece of Chancellor Creed Taylor of Needham, Virginia.

He was born in Frankfort, November 9, 1809; was graduated from West Point in 1830, having been a college mate of both Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. He served in some of the desultory Indian fights in the West; and in 1832 resigned from the Army and began the study of law under his uncle Samuel Taylor. After the lapse of one year, he gave up the study of law and accepted the position of tutor in Kenyon College, Ohio, in order to educate his younger brother, William, a boy of wonderful intellect, whose sudden death, however, defeated this design.

He then entered the Theological Seminary connected with Kenyon College, pursuing his studies under the Rt. Rev. C. P. McIlvaine and Dr. Wiliam Sparrow, and other less distinguished men. He was admitted to orders, first as a deacon, and then as a presbyter, in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America. Finding it impossible, after a few years of close study, to continue with a clear conscience his connection with the Episcopal Church as a minister, he resigned his office, but remained a communicant.

He had married in 1836 Harriet Coxe, youngest daughter of the late William Coxe of Burlington, New Jersey. In 1838 he removed with his wife and one child, to Springfield, Illinois, where he entered on the practice of the law in the Supreme Court with Colonel Edward D. Baker (killed in 1861 at the battle of Ball's Bluff), as a partner. Both Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were practising law in the Supreme Court of Illinois at this same time. Bledsoe was very successful in winning his cases. More than once he received the basket of champagne that was awarded by the legal profession in

Springfield to the lawyer who won the largest number of suits in the year. That his name never appears in the various lives of Lincoln is evidently due to the fact of his association, after 1861, with the Confederate Government.

In 1848 he was elected to the Chair of Mathematics in the University of Mississippi, which he occupied till his election, in 1854, to the same chair in the University of Virginia. Upon leaving the University of Mississippi, in 1854, that institution conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. At the same time the same degree was conferred upon him by Kenyon College, Ohio. He was rather annoyed by the use of the title. It was given him by a friend more in joke than in earnest, but in his new surroundings it became fixed upon him, and he was always called Doctor after this time.

In 1861 he entered the Confederate Army with the rank of colonel; but President Davis, saying that his brain would be of more service to the Confederacy than his arm, made him Assistant Secretary of War. The work entailed upon him in this position was totally uncongenial, and unsuited to his temperament and habits of mind. Later, at the request of his friends, Davis and Lee, he ran the blockade, and went to England to gather materials for a constitutional argument on the right of secession, as no suitable material was to be found south of Mason and Dixon's line. While in England he collated, in the British Museum, the material for the book which appeared in 1866 under the title of 'Is Davis a Traitor, or Was Secession a Constitutional Right Previous to the War of 1861?' This title was chosen, because at the time of its publication President Davis was a prisoner, under the indictment for treason. Charles O'Conor, Davis's counsel, said afterwards, that he could not have succeeded in saving his client's life, if he had not been able to draw upon the contents of this book, since it would have been impossible for him to give the requisite time to studying up the history of the Constitution of the United States as Dr. Bledsoe had done.

Returning from England, in February, 1866, with the material which he had then collected, but with the book still unwritten, he completed in a short time the manuscript of the volume, 'Is Davis a Traitor?' and published it in the same year. On January 1, 1867, the first number of a quarterly review was issued under the title of the *Southern Review*. This was modeled after the British quarterlies. The editorial 'we' made itself responsible for all its utterances, and no names were appended to the articles which appeared in its pages. A list of the articles written up to a certain date by its editor is, however, in existence in Dr. Bledsoe's handwriting. He devoted himself almost exclusively for eleven years from the date of its beginning in

1867 to the time of his death, December 8, 1877, to the work of editing and writing articles for the *Southern Review.*

In 1845, while practising law, he had published 'An Examination of Edward's Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will.' This whole work, which had been out of print for many years, was republished in parts in the later issues of the *Southern Review,* numbers 42-48. This was begun just before his death and continued afterward. In 1853, while he was occupying the chair of Mathematics at the University of Mississippi, he published 'A Theodicy; or Vindication of the Divine Glory.' In 1856 'An Essay on Liberty and Slavery'; in 1866 'Is Davis a Traitor,' etc., and in 1868 'The Philosophy of Mathematics, with special reference to Geometry and the Infinitesimal Analysis.'

Dr. Bledsoe was a man to whom business in any form was a burden. He intensely disliked its details, and yet it was one of his greatest weaknesses that he thought he could, or rather should, attend to such matters; and, in consequence, would not delegate them to some more competent person. Because of his failure in making business arrangements, and securing contracts, he suffered at the hands of almost every individual, or body of men, with whom he was associated in a business way; and he never learned anything by his bitter experiences.

In 1869 or '70, Mr. W. W. Corcoran made a most generous offer to Dr. Bledsoe. Mr. Corcoran was profoundly Southern in his sympathies, and he desired to have a 'Constitutional History of Secession' written, including a history of the Civil War; and he considered Dr. Bledsoe the most competent person to do the work. He therefore offered to pay all the expenses of such a work, which was to be issued in as many volumes as Dr. Bledsoe should wish, and printed in any style he might choose, and to give to its author all the proceeds of the work. This project fell through, more from a mental peculiarity of the chosen writer than from any other cause. The work was thought out, and arranged in all its component parts, mentally it was a complete thing and partially written, and then it lost all its interest to its author. Certain chapters of the projected work appeared as articles in the *Southern Review,* and that was the end of a purpose entered upon with so much fire and enthusiasm, and with such promise of reputation and emolument.

Albert Bledsoe was preëminently a student and a scholar; he had no power to seize the fruits of his labor. In everything else, as in the work proposed by Mr. Corcoran, when a piece of work was completed in his mind, it was done; and he lost all interest in it. He would then let it lie indefinitely, unfinished; and would press eagerly on to the next thing, which was to be a *bonanza.* He was essentially a controversialist, and, apart from his love of truth, and his burning indignation at an injustice done to anyone, no matter how

little he was in sympathy with him (see "Plymouth Brethrenism" *et al.*, No. 42, *Southern Review*), he dearly loved the fight itself. He was naturally combative, and utterly fearless, morally and physically. He was often bitter, even rancorous in his words, but absolutely fair in his statement of his adversary's views. In only one case was he unjust; and that was a fair inference from data incorrectly given; this was in a matter of conduct, not of views. In the many bitter controversies into which he entered no man ever accused him (so long as he was living), of misrepresenting an adversary. After his death he was the subject of a most dastardly attack, full of cruel accusations and untrue statements. These, however, were all refuted and his adversary silenced.

He possessed a most exceptional power of concentration and could keep his mind, without apparent, or conscious, wavering, for hours upon one subject; and then wake up to the world around him, entirely unaware of anything that he had done, or that had been said or done in his presence. If he were suddenly spoken to when in this state, it seemed to agonize him; he would look up with an expression of absolute torture and say, "Never do that again; you would better strike me on the head with an axe at once."

His memory for what he had read was remarkable. After quoting a long paragraph from memory, he would direct his assistant where to find it, in order that it might be exactly verified. A whole page would sometimes prove to be verbally accurate, nothing more in the way of mistake than a redundant or misplaced punctuation mark here or there. He never allowed a quotation to pass without verification, and never quoted, except from original work, without saying through what medium it was derived.

His habits of work were peculiar. After omnivorous reading upon his subject he would meditate on it till it slowly crystallized into shape, and underwent a process of reorganization: then, at times, after a lapse of months or years, he would begin to write; furiously, dashing off page after page, till a hitch would come. Then page after page, begun with the same words, till he came to the point where he had failed to satisfy himself in the form of the sentence, would be cast on the floor beside his desk; till, at times, there would be as many as forty discarded pages scattered about him. He never tolerated anything less than his best. Often in the composition of a sentence where he encountered a difficulty he would walk up and down his study reciting it in a stentorian whisper till he was satisfied with it.

He never to his last day lost his keen powers of discrimination, but the bitterness that had marked his earlier controversies gradually mellowed into more genial feelings. In his last illness, December

1877, it all melted away; and as Dr. Harrison, the chaplain of Congress, said in a notice of his death, and said most truly; "He went out of life as he came in, with the loving, trustful heart of a little child."

Sophia Bledsoe Herrick

THE ORIGIN OF THE LATE WAR

From *The Southern Review*, April, 1867.

Every great revolution has had its writers as well as its warriors. The Rebellion of 1641, for example, had its Harrington, its Hobbes, and its Milton, not to mention innumerable other writers of less note. In like manner, the Revolution of 1688 produced a Sidney, a Locke, a Hoadley, a Gordon, and a Plato Redivivus; all of whom discuss some of the great questions pertaining to the social condition and destiny of man. And the first French Revolution, as everyone knows, was accompanied by an infinity of publications respecting the origin of society, the foundations and forms of government, and the causes of revolutions. No convulsion of society, however, has ever surpassed, in this respect, the War of 1861; which scattered, in all directions, innumerable books and pamphlets of all sorts and sizes; reminding one of the motley deluge of literature vomited forth by Error in the "Faerie Queene" of Spenser. Russel's 'Catalogue of the Literature of the Rebellion,' though by no means complete, fills no less than 767 royal octavo pages. In this huge catalogue, there are, perhaps, the titles of some eight or ten books which deserve to be read.

Those writers who, first of all, grappled with the problem of the French Revolution, took an exceedingly one-sided, partial, and superficial view of the subject. Time was necessary for the development and diffusion of a knowledge of the real causes of that event. It was finally perceived, that in order to comprehend its causes, an intimate acquaintance with the history of the century which preceded it was indispensably necessary; and that it resulted from "a multitude of con-

verging causes." The opinion of Bonaparte, that "If there had been no Rousseau, there would have been no Revolution," came to be regarded by everyone as puerile, as everyone acquired a deeper insight into the causes of the Revolution of '89. Alison's analysis of the manifold causes of the French Revolution is well known. The late Sir G. C. Lewis, in his work on "Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics," generalizes the fact at which history has arrived in regard to the French Revolution; and asserts that every great revolution is produced by "a multitude of converging causes," all of which terminate in the one grand result. This is certainly true in relation to the Revolution of 1861. No one can comprehend that event, or its causes, who is not familiar with the whole political history of the United States, from the origin of that voluntary association of free States to the subjugation of a portion of them by the others: a history which shows that those causes were numerous as well as powerful.

The history of the literature of the French Revolution has repeated itself on this side of the Atlantic. The secession of the Southern States was not caused by "the failure to elect a President," nor by "the legitimate loss of political power;" a contemporary slander which is already obsolete. The real causes were far other and deeper than these. Springing from numerous sources, and concurring in one tendency, the real causes swelled into a mighty torrent, by which the Union as a voluntary association of States was gradually undermined; so that, when the appointed time came, it furiously rushed to destruction. It is now no more.

Different writers have placed a very different estimate on the relative force and importance of these causes; even when they have not, as is usually the case, laid the whole stress on some to the exclusion of the others. One considers the too great predominance of the democratic element in the Constitution of '87, or bond of Union, as the chief source of destruction. A second regards the dislocating friction between the Federal and the State Governments, or the incessant collisions between the parts of the very complex system, as the most powerful of all the causes of its transformation from an association of free States into an absolute despotism. A third, with equal confidence, pronounces the Presidential elec-

tions the prime cause of that strange transformation, by which the other causes were developed or called into fatal activity; while a fourth lays the principal stress on the antagonism between the two great sections of the Union, the North and the South, as the source of its original weakness and its final ruin. A fifth class, by far the largest and most superficial of all, insist that the institution of slavery alone was the cause of the War of 1861.

All these causes, no doubt, operated at the same time, and each increased the disorganizing force of the others. But no one, so far as we know, has ever attempted, as yet, to consider them all in one group, to weigh the force and estimate the bearing of each, so as to determine their relative effects among themselves, as well as their influence in the production of the final result. Indeed, such an attempt would have been quite premature on the part of most writers on the American conflict; for if the political history of the United States has been written, it has certainly never been read by them. Even in regard to the great crisis, or terrible turning points of that history, their works are replete with blunders, which necessarily preclude them from a view of the real causes of the explosion of 1861. They not only fail to look beneath the surface of "The American Conflict"; but even upon that surface they see everything distorted and discolored by the violence of passions too strong for their judgments. Mr. Horace Greely, as we shall hereafter see, is a conspicuous and shining specimen of this class of writers. For, however honest his intentions, his huge tome (of which, it is said, sixty thousand copies were sold in three months) is, from beginning to end, little more than a gross libel on the South.

It is our design, at present, merely to exhibit a general view of the origin of the late war, as an introduction to the future discussion of some of its most deep-seated and powerful causes. These causes, considered under the most general point of view, have their roots in the legislation of 1787. That legislation undertook to provide the solution of a vast and complicated problem, or rather the solutions of a series of vast and complicated problems; and the failure of these solutions was the War of 1861. If we consider the nature of

those problems and their solutions, it will not be difficult, it is believed, to discover how it was that those who made the new Union, sowed, at the same time, the seeds of all its mighty convulsions and revolutions; or, more properly speaking, how it was that time and the passions of men developed the seeds of discord, and brought forth the late war, in spite of the legislation of 1787.

The problems, which the Convention of 1787 undertook to solve, were exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. Indeed, under the then existing state of things, they appear to have been beyond the reach of any practical solution whatever. It undertook to establish: 1. An equilibrium of power between the few and the many, between those who held the reins of government, and those who created the government and who held its destinies in their own hands; 2. An equilibrium between the several departments of the Federal Government, between its executive, judiciary, and legislative departments; so that each might be able to protect itself against the encroachments of the other two, and to move, without serious disturbance, in its appointed sphere; 3. An equilibrium between the Federal Government and the State governments, or between the Union and the States; 4. An equilibrium between the large and the small states; and 5. An equilibrium between the North and the South. Thus, each of these five problems relates to the balance of power between antagonistic, or opposite interests, either real or imaginary; and in only one instance did the labors of the Convention succeed in the establishment of a *stable equilibrium*. The conflict between the large and the small states, by which the Convention was more violently shaken than by any other, was the only one permanently adjusted by its labors. Hence, while this ceased to disturb the Union, the others continued to rage and to distract its counsels. They were, indeed, among the great elements of discord, by which the angry passions of men were kindled into the flames of the late war.

In regard to the first problem above mentioned, Mr. Madison says in *The Federalist:* "Among the difficulties encountered by the Convention, a very important one must have lain in considering the requisite stability and energy in government, with the inviolable attention due to the republican

form. Without substantially accomplishing this part of their undertaking, they would have very imperfectly fulfilled the object of their appointment, or the expectations of the public; yet that it could not be easily accomplished, will be denied by no one who is unwilling to betray his ignorance of the subject." . . . . . "The genius of republican liberty," he continues, "seems to demand on one side, not only that all power should be derived from the people, but that those entrusted with it should be kept in dependence on the people, by a short duration of their appointment."* How, then, shall these short-lived creatures of the multitude preserve their independence, their integrity? How keep their allegiance to truth and justice? How impart dignity, order, and decency to the government? How resist the gusts and whirlwinds of popular passion, and stand, like men, erect before the multitude in the breath of whose nostrils they live and move and have their being? If any made such an attempt, indeed, they soon found that there is such a thing as "rotation in office;" a rotation which carries truth-loving men to the bottom and demagogues to the top. Now why is this? Is it in the very nature of "republican liberty," as it is called, to breed such creeping things? Or is it a peculiarity, an accident in the working of the democracy in America?

In the Convention of 1787, it was said by Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, that in considering the evils under which the country then labored, all had concurred in "tracing them to the violence and follies of democracy." Hence they sought, by a system of checks and balances, to restrain the power of the majority, and keep it within due bounds. But, as Hamilton predicted, the checks and barriers of the Constitution were "too feeble for the amazing violence and turbulence of the democratic spirit;" and consequently they have, one after another, disappeared before the overbearing despotism of the majority. The history of the majority in this country shows, indeed, that it is a tyrant which for seventy long years, had continually grown in the gigantic magnitude of its proportions, and in the ungovernable fierceness of its temper, until, at last, it became a monster too grievous to be borne. Hence, one great cause of the movement of 1861, was the

*No. XXXVII.

profound dissatisfaction of the minority,—that is, of one section reduced to a permanent and hopeless minority.

Under the circumstances, it was, perhaps, impossible to establish a permanent equilibrium of power between the one, the few, and the many. It is certain that the legislators of 1787 loaded the last end of the beam too heavily, and consequently the equilibrium was not stable or enduring. The power of the many, or the democratic element of the new system, swallowed up all the others, and degenerated into the despotism of mere numbers. Nor should this have surprised us. For more than two thousand years ago, it was said by the prince of political philosophers, that governments had usually perished in one way; that is, by the characteristic or predominant element in them gaining the complete ascendency over the others. It was in conformity with this principle, or law, that the democratic republic in this country perished, or lost its legitimate form; becoming the remorseless despotism of a lawless multitude. The manner in which this transformation took place, and the causes by which it was brought about, constitute a curious and profoundly interesting chapter in the history of this country, as well as in the history of mankind in general. Hence, in some future article, this transformation will be exhibited, and traced to its natural causes, revealing, in bold relief, the dark mysteries of popular sovereignty. No subject more richly deserves the study of the historian, the philosopher, and the statesman; yet no subject seems to have been more superficially considered. Even the 'Democracy in America' by M. de Tocqueville, is replete with the deceitful shows and splendid shams of a hollow political philosophy. That such a work should have been so highly praised by all the principal reviews of Europe shows, as we shall hereafter see,* how very little attention has been given to the great subject of which it treats; for not one of them has displayed sufficient critical acumen, or insight, to penetrate the veil of glittering generalities with which it hides the real features of the American Demos. We shall, in the article just referred to, rend that veil, and show, in the combined lights of history and philos-

*See Article on De Tocqueville.

ophy, the insufferable tyranny of all numerical majorities, and also the grounds and reasons of its existence.

The causes of the late war, had their roots in the passions of the human heart. Under the influence of these causes almost everything in the new system worked differently from what was generally anticipated. Hamilton, it is true, predicted that the checks of the Constitution would prove too feeble for the passions of the masses. But the majority at that time, or soon after, agreed with Franklin, that the sovereignty of the people was laid under too many restrictions by the Constitution, and that a despotism was most likely to result from the undue ascendency of the few. Hamilton was the true prophet. The Convention, deeply impressed with the evils flowing from the democratic republics of the several states, sought to remedy those evils by erecting one grand democratic republic over the whole. But the grand democratic republic was not without dangers of its own. The storms and agitations on the lakes of a continent would, no doubt, be remedied, if an ocean were made to embrace and include them all; but then how could the storms and agitations on the ocean itself be prevented? And if a storm should happen to arise on the ocean, might not the ship-wreck, the ruin, the desolation, and the misery be on a proportionately grander and more terrific scale? The storm which actually arose, and swept everything, from centre to circumference, into its all-devouring vortex, had its source in the antagonism between the two great sections of the Union; an antagonism which resulted from various causes, and grew in depth and bitterness till war became inevitable.

The equilibrium of power between the several departments of the Federal Government was also, as time has shown, but imperfectly adjusted. By the encroachments of Congress, that equilibrium was, from time to time, violently disturbed, and finally overthrown. The law-making power absorbed or controlled the others. The Executive became its tool, and the Judiciary, which was intended to limit its authority, gradually yielded to its unconstitutional sway or was moulded into a subserviency to its designs. It was thus that the Federal Government, originally intended to be a well-balanced equilibrium between three co-ordinate departments,

each possessing sufficient power to protect itself against the encroachments of the other two, degenerated into a frightful oligarchy of demagogues; the worst possible corruption that ever destroyed a free government. Is it not, indeed, more like anarchy than the reign of law and order, or any form of government properly so-called?

The conflict between the Federal and the State Governments continued under the new Union, and ended only with the subjugation of the Southern States. The phenomena of this struggle between the Union and its members, as exhibited in history, were not foreseen by any one of the legislators of 1787. Some supposed that in the working of this complex system, there would be too great "a tendency to tyranny in the head," as the Union was called; and others that the more dangerous tendency would be toward "anarchy among the members," or the states. Some deemed "the centripetal," and others "the centrifugal," force of the new system too great for its stability. Hence, the first class feared the consolidation of the States into one great central power; and the last, with Hamilton and Madison at their head, dreaded the destruction of that power, and a resolution of the Union into the units of which it was originally composed. Neither anticipation has been verified. That is, neither tendency has prevailed to the exclusion of the other; on the contrary, both tendencies have prevailed at the same time, but in different portions of the Union; and the one as the consequence of the other. Tyranny in the head begat independence in the members, and independence in the members augmented the tyranny of the head. Each tendency aggravated and increased the other. The "rebellion" of the members, as it was called, was pleaded in justification of all the usurpations of the head. Or, in other words, usurpation of power by the majority in possession of the Federal Government, produced resistance in the minority, or in those states which had no share in the control of its powers. Precisely the same phenomena were exhibited, in this respect, whether the powers of the Federal Government were wielded by the Northern or the Southern States. No state, believing itself to be in a hopeless minority and out of power, ever rejoiced in the bonds of "the glorious Union"; just as no man "e'er felt the halter draw, with good

opinion of the law." It was, indeed, under such circumstances, that the States of New England conceived the design of breaking these bonds asunder, and scattering them to the winds;* while the Southern States looked with a favorable eye on the transcendent beauties of the Union. Thus, the new government worked, not according to physical analogies, or illustrations, drawn from the solar system, but according to the principles of human nature. The weak looked to the Constitution, as the great charter of their rights; and the powerful looked to their own power. The minority held up the shield of State rights; the majority laid its hand on the sword of the Union. The only difference is, that in thus passing from the creed and the attitude of the minority, to those of the majority and back again, according to her change of position and power in the Union, New England seems to have been more bold and unblushing than any other portion of the United States; and, at the same time, more lofty in her pretensions to a purely disinterested patriotism and loyalty.

The great problem, of which the Convention of 1787 undertook to furnish the practical solution, was to establish an equilibrium of power between the North and the South. This was admitted by its members to be the greatest of all the difficulties they had to encounter. It was also admitted, nay, positively asserted by the Convention, that neither section could remain free, or safe, or happy in the Union, unless each should hold a constitutional and efficient check on the power of the other. Hence, if we may believe their own statements,† they intended to give each section the control of one branch of Congress, so that no law could be passed without the consent of both sections. The design was good, but the execution bad. The equilibrium in question, which all conceded to be so essential to the order, tranquillity, and happiness of the Union, proved as unstable as water, and as treacherous as the sea. The North acquired the control of both branches of Congress. Nor was this all. The North, in contemptuous defiance of the remonstrances and complaints of the South, elected a sectional President; and at

*This point is illustrated in Bledsoe's book entitled 'Is Davis a Traitor?' Chapter XVIII.

†See the Madison Papers; also Bledsoe's 'Is Davis a Traitor?' Chapter XIX.

the same time, avowed its fixed determination to mould the Supreme Court to its own sovereign will and pleasure. Thus, the equipoise of power between the two sections, which, from the first, was so unstable and insecure, settled beyond all hope of a re-adjustment, in favor of the North. The South, then, had lost forever the least chance of gaining the ascendency in either branch of Congress; and consequently, she held all her dearest rights and interests at the mercy of her ancient rival and enemy; the very state of things which, according to the founders of the Republic, would be an intolerable despotism.

The failure to adjust, or settle on any solid basis, the balance of power between the North and the South, was the great defect of the Constitution of 1787. The means employed to establish that balance of power, was the weak point in the new system; and it was precisely the point on which all the causes of discord and disruption fell with united force and ferocity. No wonder, then, that it gave way, and let in the overwhelming flood of 1861.

Hence, if we are not greatly mistaken, the antagonism between the North and the South, so imperfectly adjusted by the labors of 1787, is the true stand-point from which to contemplate the origin of the late war. This antagonism, this cause of discord, stamped, in fact, its image on all the other causes of the late war. It drew into itself all other causes, and raged with the violence of them all. The struggle between the Union and the States, between the "head and the members" of the new system, was developed and determined by the antagonism between the two great sections of which it was composed. In like manner, the contest between the majority and the minority, always sufficiently fierce and violent, became a desperate struggle between the same parties, the North and the South; a struggle greatly intensified and embittered by the consideration that the majority had become sectional and permanent, leaving the minority without hope in the Union. The great quarrel about slavery, too, inflamed the mutual animosity of the two sections, and helped to kindle the war between them. And the system of tariffs, by which a large party at the South believed she had been systematically plundered to enrich the North, was, at one time, the apple of discord between the sections; and at all

times, a source of profound dissatisfaction and alienation. Nor was this all. For, in addition to all these causes, the creation of a great Republic, whose vast powers, instead of having been properly divided between the sections, and the constitutional portion of each permanently settled, were left open to be contended for by them. Nothing could, indeed, have been more admirably adapted to inflame the angry passions of the two great rivals, than the introduction of a prize of such unparalleled magnitude into the arena of strife between them. It produced, on both sides, a series of partizan and corrupting legislative measures, which disgrace the annals of the United States. The conflict of 1861, was, indeed, a war of races, of ideas, of interests, of passions, of institutions, and of words, long before it became a war of deeds and of blood. The manner in which this war arose and progressed, till, in the end, it produced the earthquake and volcano of 1861, yet remains to be described by the pen of the historian.

This history consists of seven great crises. The first of these convulsed the Union, and threatened its dissolution before the new Constitution was formed, or conceived. For how little soever its history may be known, the North and the South, like Jacob and Esau, struggled together, and that, too, with almost fatal desperation, in the womb of the old Union. Slavery had nothing at all to do with that struggle between the North and the South, the *dramatis personae* in the tragedy of 1861. It was solely and simply a contest for power.

The second great crisis was the formation and adoption of the new Constitution. Much has been said about that event, as the most wonderful revolution in the history of the world; because the government of a great people was then radically changed by purely peaceable means, and without shedding a drop of blood. But if that was a bloodless revolution in itself, no one, who has maturely considered it in all its bearings, can deny that it was, in the end, the occasion of the most sanguinary strife in the annals of a fallen world.

The revolution of 1801, by which the radical notions and doctrines of the infidel philosophers of the Eighteenth Century gained the ascendency in this country, never more to abate in

their onward march, constituted the third great crisis in the political history of the United States. In passing through this crisis, the Republic of 1787 became in practise the Democracy of the following generation; and, finally, the rabid radicalism of 1861. It was then that the democratic, or predominant, element in the Republic, began to swallow up the others, and so became the most odious of all the forms of absolute power or despotism. It was then that the reign of 'King Demos,' the unchecked and the unlimited power of mere numbers, was inaugurated, and his throne established on the ruins of American freedom. But, while history will show this, it will also administer the consoling reflection, that American freedom was doomed, from the first, by the operation of other causes, and that the revolution of 1801 only precipitated its fall. If so, then the sooner its fall the better for the world; as in that case its destruction would involve a smaller portion of the human family in its ruins.

The desperate struggle of 1820-21, between the North and the South, relative to the admission of Missouri into the Union; the equally fierce contest respecting the Tariff in 1832-33; the Mexican War, and the acquisition of vast territories, by the dismemberment of a foreign empire, which led to the most violent and angry of all the quarrels between the two sections; constitute the fourth, fifth, and sixth crises in the stormy history of the United Sections. The seventh and last great crisis, grew out of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, the rise of the Republican party, as it is called; and consisted in the secession of the Southern States, and the war of coercion. Each of these seven crises had, of course, its prelude and its sequel, without which it cannot be comprehended, or seen how it followed the preceding, and how it led to the succeeding, crisis in the chain of events. Now some of these crises are most imperfectly understood by the public, and, in some respects, most perfectly misunderstood, such as the first two for example; others, and especially the fourth, or the great Compromise of 1820, are overlaid with a mass of lying traditions such as the world has seldom seen; traditions invented by politicians, and industriously propagated by the press and the pulpit. If these traditions were cleared away, and the facts which lie beneath

them in the silent records of the country brought to view, the revelation would be sufficient to teach both sections of the Union the profoundest lessons of humiliation and sorrow. If patiently and properly studied, the history of the United States is, perhaps, fraught with as many valuable lessons for the warning and instructions of mankind, as that of any other age or nation since the fall of Rome, since the Flood, or since the fall of man.

We shall, in conclusion, briefly glance at one of these great lessons; the one which underlies all the others, and is absolutely necessary to their true interpretation. It is this: All constitutions which, like that of 1787, assume that man is better than he is, are doomed to perish. If the great truth of the eternal word of God, that man is a fallen being, be overlooked by human legislators, their constitutions and laws are all in vain. "Man is free by nature," says Locke; but, according to the infinitely more profound aphorism of Aristotle, "man is a tyrant by nature." Hence he cannot be entrusted with the supreme power. The most striking passage, perhaps, in the political writings of Aristotle, "the arch-philosopher," as he is called by Hooker, relates to this very subject of the infirmity of human nature, and the consequent unfitness of man to wield "the supreme power."

If you give the supreme power to the majority, says he, they will oppress the minority. If you give it to the minority they will fleece the majority; which is the very height of injustice. If you give it to one man, unchecked by the power of any other magistracy, he will tyrannize over all; or as the same truth is expressed by his great disciple Hooker, "one man's rule is all men's misery." What shall be done then? The supreme power shall be given neither to the one, nor to the few, nor to the many; but it shall be divided, and be so distributed among the one, the few, and the many, that neither shall be able to oppress the other two. Thus, the supreme power is not entrusted to man at all, but is seated on a system of checks and balances, by which the petty tyrant man is prevented from having his own way. It is on this equilibrium of forces, on this tripod of justice, that Freedom must sit enthroned; or else she must grovel in the dust beneath the tyranny of man. On no other condition, at least

in the present stage of man's development, can law and order be made to reign, or Freedom maintain her position amid the disturbing forces of a fallen world. How striking the utterance of "the arch-philosopher": "He who bids the law to be supreme, makes God supreme; but he who entrusts man with the supreme power, gives it to a wild beast." Or, we may add, to one who is sure to become a wild beast, in the possession of supreme and irresponsible power.

The great fundamental error of the legislation of 1787 is that, instead of making the law to be supreme, they clothed man with the supreme power. Hence, in the estimation of those who managed the Republic, "the sovereignty of the people" became everything, and the sovereignty of God nothing. The will of the people ruled, not the law; and hence Freedom was trampled in the dust. It is an aphorism of Montesquieu, which can never be too often repeated or too profoundly meditated, that "In democracies, the power of the people is confounded with their liberty." Indeed, if the supreme power be entrusted to man at all, it had better be lodged with one man, than with the multitude. For then, the supreme power *de jure* being opposed by an actual power greater than itself, the physical power of the whole people, might stand in awe of that power, and be checked by it. But when the supreme power *de jure* is conferred on the people, or, in other words, on the majority; then it is in the same hands with the greatest actual power, and consequently there is nothing to check or control its exercise. Hence, in the words of the poet quoted by Aristotle, and so fearfully confirmed by history:

"Ill fares it, where the multitude hath sway."

The legislators of 1787 did not know that man is a fallen being; or, if they did, they failed to comprehend the deep significance of this awful fact. They indulged, too freely, in the dream of the French philosophers of the Eighteenth Century respecting "the inherent virtue and the indefinite perfectibility of man." Hence they fondly imagined, that in order to render the people free, happy, and prosperous, it was only necessary to entrust them with the supreme power. But all such dreams and illusions, however pleasant in them-

selves, are unutterably awful in their consequences. Witness the War of 1861.

The nature of man, as revealed by history, is in marvelous accordance with the word of God. Hence, as historians, the legislators of 1787 should have shunned, as worse than the plague, all the pleasant theories and dreams of the infidelity of the century in which they lived. The heathen, instructed by history alone, could say "the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind to powder." The more shallow the theory of human nature on which our politics are based, the sooner will they be ground to powder, and scattered before the angry winds.

Philosophy, by a profound and searching analysis, such as may be found in the immortal discourses of Bishop Butler, arrives at the same view of human nature as that exhibited in the double revelation of Scripture and history. Hence, as philosophers, the legislators of 1787 should have regarded that nature as it is in itself, and not at all as it is presented in the roseate theories and dreams of self-idolizing reformers. Having failed to do so, at least to some considerable extent, they sowed the wind, and we have reaped the whirlwind.

The new Republic of 1787, being founded in a presumptuous confidence in man, was doomed to fall, or undergo sad changes and transformations. For all sophisms, however elaborately constructed, or however magnificently wrought into institutions, must, sooner or later, disappear before the eternal logic which reigns and rules in the affairs of men. And all constitutions, however grand and imposing in appearance, if merely the offspring of human wisdom or folly, must, in due time, burst like bubbles on the troubled billows of time. Woe betide all the proud polities of self-idolizing man! For, since they are not adjusted to the great facts and laws of the moral world, the wheels of Divine Providence into which they do not work as lesser wheels, shall just crush them into atoms, and then move on without further notice. This was the great lesson of the French Revolution, and of all its short-lived constitutions. This is, indeed, the great lesson which God has, in all time, spoken to a fallen world, and spoken, too, in the crashing thunder of falling empires.

JOHN HENRY BONER

[1845—1903]

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

IN the heart of North Carolina, among the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, is a quaint little town,—a German community transplanted, as it were, to America. This is Salem, and well-named it is, for it is a place of peace. Despite the fact that Winston, modern in industrial activities, has grown up, as by magic, and has encroached upon it, the little settlement has to a great extent preserved its traditions. Here in 1845 was born John Henry Boner, the sweet lyric poet; and here, in the old Moravian burying-ground, he sleeps the long, mysterious sleep.

From this ancestral home he wandered a devious path. Of his earlier years we have scant record. He received an academic education and entered in youth, we may surmise, upon the printer's trade. He was connected in an editorial way with papers in Salem and Asheville. In 1868 he served as reading clerk of the North Carolina Constitutional Convention, and in 1869-1870 as chief clerk of the House of Representatives. It was during this experience in Raleigh that he made the acquaintance of that fine spirit, Theo. H. Hill,—an acquaintance that ripened through the years into the tenderest affection.

Boner was a Republican, and his activity in politics during this rancorous period of the Reconstruction made him an alien among his own people. For this reason, presumably, he left his native state to enter the civil service in Washington. He remained in the Government Printing Office for sixteen years, becoming, in 1878, president of the Columbia Typographical Union; but on the return of the Democratic party to power he was discharged upon the ground of "offensive partisanship."

About this time his first volume, 'Whispering Pines,' appeared; and the poet Stedman, recognizing the merit of the collection, wrote the author upon hearing of his dismissal, and invited him to come to New York. Through this influence Boner soon found employment in the metropolis. He served on the staff of the 'Century Dictionary' and later, with Stedman, on his 'Library of American Literature.' At one time he was literary editor of the *World;* afterwards he was engaged upon the 'Standard Dictionary' and, after the completion of that work, its publishers engaged him as editor of their widely-

known periodical, the *Literary Digest*. Because of some immaterial difference between himself and the publishers, he rashly resigned this position, and from that time his fortunes declined.

Thrown now, with failing health, solely upon his literary efforts, he found a precarious living. He was forced to appeal to his friends in Washington, who, with the aid of his associates in the Authors' Club, were successful in having him restored to his former position in the Government Printing Office. But his strength was not even equal to the light duties exacted of him there, and so he was compelled to give them up. The publication in pamphlet form of a few of his later poems at this time yielded means sufficient for a few months' sojourn in the South; and thither he turned, happy in going

"Back to the Old North State,
Back to the place of his birth,
Back through the pines' colonnaded gate
To the dearest spot on earth."

Partly restored, he returned to his desk in January, 1903, but it soon became apparent that the end was drawing swiftly on. He wrote a friend about this time: "This is my last Christmas on earth: I know it." With a courage that was an inspiration he struggled on through suffering toward the inevitable; nor did his spirit quail in its presence. He died in Washington, March, 1903, and was buried in the Congressional Cemetery there.

In his earlier songs the poet had sung:

"Full many a peaceful place I've seen,
But the most restful spot I know
Is one where thick, dark cedars grow
In an old graveyard cool and green."

He had in mind the old Moravian churchyard at Salem. In another of these poems are the following lines:—

"Where'er it be my fate to die,
Beneath those trees in whose dark shade
The first loved of my life are laid
I want to lie."

It was to carry out this wish that, mainly through the efforts of the poet's friend, Dr. Marcus Benjamin, the Boner Memorial Association was formed. Some of the leading literary men and women of America contributed to this movement. The necessary funds were promptly raised, and in December, 1904, the reinterment, with fitting ceremonies, was made in Salem, North Carolina. A simple marble slab, bearing an appropriate inscription, marks the grave.

Boner was a man of pleasing personality,—slow to form friendships and slower to sunder them. There was not a place for envy in his lovable nature; he rejoiced in the triumphs of all: his very criticisms served as an impetus to greater achievement.

He was a critic of keen interpretation: his conclusions were independent, and were founded upon a clear esthetic discernment. He was equipped by Nature for criticism, and had he essayed more in this field his work would have been rated along with that of Stedman and Poe.

He was a poet of rare fancy and intellectual force; it was in this realm that he achieved his highest success. The Old North State has brought forth very few verse-writers whose work, even at its best, deserves to be classed as poetry,—and the work of these few was rarely at its best. Theo. H. Hill, John Henry Boner, and John Charles McNeill are three of this number, all of whom have now rounded out their careers. While they had gifts in common, and each had excellencies not shared by the others, yet among the productions of this trio the poems of Boner stand unquestionably supreme. More of his verses fall within the province of poetry, and more have the qualities that make for permanency. The volume of his writings is small, but in poetry it is not volume that counts toward immortality. Poe will live co-extensively with Shakespeare and Dante, while the author of the voluminous "Columbiad"—who was he?

The range of Boner's themes and types, however, is great, and he attained to a perfection of which any American poet might feel proud. He touched upon love, joy, faith, hope, death, despair, immortality, patriotism; and he wrote readily all kinds of verse from the negro's rousing camp-meeting songs to the gravest sonnets. Neither Harris nor Russell ever surpassed "Christmas Times Is Come,"—if, indeed, they equalled it. It reveals more truly and clearly the negro's intimate association of the earthly and spiritual than any other single song, and is therefore, more faithful to the race,—for appetite and emotion, mistaken for religion, make up the negro. This light spirit is shown also in the "Christmas Toast", "A Boy in the Piney Woods," the latter reminiscent of "life bucolic":

> "I heard the peals of laughter long and hearty;
> I caught the lusty tuning of the fiddle,
> And leaped the door-step, eager for the frolic."

The same airy touches are seen in other poems; as, for instance, "Sparrows in the Snow," a veritable winter idyl, with its closing couplet:

"And soon the snow, all tracks and trails,
Was full of perk, sky-tilted tails."

And here may be mentioned "Midsummer Noon," a sleep-inducing melody, when

"Silence is intense,
For opiate perfume's opulence
Has drowsed the blue-skied land."

But by far the greater number, as well as the best, of these descriptive poems—and the same may be said of all Boner's writings—are cadenced in melancholy. "Moonrise in the Pines," "Broken and Desolate,"—these and many others are examples; and in some of them there seems to be the story of a lost love:

"Ah, fatal roses—never yet
Have they deceived. She drooped and died."

The song, "I Would that I Could Quite Forget", with its memorable lines,—

"Remembrance that in anguish saith
There is a sadder thing than death"—

this as well as others, bears out this assumption.

Boner had an abiding love for his native State: many of his earlier songs are expressive of this feeling; and one of the last he wrote, "The Wanderer Back Home," from which quotation has been made, burns with this same affection. At the height of his career, when he lighted his first fire in "Cricket Lodge," Staten Island, he did not proceed far in his poem celebrating the occasion before these lines crowded upon his utterance:—

"On a green and breezy hill
Overlooking Arthur Kill
And the Orange Mountains blue
In their ever-changing hue—
Here not far from where the gull
Skims along the Kill von Kull,
Winging to the Upper Bay
Thence to the ocean vast to roam,
Here for life's remaining day
I have builded me a home.

Rather had I hewn my beam
By old Yadkin's gentle stream—
Rather there on wintry days
Felt the cheery lightwood's blaze."

Boner was an ardent admirer of Poe, and in one supreme poem has linked his own name indissolubly with the name of that wizard of melodies. "Poe's Cottage at Fordham," as haunting in phrase as is Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine," marks, possibly, the height of his achievement; but, judged by the loftiest standards of art, he has approached this poem, to say the least, in one or two of his sonnets: "Remembrance," infused, as it is, with pathos sharp as a two-edged sword; and "Time Brings Roses," rising to a faith that becomes prophetic,—these are the products of a cunning hand.

Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the *Century Magazine,* pays this fitting tribute to his memory in that periodical for March, 1905:

> "In life's hard fight this poet did his part:
> He was a hero of the mind and heart.
> Now rests his body 'neath his own loved skies,
> And from his grave 'Courage' his spirit cries."

And Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote of him, in words graven upon his tomb, as

"That gentlest of minstrels who caught his music from the whispering pines."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The Introduction to Boner's Lyrics, 1903; *The South Atlantic Quarterly,* April, 1904, Durham, North Carolina; The *Charlotte Observer,* January 7, 1906; and The *Wake Forest Student,* March, 1906.

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM

All the selections are from 'Boner's Lyrics,' 1903. Published, 1903, by The Neale Publishing Company, New York. Copyright by Mrs. Lottie A. Boner, and used by her kind permission.

Here lived the soul enchanted
  By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
  By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
  Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
  The dying firelight blew
While he whose song was peerless
  Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
  His fancy as they grew.

Here, with brow bared to heaven,
  In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
  Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
  Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
  And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
  And hopeless vale of Dis;
And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
  The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,
He touched at heaven and hell.
Fate found a rare soul pliant
And rung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir
Or flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story
Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
Wherein were fiercely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,
Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Have cenotaphed his fame.

MIDSUMMER NOON

The city is all blinding glare
Insufferable, and fiery air
Quivers from roof and street.
The dusty trees are crimped and dry.
Under her window, passing by,
Camille hears weary feet.

So hot the hour that one might swoon,
Tho hidden from the glaring noon
And latticed from the light.

Through the green jalousies there plays
A twilight from the outer blaze.
Camille is clad in white.

Her silken chamber, garnet-hued
And dim, is one for lassitude,
Where harsh sound cannot reach.
There floats about the dusky room,
From silvern wicker, the perfume
Of muscatel and peach.

From scarlet-crowned geranium beds
On a bright lawn, warm odor sheds
That steals to her repose,
Weighting the weary sense of heat,
Where, massed about a window-seat,
Are heliotrope and rose.

The figures outside passing throw
Shadows that on the ceiling flow
Like ripples on a stream.
One fly swims in the stagnant air.
Camille has loosed her sheaf of hair—
She moves as in a dream.

Her affluent hair is blond as wheat
June-sunned to harvest, warmly sweet,
And heavy as spun gold.
Such hair has Ceres, going through
The corn leaves ere the evening dew
Upon the grass is cold.

A jeweled clock has softly stirred
The silence like a dreaming bird
And gone to sleep again.
Camille lies on her dainty bed
With one arm circled overhead,
The other lengthwise lain.

Still flow the ripples on the wall.
Lightly a wilted rose lets fall
  Its leaves, as if a hand
Had touched it. Silence is intense,
For opiate perfume's opulence
  Has drowsed the blue-skied land.

IMMORTALITY

There is a hope of heaven in every human breast—
A hope of life supernal in some far region blest—
Of an immortal vesture, of an eternal rest.

There is a hope undying that life's inglorious span
The travail strange and painful, and death's unpitying ban,
May not complete the miracle, may not be all of man.

There is a hope unfounded in myth or creed or lore
That recompense for mortals awaits them at the door
Where they lay down their burdens and pass and are no more.

There is a hope inspiring the spirits of the brave
Who conquer legioned evils and death's lethean wave
With fortitude undaunted by darkness of the grave.

There is a hope whose radiance unto the weak appears
A light upon their pathway throughout the dolorous years,
And promises deliverance beyond their vale of tears.

There is a hope uplifting the weary head of pain
Which, crowned with thorns and bruises, in agony has lain—
That though man die and vanish, yet shall he live again.

This hope imperishable, coeval with the race,
Makes epochal existence in this abiding-place—
A date of incarnation in spiritual space.

No psychic evolution contributed this trust
In conscious resurrection to him whose body must
As ashes go to ashes, as dust return to dust.

He who first saw the myriad of stars in order roll,
Or marked the tide of ocean, or the divine control
Of universal beauty, proclaimed himself a soul.

On what primordial mountain he hailed a rising sun,
Or in what vale ambrosial walked when the day was done,
Or what his certain feature, or what his course to run—

He who first sang in gladness of spirit to the sky,
Or who with lamentation first closed a tearful eye,
Conceived the faith which teaches that man shall never die.

No fabulist had painted the vision of a dream
Prefiguring existence beyond the mystic stream
Whose melancholy darkness became a happy theme.

No oracle had given to man a secret deep—
No gracious mediator had promised those who weep
A jubilant revival after the dreaded sleep.

No altar had been builded, no sacrifice been laid,
No homage had been offered, no adoration paid,
No prayer and no thanksgiving to Deity been made.

And yet man felt assurance of supramortal bliss;
Faith symbolized survival beyond his grave's abyss,
And for his holy spirit an apotheosis—

That noble faith, that credence which gives existence worth
And, with a sense exultant of a celestial birth,
Entablatures with triumph the sepulchers of earth.

Through cycles cataclysmic the changing world has sped;
Through cosmical translation its beauty has been shed;
Through marvelous transition man's destiny has led.

From rites and mounds barbaric the primal altar came,
Whose garlanded inscription declared a higher name
To devotees whose incense hallowed a finer flame.

The colonnaded temple in vales Arcadian rose,
And Pagan art, for emblems of a divine repose,
Types of majestic beauty interpreted and chose.

The simply tuneful timbre of sylvan oat and lyre—
Sweet solace of the prophet whose lips were touched with fire—
Preluded the rich organ and the symphonic choir.

The poesy that numbered a madrigal refrain
For nomad of the desert or shepherd of the plain
Molded a lovelier language, inspired a loftier strain.

So quickened the florescence of manhood, and man stood
An archetype of glory and herald of the good
Predestined to develop the human saintlihood.

From boreal aurora to Southern Cross a chime
Of ringing bells pealed skyward a harmony sublime—
A musical concordance significant in time.

These bells attune the ages, and art's divining rod
Reveals a heavenly vista, and science, lightning-shod,
Blazons upon the future, man's destiny is God.

I WOULD THAT I COULD QUITE FORGET

I would that I could quite forget
One love of days gone by,
Would that, without the least regret,
Without the lightest sigh,
One form, one voice, one name might be
Forever nothing more to me.

I would that I might never hear
A voice again like hers,
For O, that tone, so strangely dear,
All sad remembrance stirs—
Remembrance that in anguish saith
There is a sadder thing than death.

I would that I might never see
Such eyes as hers again,
For eyes like hers awake in me
A madding, nameless pain—
A pain that longs to tell in tears
How I have loved her all these years.

REMEMBRANCE

I think that we retain of our dead friends
And absent ones no general portraiture;
That perfect memory does not long endure,
But fades and fades until our own life ends.
Unconsciously, forgetfulness attends
That grief for which there is no other cure,
But leaves of each lost one some record sure,—
A look, an act, a tone,—something that lends
Relief and consolation, not regret.
Even that poor mother mourning her dead child,
Whose agonizing eyes with tears are wet,
Whose bleeding heart cannot be reconciled
Unto the grave's embrace,—even she shall yet
Remember only when her babe first smiled!

TIME BRINGS ROSES

When from my mountain-top of years I gaze
Backward upon the scenes that I have passed,
How pleasant is the view! and yet how vast
The deserts where I thirsted many days!
There, where now hangs that blue and shimmering haze,
And there, and there, my lot with pain was cast
Hopeless and dark; but always at the last
Deliverance came, from unexpected ways.
And now all past grief is as but a dream:
Yet even now there loom before my path
Shadows whose gloomy portent checks my breath.
But shadows are not always what they seem—
God's love sometimes appears to be His wrath,
And His best gift is the white rose of death.

THE WANDERER BACK HOME

Back in the Old North State,
  Back to the place of his birth,
Back through the pines' colonnaded gate
  To the dearest spot on earth.
No sweeter joy can a star feel
  When into the sky it thrills
Than the rapture that wings a Tar Heel
  Come back to his native hills.

From coast to mountain heights
  Old North Carolina lies,
A cornucopia of delights
  Under her summer skies,
And autumn gives rich treasure
  To the overflowing horn,
Adding a juicy measure
  Of grape and rye and corn.

In June a tree so fragrant
  Scents the delicious air
That busiest bees grow vagrant
  And doze in its blossoms fair.
"Persimmons!" the wanderer cries;
  And along time's frosted track
The luscious purple fruit he spies,
  And boyhood's days drift back!

With fall comes the burst of the cartridge;
  The squirrel and the rabbit are his;
Down tumbles the whirring partridge,
  And the cook makes the wild duck sizz;
But for these not so much does he care,
  No matter how dainty the caters;
Just seat him fair in an old splint chair
  And give him possum and taters.

MOONRISE IN THE PINES

The sultry day is ending,
  The clouds are fading away,
Orange with purple is blending
  And purple is turning to gray;
The gray grows darker and denser
  Till it and the earth are one;
A star swings out like a censer,
  And the brief warm night is begun.

The brown moth floats and poises
  Like a leaf in the windless air;
Aroused by insect noises
  The gray toad leaves his lair;
Sounding the dusk depth quickly
  The bull-bats fall and rise,
And out of the grasses thickly
  Swarm glistering fire-flies.

Now darkness heavy, oppressive
  And silent completes the gloom.
The breathless night is excessive
  With fragrance of perfume,
For the land is enmeshed and ablaze
  With vines that blossom and trail,
Embanking the traveled ways
  And festooning the fences of rail.

Afar in the southern sky
  Heat-lightning flares and glows,
Vividly tinting the clouds that lie
  At rest with a shimmer of rose—
Tremulous, flitting, uncertain,
  As a mystical light might shine
From under an ebon curtain
  Before a terrible shrine.

And the slumbrous night grows late.
The midnight hush is deep.
Under the pines I wait
For the moon; and the pine trees weep
Great drops of dew, that fall
Like footsteps here and there,
And they sadly whisper and call
To each other high in the air.

They rustle and whisper like ghosts,
They sigh like souls in pain,
Like the movement of stealthy hosts
They surge, and are silent again.
The midnight hush is deep,
But the pines—the spirits distrest—
They move in somnambulent sleep—
They whisper and are not at rest.

Lo! a light in the East opalescent
Softly suffuses the sky
Where flocculent clouds are quiescent,
Where like froth of the ocean they lie—
Like foam on the beach they crimple
Where the wave has spent its swirl
Like the curve of a shell they dimple
Into iridescent pearl.

And the light grows brighter and higher
Till far through the trees I see
The rim of a globe of fire
That rolls through the darkness to me,
And the aisles of the forest gleam
With a splendor unearthly, that shines
Like the light of a lurid dream
Through the colonnaded pines.

CRISMUS TIMES IS COME

Wen de sheppuds watch de sheep on de plain ob Beflehem
(Crismus times is come,)
Dey was 'stonished at de star dat went a-swinging ober dem,
(Crismus times is come;)
Dey lean upon the sheppud crooks a-shadin' ob der eyes,
(Crismus times is come,)
An' dey know the sun ob glory was a gwine fur to rise.
(Crismus times is come,)
De wise men walk wid der heads ben' low
Twell dey hear a ban' o' music like dey nebber hear befo',
An' de angels come a singing' wid de stars in der han's
An' der flamin' wings a-shinin' on de heathun lan's.

De kings ob de erf woke up dat night,
(Crismus times is come,)
An' der crowns look shabby in de hallyluyer light,
(Crismus times is come,)
But de po' man riz en tuck his ole hat down,
(Crismus times is come,)
An' hit look so fine dat he fought it were a crown.
(Crismus times is come,)
Ole Jordan roll high en ole Jordan roll low,
An' de star stood still whar de folks had to go,
An' de angels flew away agin, a-leavin' arter dem
A blaze road from Juda to de new Jerusalem.

Den pile on de light'ood en set aroun' de fire,
(Crismus times is come,)
Rosum up the ole bow en chune the banjer higher,
(Crismus times is come;)
Dere's no mo' coonin' ob de log in de night,
(Crismus times is come,)
O glory to de Lam' fur de hallyluyer light.
(Crismus times is come.)
De Crismus possum am a-bakin' mighty snug,
So han' aroun' de tumbler en de little yaller jug
Wid de co'ncob stopper, en de honey in de bowl,
An' a-glory hallyluyer en a-bless yo' soul.

AMERICA

Thou beautiful and glorious!—on thy brow
  Beams the resplendence of thy noble birth.
Thy beauty and thy glory bring thee now
  Tribute from all the diadems of earth.
Dark was the night when Freedom bade thee live,
  And hope upheld thee, shedding radiant tears
And praying for thee, O superlative
  Among the revelations of the years!

They called thee liberty. There was a hush
  Among the kingdoms when that name was heard—
That name which, rising with a luminous flush,
  Gleamed rocket-like—a splendid, brightening word—
Rifting the night with white and crimson bars,
  And poising heavenward, blossomed into stars.

A CHRISTMAS TOAST

Here's a round to thee, Dan Chaucer,
  At the festal Christmas time.
Pledge me, poets—to the master
  Of our gentle art of rime.

To the eldest of our brothers,
  To the honor of his name,
To the sweetness of his spirit,
  To the glory of his fame;

To that voice whose music echoes
  All the centuries along,
Prophesying art triumphant
  In eternity of song.

AUTUMNAL

The day is dark—the clouds hang low—
  A strange funereal silence reigns,
Save the hoarse croaking of the crow
  That on his lustier fellow gains.

I wander in the fields alone.
'Tis peace to hear the soughing pines
And the sad minor undertone
That runs along the sedgy lines.

'Tis peace to tread the withered grass,
To lean upon the lichened rail,
Or skirt the dusky bramble-mass
Whence whirs the sudden-startled quail—

To follow down into the wood
A darkling path where branches meet,
While softly in the solitude
The dead leaves rustle at the feet.

And thus by mystic silence zoned
Where none may hear outspoken care,
'Tis peace to hear one's own voice toned
Upon the somber, lonesome air.

If my heart pain me, or the gall
Of bitterness rise in my soul,
I brood not on my pangs and all
The ills that I cannot control.

Yet have done so—O have arrayed
Hot curses 'gainst the ruling stars,
Then compassed, foiled, and forced, have frayed
My very life against the bars.

But I was younger then than now.
We get some wisdom with the years,
And in captivity avow
The impotence of wrath and tears—

We learn humility's sweet strength—
The scourged soul learns to bear the rod—
And from such lessons comes at length
The righteous reverence of God.

So on a day like this, when drear
  Against life's dull horizon looms
The melancholy mount, and sheer
  Dejection dark beyond it glooms—

When wasted seems life's fountain-head,
  When friend nor book a solace yields,
Better than poppied chair or bed
  It is to seek the open fields—

To walk beside a babbling brook,
  Taste fragrant twigs, break sturdy thistle,
Turn the brown crumpled leaves and look
  At the green moss beds, cut a whistle

From the bronzed reed, as when a boy.
  Almost youth's light heart comes again.
We should know more of peaceful joy
  If we took more the wind and rain.

Here, where a solitary dark
  And scraggy locust grimly waves
Its ghastly arms, I pause and mark
  Some briar-grown, long-neglected graves.

No breeze blows from the leaden sky,
  And yet there is a saddening sound
That lingers like a stifled sigh
  About this plot of sacred ground—

Faint tremulous echo of the sighs
  That went to heaven when here were laid
To rest the folded hands and eyes
  And over them these mounds were made.

Methinks I hear the songs they sung—
  Old plaintive hymns—the simple prayer
So fervent, when the clods were flung
  Upon the coffin lowered there.

Here stood the mourners, clad in black—
The pallid women weeping low—
Then in the evening silence back
To the hushed house they mutely go—

The house that stood on yonder hill,
Now gone, all gone, save towering high
One chimney, which is darkly still
Outlined against the wintry sky.

When summer toils among her sheaves
Here blooms in peace the pale wild rose—
Here drift the scarlet autumn leaves,
And here in winter drift the snows.

Here in the spring the blue-bell spires,
And lightly o'er the old gravestones
The jay-bird in the bamboo briars
Twits at the lorn dove's mournful tones.

But where are they who mourn these dead—
Who circled once that old home hearth?
God knows. Their tears may now be shed
In different quarters of the earth.

Death—death—the grave. Sometimes I feel,
When musing at a spot like this,
A wish—a longing wish to steal
Unto the dead—to find their bliss—

The bliss of that Eternal Rest
Emancipated souls must know.
We think them free, we call them blest,
We deem them happy. Are they so?

Vaguely and strangely we define
Unto ourselves what life must be
Beyond the waves of death, and pine
Sometimes to cross the unknown sea.

Each has his hope as each his creed,
  Though faith of creed gives little scope
Unto the soul that would be freed
  To realize its heavenly hope.

Some things we count as sure to find—
  Atonement for our joyless years,
Affinities of heart and mind,
  And recompense for all our tears,

Reunion with the loved and lost,
  Revealment of the Almighty cause,
The Unknowable made plain—the cost
  Of knowledge fixed by wondrous laws.

Howe'er it be, one thing I know:
  There is a faith which hath sufficed
Men mourning in the land of woe—
  A simple faith in Jesus Christ—

A faith confirmed by testing prayer
  To minds yet great enough to guess
Such mysteries of earth and air
  As science has not dared confess.

HUNTING MUSCADINES

A Memory of Boyhood.

Floating on the gentle Yadkin in an olden-time canoe,
Singing old plantation ballads—I and charming blue-eyed Sue—
  Blue-eyed, golden tressèd Sue.

Willows plume the shining river, and the birch a shadow flings
Far across its dimpled bosom. Down the shore her laughter rings—
  Merry, rippling laughter rings.

Pendent dew-drops glitter brightly in the overhanging vines
Laden with a luscious treasure of large purple muscadines—
  Ripe, delicious muscadines.

Sweetest grapes that ever clustered—purple juice on mouth
and breast—
Pearly teeth and love and laughter! Fonder love was ne'er
confessed—
Sweeter lips were never pressed.

Now we row from dappled shadows underneath the tangled
vines
Up the sunny stream where all the radiance of the morning
shines,
O the purple muscadines!

Years may pass, but I can never cease to dream of blue-eyed
Sue
And the morning on the Yadkin in the olden-time canoe—
Blue-eyed, golden tressèd Sue.

TWO FRIENDS

If you walk in the valley whose temples are shattered,
Whose statues lie broke where the still waters flow
Through gardens of brambles whose roses lie scattered
That bloomed in their pride long ago—
If you fain would forget, having hope, but too weary,
Too weak from the valley of silence to flee,
Yet praying for strength to escape from its dreary
Enthraldom—once more to be free—
There's a place where the chains of remembrance are broken—
I am Sleep—come with me.

If your life is in darkness—if hope has departed
Your soul, leaving only the past for its friend,
And you sit by the fountain of tears broken-hearted
And secretly pray for the end—
If you wail by a grave from whose mound you can never
Uplift your sad eyes to the world as of yore
Because *she* has left you forever and ever
Whose spirit your own did adore,
Come with me, there is rest for you, rest and no sorrow—
I am Death—weep no more.

A PRAYERFUL TRUST

The thought will sometimes come to me—
  Where will I die, and in what way,
  In gloom of night or light of day,
When will the solemn moment be?

Will any one a vigil keep,
  Will I from the ordeal shrink
  Or calmly in the dark sea sink;
Will any grieve—will any weep?

Where shall my grave be—will a stone
  Be raised to mark awhile the spot,
  Or will rude strangers, caring not,
Bury a man to them unknown?

O wife, when, how, or where, I trust
  That He whose power serveth
  Will reunite us after death
And resurrection from the dust.

THE LIGHT 'OOD FIRE

When wintry days are dark and drear
  And all the forest ways grow still,
When gray snow-laden clouds appear
  Along the bleak horizon hill,
When cattle all are snugly penned
  And sheep go huddling close together,
When steady streams of smoke ascend
  From farm-house chimneys—in such weather
    Give me old Carolina's own,
    A great log house, a great hearthstone,
    A cheering pipe of cob or briar
    And a red, leaping light'ood fire,

When dreary day draws to a close
  And all the silent land is dark,
When Boreas down the chimney blows
  And sparks fly from the crackling bark,

When limbs are bent with snow or sleet
And owls hoot from the hollow tree,
With hounds asleep about your feet,
Then is the time for reverie.
Give me old Carolina's own,
A hospitable wide hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or briar
And a red, rousing light'ood fire.

SHERWOOD BONNER

[1849—1883]

ALEXANDER L. BONDURANT

THE life of Sherwood Bonner illustrates the union of the subtle elements—ancestral traits, climatic and social environment, and personal qualities—which produce the individual. Her father, Dr. Charles Bonner, was born in Ireland, but when a mere lad came with his family to the United States. His boyhood was spent in Pennsylvania, but when still young, like Prentiss, Boyd, and Quitman, he turned his face towards Mississippi. Here he arrived in "The Flush Times," and was content to remain, for he found a people who recognized in him a kindred spirit. "They were handsome, healthy, full of physical force, as all people must be who ride horseback, climb mountains, and do not lie awake at night to wonder why they were born." The young physician engaged in the practice of medicine in the village of Holly Springs, located in the northern portion of Mississippi. Here he met Miss Mary Wilson, who is said to have been both lovable and beautiful. He surrendered to her charms and his devotion was rewarded. They had ample means and their home was a centre of refinement and culture. Dr. Bonner was gifted by nature, and was well acquainted with the books in his well-stored library, but had no ambition beyond his class, and, while believing in woman and honoring her to the highest degree, he thought her place to be the home.

Katharine Sherwood Bonner was born February 26, 1849. From her father she inherited a love of books and a keen sense of humor, perhaps her best gift; from her mother came beauty and a charming femininity. She was rarely devoted to a brother and sister, who were her playmates in childhood; and around them later centered many of her most charming sketches. As a child she was fond of play, but loved books and stories better still, and games ceased to please if gran'mammy consented to tell her the story of 'Bre'r Bar' or the wonderful adventure of "Bre'r Rabbit and the Tar Baby," or if her papa came in bringing her a fresh volume of fairy stories. She was not universally popular as a child, for she manifested a precociousness that separated her in a measure at least from the little ones of her own age, but she attracted strongly those whom she really liked. In childhood she was distinguished for

loyalty, a ready wit, and a keen sense of humor; qualities that entered into the warp and woof of her nature, and but strengthened as she matured.

Her education was conducted under her father's eye, and as he held the chalice to eager lips little did he guess that he was preparing his child for a "Career." At school she could not have been accounted a hard student. History was a joy, literature a delight, and composition, a task hated by most of her schoolmates, a pleasant pastime, but she looked askance at the sciences, and pronounced "life too short for Geometry." During her last year at school she wrote an allegory, regarded by her playmates as a remarkable production.

The morning of her life was bright, and with father, mother, brother, sister around the family hearth, each passing day brought added happiness. But she was now to receive the baptism of sorrow, and to gain through suffering needed training and new strength. She was just sixteen, she had written something, and it had been accepted, her heart was aglow with visions of the future, when a desolating blow fell upon her home. The much loved mother was taken from her, the rude shock and turmoil of war being too much for that gentle spirit.

We find this entry in her scrapbook in her own hand: "First story ever published, aged fifteen, *Boston Ploughman,* twenty dollars." The story follows. It was called "Laura Capello, a Leaf from a Traveler's Notebook." The story deals with the lot of a young girl whose life is the fruit of unhallowed love. The scene is laid in Italy, and the story is given to the world by a young American artist whom a capricious fate enmeshes and makes an unwilling actor in the drama. The story is melodramatic and crude, but it abounds in vivid description, and shows here and there dramatic power. It was an unusual performance for a girl of fifteen. Mr. Nahum Capen, the author of 'The Republic of the United States,' 'History of Democracy,' and other works was at this time connected with *The Ploughman.* Under his tutelage Sherwood Bonner began to write. He was to the day of her death her trusted adviser and friend. He urged her to write, and gave her kindly but discriminating words of praise. "Laura Capello" was followed by "A Flower of the South," published in a musical journal. Somewhat later a piece called "An Exposition on one of the Commandments" was sent to *Frank Leslie's Journal.*

In 1871 Miss Bonner became the wife of Mr. Edward McDowell, like herself a native of Holly Springs. The young wife assumed with earnestness the responsibilities of the new life, and shortly after her marriage accompanied her husband to the frontier state

of Texas. But Mr. McDowell did not succeed in his business venture here, and the young people soon returned to Holly Springs poorer in purse than when they left. From this time the mother seemed to live in a large measure for the daughter who was born to them. Like George Sand, she found in motherhood's love fullest expression. She now determined to face the world herself, and remembering the kind words that had come to her from Boston relative to her earlier work, went there to try her fortune with her pen. In Boston she became a member of Mr. Capen's household, and under his eye and with his encouragement continued her work. She had the gift of clear vision and, perceiving at once the necessity for further training, she studied books, men, and manners. The North received her lucubrations with a criticism that was in the main kindly, and ere long she had made for herself a place in "The Moral Lighthouse," as she playfully denominated Boston. At the end of a few years she was able to have with her her child, and the aunt who since her mother's death had striven to supply her place. But the place of her birth was always "home," and a portion of each year she spent amidst the familiar scenes.

Soon after going North she met Longfellow. He recognized her talent, and became her warm personal friend, and lent her aid and encouragement in her work. She in turn seemed to impart some of her superabundant vitality to the white-haired poet. She became his secretary and collaborator, and at her suggestion he compiled 'Poems of Places, Southern States,' and she assisted in this work. In 'Poets' Homes' appears a description of Longfellow's home written by her. It is given the place of honor, but by some oversight no credit is given to the author.

During this period she wrote a number of letters for Southern newspapers in a style that the mere reporter would strive in vain to emulate, though she regarded them merely as potboilers. They give interesting accounts of the happenings of Boston, and her impressions of Boston's great men: Emerson, Longfellow, William Lloyd Garrison, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Wendell Phillips. She says of Boston: "For the native Bostonian there are three paths to glory. If his name be Quincy or Adams, nothing more is expected of him. His blue blood carries him through life with glory, and straight to heaven when he dies. Failing in the happy accident of birth, the candidate for Beacon Hill honors must write a book. This is easy. The man who can breathe Boston air and not write a book is either a fool or a phenomenon. One course remains to him should he miss fame in both these lines. He must be a reformer."

Longfellow suggested that she obtain material for her stories from the life around her, but she chose to restrict herself to other

sections of the country, that she felt that she knew better, especially the South, and the poet in the end admitted that her instinct had led her aright. Before 1876 she wrote some of the "Gran'mammy Stories" and other short sketches that found a ready sale. Longfellow said that she would be "the American writer of the future."

Eleven years after "Laura Capello" was written its author visited the scenes where the plot was laid. She enjoyed deeply this foreign travel, and has left a partial record of it in letters published in Boston and Southern papers. She writes thus to a friend from Rome: "I am living every hour, never have I known days of such enchantment: Roman violets that make the air sweet, Roman fleas that bite with a Swinburne ardor, Roman donkeys that bray in the early morning, Roman shops that bewilder with their gems, shopmen who will make you buy whether you will or no; even in these delights I revel, so what can I say of the pictures, the statues, the ruins of Rome? Do you remember how Lilian exhausted her raptures after the first layer of her box, and sat afterwards in a mute adoring ecstacy? Think of Lilian's mother in the same position."

Several days were spent by her party at a little coast town in France. At times the hours lagged, so the little group, like the young people in the 'Decameron,' devised game and story to amuse themselves. Sherwood Bonner showed herself the most fruitful in device, and became the leader in the sport. She devised a game that was played with avidity. The loser each time was supposed to pay the forfeit by taking his life with his own hands. A wan young Scotsman who had been "ordered South" chanced to be one of the party and participated in the game. For the rest it was a pleasing pastime, but for him it had a tragic suggestion, for at that time Robert Louis Stevenson—it was no less than he—had begun that hand-to-hand conflict with disease that terminated twenty years later. It is thought that he received from this game the suggestion of that very unusual story of his, "The Suicide Club." "The Crest of the White Hat," "Rosine" and other sketches show the effect of this foreign travel. During this period, too, she set Boston to laughing by a clever characterization in verse of the "Radical Club."

In the summer of 1878 the town of Holly Springs was decimated by an epidemic of yellow fever. Sherwood Bonner was in the North when the plague first appeared, but with no thought of self she hurried to the stricken town in order to be with her father and brother. She urged them to leave the town, but the old physician would not go, and his son remained with him. They were both stricken with fever. She nursed them, but they died in her arms on the same day. She escaped the disease, but the terrible strain that she had endured

affected her health and spirits. She wrote an account of the plague for the *Youth's Companion*.

After the appearance of her first novel, 'Like unto Like,' she found publishers eager for her work. Enduring fame seemed just within her grasp, but before the noon hour was reached the worker was laid low by the onslaught of a deadly disease whose ravages the most skilful physicians strove vainly to arrest. February 14, 1883, she wrote:

A LONGED FOR VALENTINE

Come to my aching heart, my weary soul,
And give my thoughts once more their vanquished will;
That I may strive and feel again the thrill
Of bounding hopes, to reach its farthest goal.
Not Love, though sweet as that which Launcelot stole,
Nor Beauty, happy as a dancing rill,
Nor Gold poured out from some fond miser's till,
Nor yet a name on Fame's immortal scroll—
But what I ask, O gracious Lord, from Thee,
If to Thy throne my piteous cry can reach,
When stricken down like tempest-riven tree,
Too low for prayer to wreak itself in speech,
Is but the fair gift—ah, will it e'er be mine?
My long lost Health for my dear Valentine.

A dear friend writes: "During her hours of suffering, her bravery, her patience, and her heroism were extraordinary. She uttered no complaint, and no one heard her repine." One day she asked her friends for an inscription to mark her last resting place, and from several suggested selected, "She was much loved." A more fitting epitaph could not have been chosen. The end came July 22, 1883.

Hers was a trenchant tongue and a stinging wit, but like the Venusian bard she was quite as ready to hold up her own foibles to ridicule as those of others. All who knew her felt the witchery of her gifted personality. Nature formed her to sway others, to love, and to be loved. The slight and somewhat delicate child developed into a woman of perfect physique. Her features, though not regular, were very refined; her complexion a delicate pink and white; expressive blue eyes, her hair "tawny" and very heavy; an exquisite mouth and chin; and a hand firm and finely moulded. The poet Longfellow in a poem dedicated to her thus describes her:

"A cloud-like form that floateth on with the soft, undulating gait
Of one who moveth as if motion were a pleasure."

She wrote before 1876 some of the 'Gran'mammy Stories.' These seem to be the first stories in the negro dialect appearing in a Northern journal, thus speaking to the whole country. Two years later, she wrote 'Like Unto Like,' a story that has to do with the Reconstruction period. Into this field Cable entered later, and Page selected it for his most ambitious work. She wrote some excellent dialect stories of the Tennessee mountains, doing pioneer work in a field that Miss Murfree has since made peculiarly her own.

Beginning in 1880 she spent some time in that portion of Illinois known as "Egypt"; and "On the Nine Mile," and "Sister Weeden's Prayer" reflect the life and manners of this region. The latter story in the "new" dialect received favorable notice in *The Nation.* She seems to have been the first one to place this region upon the literary map.

'Like Unto Like' was well received by the critics. Mr. Longfellow said of it, "It has marked and decided merit, is beautifully written, and full of interest to North and South." Paul H. Hayne thus speaks of the work: "Regarded purely as a literary performance, this work, as I have before intimated, is exceedingly clever; in certain particulars even brilliantly able. The descriptions of scenery, which in most novels bore one unspeakably, are here vivid, picturesque, and truthful, with occasional displays of bright poetic enthusiasm: and of the *dramatis personæ,* some are portrayed with quiet but significant humor, some with keen ironic shrewdness, and one at least with a degree of tragic force decidedly impressive."

Another reviewer in the *Boston Courier* says: "Sherwood Bonner's new novel is a book, so charming, so complete in itself, that to write a review of it must be one of the most disheartening tasks possible. Its art is so good and so fresh that it hardly impresses us as art; it is more nearly nature. And yet the book abounds in traces of dainty skill, and delightful appreciation of shades and angles of character, and perfect and easy adaptation of words to the transmission of meaning, without that over-solicitude as to style which has become so fatiguing in our recent New England school of fiction writers. The main thing to observe is that Sherwood Bonner has seized the transition period of the feeling between the North and the South so perfectly that her book will probably stand in future as the best representative of this episode of the national life; and she has done this within the compass of a simple tale which commends itself to our affections quite independent of that special illustrative interest."

She was pleased with the success of her novel; but adulation did not spoil her, for she was gifted with the artist's keen perception. She spoke of her book as "a part of her training." Without

influence, with no powerful connections, by her own merit Sherwood Bonner made for herself a place in the world of letters, associated with many of its great ones on terms of intimacy, and received from their lips the highest commendation upon her work.

Her writings reveal a keen insight into character and an unusual power in character portrayal; a delicate and subtle sense of humor; a deep human sympathy, which opens often the fountain of tears; and an unusual power in describing nature in many moods. It were futile to surmise whether she would have fulfilled Longfellow's prophecy had she lived. It is, however, safe to assume that with powers matured, still more splendid accomplishments would have been possible. But the writer of 'Gran'mammy Stories' achieved enough to entitle her to a permanent place in American literature.

Alexander L. Bondurant

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Early Stories, 1864-'73.
Letters from Boston and Europe, 1874-'76.
Stories and character sketches published in periodicals between 1873-1883; among others:
Miss Willard's Two Rings.
From '60 to '65.
The Revolution in the Life of Mr. Balingall.
Two Storms.
A Volcanic Interlude.
The Valcours, a novelette.
Suwanee River Tales, Roberts Brothers, Boston.
Like Unto Like, 1878.
Dialect Tales, Harper and Brothers.

GRAN'MAMMY

From 'Suwanee Rivér Tales.' Copyright by Roberts Brothers. By kind permission of Little, Brown and Company, present owners of the copyright.

In our Southern home we were very fond of our old colored mammy, who had petted and scolded and nursed and coddled,—yes, and spanked us,—from the time we were born.

She was not a "black mammy," for her complexion was

the color of clear coffee; and we did not call her "mammy," but "gran'mammy" because she had nursed our mother when a delicate little baby,—loving her foster child, I believe, more than her own, and loving us for our dear mother's sake.

She was all tenderness when we were wee toddlers, not more than able to clutch at the great gold hoops in her ears, or cling to her ample skirts like little burrs; but she showed a sharper side as we grew old enough to "bother round the kitchen" with inquisitive eyes and fingers and tongues. I regret to say that she sometimes called us "limbs" and would wonder with many a groan and shake of her head, how we contrived to hold so much of the Evil One in our small frames.

"I never seed sich chillern in all my born days," she cried one day, when Ruth interrupted her in the midst of custard-making, to beg leave to get into the kettle of boiling soap that she might be clean once for all, and never need another bath; while Sam, on the other side, entreated that she would make three "points" of gravy with the fried chicken for dinner. (Sam always came out strong on pronunciation; his very errors leaned to virtue's side.)

"I 'clar to gracious," said poor gran'mammy, "you'll drive de sense clean outen my head. How Miss Mary 'xpects me ter git a dinner fitten fur white folks ter eat, wid you little onruly sinners *furever* under foot, is mo' dan I kin say. An' here's Leah an' Rachel, my own gran'chillern, a no mo' use ter me dan two tar babies."

She looked very threatening as she shook her rolling-pin at her two idle grandchildren. They only grinned in an aggravating way; for to them as well as to us, the great wide kitchen, with its roomy fire-place, where the back-log glowed and the black kettle sung, was the pleasantest place in the world.

As gran'mammy grew older, her manner softened; her love was less fluctuating. It was she to whom we ran to tell of triumphs and sorrows, whose sympathy, ash-cakes and turnover pies never failed us. It was she who hung over our sick-beds; who told us stories more beautiful than we read in any books; who sang to us old-fashioned hymns of praise and faith; and who talked to us with childlike simplicity of the God whom she loved.

During the troubled four years that swept like the hot breath of the simoon over our country, she was true to the family. Her love, her courage, her faithful work, helped us to bear up under our heavy trials. And when the gentle mother whose life had been set to such sweet music that her spirit broke in the discords of dreadful war, sank out of life, it was in gran'mammy's arms that she died; and neither husband nor children mourned more tenderly for the beautiful life cut short.

* * * * * *

There was a hawthorn hedge around the place, and looking through its interstices I saw a soldier in gray coming toward the gate. The sun was in my eyes, and the first thing I noticed about him was that he was extremely ragged. Then I saw that he had a long tawny beard, the like of which I had never seen before.

As he drew nearer, his face seemed familiar; those honest blue eyes—what! did my own eyes deceive me? Could it be?

"O God of all mercies!" breathed, rather than spoke, dear gran'mammy, sinking to her knees, and stretching out her arms to the coming figure.

The next moment doubt was at rest. Strong arms fairly lifted me from my feet and caught me to our dear soldier's breast; and a voice we had thought forever hushed cried out merrily, "Why, my little coz, how tall you have grown!"

It was the old familiar voice of Allan Edmandson. I have always been proud that I neither screamed nor fainted; but I clung to him with such a white frightened face, that he became alarmed.

"My mother! is she well?"

"Yes! yes!" I gasped, "but we heard you were killed."

"I was left for dead on the field," he said gravely; "but a Northern soldier picked me up, and saved my life, though his comrades insisted that I was dead and should be left where I had fallen. I was sent to the hospital, exchanged as soon as I was well, got a furlough from my colonel, and here I am, only needing a little petting to set me up again."

"O Allan! do not waste another minute. Come quickly to poor aunt Sarah!" But gran'mammy laid a hand on Allan's arm.

"Stop, honey, stop; Miss Katie, you forgit. Don't you know dat joy itse'f is sometimes more dan a breakin' heart kin bear? Mis' Sarah is mighty frail, an' she mus' be made ready to meet dis shock, for dis is jes' as much a shock as de lie dat struck her down. Blessed be de Lord for sendin' de last so quick on de heels of de fust. Now, Miss Katie, you jes' take Mars' Allan in de house an' tell your ma to give him some coffee an' hoe-cake right away ter put a little color in his po' cheeks, an' I'll go up stairs, an' break de news ter Mis' Sarah. Now, whatever you do, Mars' Allan, don't come up till I say de words."

She hurried away, and Allan and I followed more slowly, for he was still very weak. After seeing the joyful meeting with my mother and the rest of the family, I left the excited group that surrounded the returned soldier, and slipped upstairs to learn how gran'mammy was breaking the news.

Aunt Sarah's door was ajar. She was seated by the fire in an attitude of utter dejection. Gran'mammy was bustling about the room, an expression of perplexity on her dear old brown face. Presently with a sidelong glance at poor Aunt Sarah, gran'mammy began to sing softly. I had never heard her croon anything but Methodist hymns. Now, to my surprise, she broke forth in a chant that Miss Rose was very fond of singing with us after vesper service Sunday afternoon: "Praise de Lord, O my soul! O my soul! and forget not all his benefits."

At first Aunt Sarah took no notice; but, at a louder, more vigorous, "Praise de Lord, *Praise de Lord!*" she shook her head, as if a gnat was buzzing about her ears, and looked at the singer with a dull look of surprise in her weary eyes.

"Gran'mammy *singing!*" she said, in a faint voice.

Gran'mammy came and stood directly in front of my aunt. She tried to laugh, but the tears tumbled out of her eyes so fast that she choked in the effort to swallow them.

"Why, yes, Mis' Sarah," she at last managed to say; "when my heart is light with thinkin' of de goodness of de Lord I can no mo' help singin' dan if I was a saint in heaven worshippin' at de throne."

"The goodness of God!" echoed Aunt Sarah, drearily;

"He has forgotten mercy; He has turned His face from me; He has left me desolate and forsaken in my old age."

"De Lord *never* forgits," said gran'mammy, solemnly; "an' He never fails to keep de promises He has made. Lean on me, Miss Sarah. Rest yo' po' tired head. Speak de name of yo' boy. It'll do yer good ter talk about him."

"No, no, no!" said Aunt Sarah, shrinking back; "I thought you loved him, gran'mammy, but you could come to my room and sing. Go away, I do not want you."

"I'll go, Mis' Sarah, in one little minute. Love Mars' Allan? Why, wusn't my arms de fust ter hol' him—a little soft, helpless innocent—even before you held him to yo' own mother's heart? An' from that very minute I loved him. I kin see him now, a little white-headed boy, always runnin' ter his ole gran'mammy fur turn-overs an' ginger-cakes. Heven't I watched him all through de years, growin' as straight an' tall as a young poplar, full of his jokes, but with never a mean streak in him, bless de Lord! An' den, Mis' Sarah, don't you mind how he looked in his gray uniform, wid de gold lace on his sleeves; an' how his eyes would kindle an' his voice ring out when he talked of de country he loved next to God?"

"Gran'mammy! do you want to break my heart? Why do you torture me?" And Aunt Sarah burst into such wild, wild tears that I was frightened.

"Oh! my po' sweet mistis, I wants to *mend* yo' heart, not break it;" and gran'mammy, too, burst into tears, kneeling now by Aunt Sarah with her arms around her. "I wants you to call ter mind jes' one thing—de commandment given by de Lord to His people, *given wid a promise*. Kin you say it over ter me?"

"Honor thy father and thy mother," said Aunt Sarah, like one in a dream, "and thy days shall be long in the land—"

"Stop dar, Mis' Sarah,—*stop at dat promise,* almost shouted gran'mammy. "Did Mars' Allan honor his father an' his mother?"

"Always! Always! He never disobeyed us in his life. No son could have been better or nobler."

"*And thy days shall be long in the land,*" cried gran'mammy, "which the Lord thy God giveth thee! Now, Miss Sarah, jes' *trust God*. He won't break dat promise."

Words cannot do justice to the solemnity, the yearning tenderness, the pathetic earnestness, that made the dear old woman like one inspired. Wave after wave of feeling rolled over her face. I do not know how to express it—but a sacred, even a *religious* rapture seemed to hold her in its possession. Strong feeling had exalted her. I felt as if I should like to steal in and pray beside her. She still knelt, but she kept her arms clasped about the frail figure in the arm-chair.

Wild, vague suspicions were evidently forming in Aunt Sarah's mind. She looked at gran'mammy—a piteous, agonizing gaze. But gran'mammy's eyes met hers with steady joy.

"What do you mean?" she gasped huskily. "In God's name, what do you mean?"

"I mean,—lean on me, dear, lean on me,—I mean dat if our blessed Lord wus on earth to-day, an' we could kneel at his feet askin' de life of our boy, he could not give it ter us. For Allan's grave has not been dug, an' Allan's livin', not dead to-day."

"What have you heard?"

"A messenger has come."

Then I saw a transformation. Aunt Sarah sprang up, the color and light flashing into her cheeks and eyes, the vigor and erectness of youth restored to her shrunken and bowed figure. No longer a haggard old woman,—like a girl she threw open the door, and swept past me without a word.

GRAN'MAMMY'S LAST GIFTS

From 'Suwanee River Tales.'

She was silent for a moment, and when she spoke again it was very cheerfully.

"I wish my boy was here." (Sam was in Kentucky, at the Military Institute). "I've got a little keepsake for him and for all of you. 'Lizabeth, open de big chist."

The great wooden box was opened. Gran'mammy's treasures were in a state of odd confusion, but she seemed to know where everything was.

"Fust my burial close," said she. "Lay 'em out keerfully, 'Lizabeth, and let de chillern see how nice dey are."

They were fresh and white and fragrant. How long they had been folded away I could not ask; but the rose-leaves shaken out of them were scentless and dry.

"You see, chillern," said gran'mammy, brightly, "I've been worryin' in my mind about Sam, away off at de milintary school. Mars' Charles ain't got de money he once had, an' boys at school needs a heap. So I've jes' been savin' along an' a month ago I took my little pile to de bank, an' got two bright gold pieces for it. Dar dey is, 'Lizabeth, right under your han', in de little pine box your daddy made. Now, Miss Kathrine, honey, you jes' send 'em to my boy, and tell him to buy a nice fat turkey every Sunday as long as de money holds out. I know how schoolboys is starved an' put upon."

I took the little box. Not for worlds would I have pained her by refusing it. "Now, 'Lizabeth, look a little lower down —dat passel wrapped in brown paper." The parcel was handed her, and after taking off the outer covering, a white one was revealed; then a third wrapper of silver paper. Slowly, reverently, she unwound this; and there were two tiny high-heeled-satin slippers, yellow with age, but dainty enough for fairy feet.

"De night your mother was married, honey," said gran'-mammy proudly, "nobody waited on her but me. I unlaced de fine weddin' dress,—all lace an' satin,—an' I put de white night-gown over her head. An' when I took de slippers off her slim pretty feet, she flung her white arms aroun' my neck, an' she says, keep 'em, gran'mammy, in memory o' dis night. An' now, my chile, arter all dese years, I gives 'em ter you, de fust-born, your dead mother's weddin' slippers."

I could not speak for my tears. Was there ever a gift so delicately bestowed? I pressed the slippers to my heart, kissing them and the faithful black hands that had taken them from the little feet so many years ago.

"Now my little singin'-bird," said gran'mammy to Ruth, "I was boun' you should remember me, so I jes' went to de picture man an' here's my old black face for you to keep."

The likeness was perfect, and as Ruth warmly thanked her she sank back wearily on the pillows.

"I'm tired now," she said, "Miss Ruthy, I'd like to hear you sing once more before I hear de angels on de other side."

Ruth hushed her sobs, and her exquisite voice rolled out in those beautiful words:

"Only waiting till the shadows
Have a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate."

"Only waitin'," murmured the dying voice. "O my chillern!" and she spoke with sudden energy. "In your hearts you are pityin' your poor ole gran'mammy; you are thinkin' o' de sun shinin' outside, an' de flowers, an' home an' love. You see me lyin' here, ole, an' black, an' racked wid pain. But oh! what's de sunlight of earth to de glory roun' de throne of God? what's de flowers here ter de flowers in de gyardin yonder? An' what's de love of earth ter dat waitin' for me, sinful an' onworthy though I am?"

HIERONYMUS POP AND THE BABY

From 'Dialect Tales.' Copyright by Harper and Brothers. By kind permission of the publishers.

"Now 'Onymous Pop," said the mother of that gentle boy, "you just take keer o' dis chile while I'm gone to de hangin'. An' don't you leave dis house on no account, not if de skies fall an' de earth opens ter swaller yer."

Hieronymus grunted gloomily. He thought it a burning shame that he should not go to the hanging; but never had his mother been willing that he should have the least pleasure in life. It was either to tend the baby, or mix the cow's feed, or to card wool, or cut wood, or to pick a chicken, or wash up the floor, or to draw water, or to sprinkle down the clothes—always something. When everything else failed, she had a way that seemed to her son demoniac, of setting him to the alphabet. To be sure, she did not know the letters herself, but her teaching was none the less vigorous.

"What's dat, 'Onymus?" she would say, pointing at random with her snuff-brush to a letter.

"O"—with a sniff.

"Is you *sho?*"—in a hollow voice.

Woe be unto young Pop if he faltered, and said it *might* be a Z. Mother Pop kept a rod ready, and used it as if she were born for nothing else. Naturally, he learned to stick brazenly to his first guess. But, unfortunately, he could not remember from one day to another what he had said; and his mother learned, after a time, to distinguish the forms of the letters, and to know that a curly letter called S on Tuesday could not possibly be a square-shaped E on Thursday. Her faith once shattered, 'Onymus had to suffer in the usual way.

The lad had been taught at spasmodic intervals by his sister Savannah—commonly called Sissy—who went to school, put on airs, and was always clean. Therefore Hieronymus hated her. Mother Pop herself was a little in awe of her accomplished daughter, and would ask her no questions, even when most in doubt as to which was which of the letters G and C.

"A pretty thing!" she would mutter to herself, "if I must be a-learnin' things from my own chile, dat wuz de most collicky baby I ever had, an' cos' me unheerd of miseries in de time of her teethin'."

It seemed to Hieronymus that the climax of his impositions had come when he was forced to stay at home and mind the baby and the rest of them trotted off, gay as larks, to see a man hanged.

It was a hot afternoon, and the unwilling nurse suffered. The baby wouldn't go to sleep. He put it on the bed—a feather bed—and why it didn't drop off to sleep, as a proper baby should, was more than the tired soul of Hieronymus could tell. He did everything to soothe Tiddlekins. (The infant had not been named as yet, and by way of affection they addressed it as Tiddlekins.) He even went so far as to wave the flies away from it with a mulberry branch for the space of five or ten minutes. But as it still fretted and tossed he left it severely alone, and the flies settled on the little black thing as if it had been a licorice stick.

After a while Tiddlekins grew aggressive, and began to yell. Hieronymus, who had almost found consolation in study-

ing a gory picture pasted on the wall, cut from the weekly paper of a wicked city, was deprived even of this solace. He picked up "de miserbul little screech-owl," as he called it in his wrath. He trotted it. He sung to it the soothing ditty of

> " 'Tain't never gwine to rain no mo';
> Sun shines down on rich and po'."

But all was in vain. Finally in despair, he undressed Tiddlekins. He had heard his mother say, "Of'en and of'en when a chile is a-screamin' its breff away 'taint nothin' ails it 'cep'n *pins.*" But there were no pins.

How it *did* scream! It lay on the stiffly braced knees of Hieronymus, and puckered up its face so tightly that it looked as if it had come fresh from a wrinkle mound. There were no tears, but sharp regular yells, and rollings of its head, and a distracting monotony in its performances.

"Dis here chile looks as if it's got de measles," muttered Hi, gazing on the squirming atom with calm eyes of despair. Then, running his fingers over the neck and breast of the small Tiddlekins, he cried, with the air of one who makes a discovery, "It's got de heat! Dat's what ails Tiddlekins!"

There was really a little breaking out on the child's body that might account for his restlessness and squalls. And it was such a hot day! Perspiration streamed down Hi's back, while his head was dry. There was not a quiver in the tree leaves, and the silver poplars showed only their leaden side. The sunflowers were drooping their big heads; the flies seemed to stick to the window-panes, and were too languid to crawl.

Hieronymus had in him the materials of which philosophers are made. He said to himself, "Taint nothin' but heat dat's de matter wid dis baby; so uf cose he ought ter be cooled off."

But how to cool him off—that was the great question. Hi knotted his dark brow and thought intently.

It happened that the chiefest treasure of the Pop estate was a deep old well that in the hottest days yielded water as refreshing as iced champagne. The neighbors all made a convenience of the Pop well. And half-way down its long cool hollow hung, pretty much all the time, milk cans, butter pats, fresh meats—all things that needed to be kept cool in summer days.

He looked at the hot, squirming, wretched black baby on his lap; then he looked at the well; and, simple, straightforward lad that he was, he put this and that together.

"If I wuz ter hang Tiddlekins down de well," he reflected, " 'twouldn't be mo' dan three jumps of a flea befo' he's as cool as Christmas."

With this quick-witted youth to think was to act. Before many minutes he had stuffed poor little Tiddlekins into the well bucket, though it was mentioned to his credit that he tied the baby securely with his own suspenders.

Warmed up with his exertions, content in his good riddance of such bad rubbish as Tiddlekins, Hieronymus reposed himself on the feather-bed, and dropped off into a sweet slumber. From this he was aroused by the voice of a small boy.

"Hello, Hi! I say, Hi Pop! whar is yer?"

"Here I is!" cried Hi, starting up. "What you want?"

Little Jim Rogers stood in the door-way.

"Towser's dog," he said, in great excitement, "and daddy's bull-pup is gwine ter have a fight dis evenin'! Come on quick, if yer wants ter see de fun."

Up jumped Hi, and the two boys were off like a flash. *Not one thought of Tiddlekins in the well bucket!*

In due time the Pop family got home, and Mother Pop, fanning herself, was indulging in moral reflections suitable to the occasion, when she checked herself suddenly, exclaiming, "But, land o' Jerusalem! whar's 'Onymus an' de baby?"

"I witnessed Hieronymus," said the elegant Savannah, "as I wandered from school. He was with a multitude of boys, who cheered, without a sign of disapperation, two canine beasts that tore each other in deadly feud."

"Yer don't mean ter say, Sissy, dat 'Onymus Pop is gone ter a dog fight?"

"Such are my meaning," said Sissy, with dignity.

"Den whar's de baby?"

For answer á long low wail smote upon their ears, as Savannah would have said.

"Fan me!" cried Mother Pop. "Dat's Tiddlekin's voice."

"Never min' about fannin' Mammy," cried Weekly, Savannah's twin, a youth of fifteen, who could read, and was much addicted to tales of thunder and blood; "let's fin' de

baby. P'r'haps he's murdered by dat ruffian Hi, an' dat's his ghos' dat we hears a-callin'."

A search was instituted—under the bed, in the bed, in the wash-tub and the soup-kettle; behind the wood-pile, and in the pea vines; up the chimney, and in the ash-hopper; but all in vain. No Tiddlekins appeared, though still they heard him cry.

"Shade of Old Hickory!" said the father Pop, "whar, whar is dat chile?" Then, with a sudden lighting of the eye, "unchain de dog," said he; "he'll smell him out."

There was a superannuated bloodhound pertaining to the Pop *ménage* that they kept tied up all day, under a delusion that he was fierce. They unchained this wild animal, and with many kicks endeavored to goad his nostrils to their duty.

It happened that a piece of fresh pork hung in the well, and Lord Percy—so the dog was called—was hungry. So he hurried with vivacity toward the fresh pork.

"De well!" shrieked Mother Pop, tumbling down all in a heap, and looking somehow like Turner's "Slave-ship," as one stumpy leg protruded from the wreck of red flannel and ruffled petticoats.

"What shall we do?" said Sissy, with a helpless squeak.

"Why, git him out," said Mr. Pop, who was the practical one of the family.

He began to draw up the well bucket, aided by Weekly, who whispered darkly, "Dar'll be anudder hangin' in town befo' long, and Hi won't miss dis hangin'."

Soon appeared a little woolly head, then half a black body, the rest of him being securely wedged in the well bucket. He looked like a Jack-in-the-box. But he was cool, Tiddlekins was—no doubt of that.

Mother Pop revived at sight of her offspring still living, and feebly sucking his thumb.

"Ef we had a whiskey bath ter put him in!" she cried.

Into the house flew Father Pop, seized the quart cup, and was over to the white house on the hill in the wink of a cat's eye.

"He stammered forth his piteous tale," said Savannah, telling the story next day to her school-mates; "and Judge Cham-

bers himself filled his cup with the best of Bourbon, and Miss Clara came over to see us resusirate the infant."

Mother Pop had Tiddlekins wrapped in hot flannel when he got back; and with a never-to-be-sufficiently-admired economy Mr. Pop moistened a rag with "the best of Bourbon," and said to his wife, "Jes rub him awhile, Cynthy, an' see if dat won't bring him roun'."

As she rubbed he absent-mindedly raised the quart cup to his lips, and with three deep and grateful gulps the whiskey bath went to refresh the inner man of Tiddlekins' papa.

Then who so valorous and so affectionate as he? Dire were the threats against Hieronymus, deep his lamentations over his child.

"My po' little lammie!" he sobbed. "Work away, Cynthy. Dat chile mus' be saved, even if I should have ter go over ter de judge fur anudder quart of whiskey. Nothin' shall be spared to save that preciousest kid o' my ole age."

Miss Clara did not encourage this self-sacrificing proposal; but, for all that, it was not long before Tiddlekins grew warm and lively, and winked at his father—so that good old man declared—as he lay on his back placidly sucking a pig's tail. Savannah had roasted it in the ashes, and it had been cut from the piece of pork that had shared the well with Tiddlekins. The pork belonged to a neighbor, by-the-way; but at such a time the Pop family felt that they might dispense with the vain and useless ceremony of asking for it.

The excitement was over, the baby asleep, Miss Clara gone, and the sun well on its way to China, when a small figure was seen hovering diffidently about the gate. It had a limp air of dejection, and seemed to feel some delicacy about coming farther.

"The miscreant is got back," remarked Savannah.

"Hieronymus," called Mrs. Pop, "you may thank yo' heavenly stars dat you ain't a murderer dis summer day—"

"A-waitin' ter be hung nex' wild-grape time," finished Weekly, pleasantly.

Mr. Pop said nothing. But he reached down from the mantel-shelf a long thin something, shaped like a snake, and quivered it in the air. Then he walked up to Hi, and taking him by the left ear led him to the wood-pile.

THE HOODOO DANCE

From *Harper's Magazine*. Copyright by Harper and Brothers. By kind permission of the publishers.

AFTER Dina's discovery of her secret Maum Dulcie had made strong resolutions of abstinence as to Hoodoo enticements. But it was very curious. Some wild superstition of her race was interwoven with her being, and all her blood fired when she heard that the Hoodoo priest had called a meeting of his devotees. Instinct, like a leaping passion or mother-love, was stronger than reason. No force could hold her back, when from the altar the bugle sounded.

It was but a few days after her father's departure that indolent Dina noticed one of the old restless fits coming over Maum Dulcie. She had been watching for it, truth to tell, and she whispered in her nurse's ear, "There's to be a meeting to-night."

"Yes, honey, but Dulcie ain't a-gwine ter no mo' sich heathen gatherin's."

"I know what that means—that you will wait until I am asleep, and then slip away. Come Maumie. It's no use. I'm going—to keep you out of mischief."

"Miss Dina," said Dulcie, emphatically, "I puts my foot down as ter *one* thing. Ef go you will, you's got ter dress all muffled up, wid yo ' face hid, an' ter keep out o'sight, an' ter come home soon's I says de word. Holy Mary! nobody mus' know dat Dina Mabyn was at a Hoodoo meetin'. It might spile yo' chance for a husban', honey."

"I'll risk that," laughed Dina, "only to go—to go; that is the thing for us to do."

The night was dark when two figures stole from the Mabyn gate and plunged into the shadows. There was no moon, and the palely glittering stars lent no light to earth. Dina clung to Maum Dulcie's arm. Even to her fearless soul this began to seem a wild freak. They walked along the beach, seeing no one—for the hour was midnight—until Dina began to tire, when Dulcie struck across the flat land. They had not far to go—for in its widest part the island only measured three miles—before they saw blue lights dancing in the darkness.*

*From 'Two Storms,' *Harper's Magazine*, April, 1881.

"Dar dey is!" whispered Maum Dulcie. On they pressed. A cluster of cedars and oleanders concealed and revealed the light in fitful gleams. They drew nearer, and Dina felt herself stumbling over stones. Dulcie took her by the arm, and guided her among the trees to a great live-oak.

"Stop here."

Hidden by the tree, Dina peered out at a very curious sight.

The heath had been cleared of the sharp shrubs and grasses that still grew at the edge of the circle, and formed a boundary line. In the center was a rough stone structure that looked to Dina more like a tottering chimney than anything else, but which her nurse informed her in a whisper was "de altar." A fire was kindled under it, and across two stones a pot simmered, its contents exhaling an odor so queerly blended that only a very educated nostril could have disentangled the component essences. Around the caldron—let us name it caldron, as being witch-hinting and weird—negroes were skipping, less clad than decency allows, and all holding pine torches above their heads. One figure,

"Above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,"

who might have been the priest, would occasionally stir the bubbling mixture, and add something to its contents from a stone jug. When the jug was emptied, the negroes one by one danced up to the pot-caldron—and dipping into it with small green gourds that they drew from their bosoms, drank down the steaming liquor as unconcernedly as if it had been pineapple juice. Whatever it was, it seemed to take immediate effect, or its drinking was a preconcerted signal, for the dance grew faster, and a wild song began—a thrilling monotony of five notes, repeated again and again, alternately fast or slow, low or loud, ever varying, yet ever the same. Dulcie, holding herself rigid beside her young mistress, began to jerk like a mummy touched by a galvanic battery. Suddenly she tore herself from Dina's detaining grasp, rushed forward with an African yell, and joined in the dance as wild and mad as any Hoodoo among them.

"I believe Maumie is right," thought the forsaken Dina,

with a cool little shrug of her shoulders. "It's the devil's own worship."

The impression deepened every moment. They did look tremendously like demons, dancing and howling around the fire, and maltreating a straw effigy produced from behind the altar. Evidently this personified an enemy, for a fiendish spite was vented upon it. It was thrown down, tramped, stuck through with knives, whipped, and spat upon.

Finally it was lighted with a blazing brand and tossed into a grave-shaped hole. After this the excitement seemed to die out; some threw earth into the pit as if they were filling a grave, others leaned against each other, breathing heavily. Dina's eyes had borne enough, and deciding to leave Maumie Dulcie, she had just turned to slip away, when she was startled by old Sinai's shrill voice.

"Frens—zere ees traitre 'mong us—you see zat Dulce Mabyn?

Dina paused indignant.

"*She* is ze traitre. She deserve punishment—yes? She wear two face. She talk out two sides her mouf. She worship wiz ze black blood, zen she sneak to w'ite man's altar. What we do wiz ole Dulce?

A quick confused murmur of voices arose. Dulce was surrounded, and violent reproaches heaped on her. Dina stood her ground, frightened, but with no intention now of leaving without her nurse. All talked together, and she could no longer understand them. In fact, their souls had soared to that picturesque realm where oaths blossom for the plucking, and what they said was chiefly made up of their vigorous embellishment.

The end of the matter was that the Hoodoos sprang at Dulcie, tore off her dress, and wrapping her in a blood-stained piece of cotton batting, tossed her into the pit where they had already thrown the straw effigy.

This was too much for Dina. With a cry of anger she sprang from her refuge. Her hood fell back, and her glittering indignant face shone in the murky light as a star shines. A little enraged animal looks just so when about to bite.

"What have you done to Maum Dulcie, you mean wicked creatures?" She ran to the edge of the pit calling, "Dulcie!

Maumie!" in a piercing tone. But for the first time poor Dulcie's ears were deaf to the call of her nursling. "You have killed her!" cried the young girl, "and you shall be hanged for it. I know you all. I see Jim Fairfax, and Prince Littleton, and George Jack, and you, you wicked old Sinai! I know every one of you, and I shall tell your masters on you, just as sure as my name is Adine Mabyn."

A low mutter arose. They had crouched before white blood; but as the child shrieked her denunciation, fear aroused wrath. Eyes met eyes with a dreadful purpose.

"No, miss," said one black, demon-lipped wretch, "you've got to take dat back 'fo' you leaves this place, whar you've stole our secret."

Ah, Dina! pretty Dina! poor Dina! danger is near—danger from the beast you have maddened!

Some one appeared at Dina's side. From the skies, or the bursting earth. She did not know; but there he was—a slight, elegant figure, a clear voice, and a hand that held a pistol.

"You hounds," he said, in a quiet voice, "fall back!"

There was no hesitancy in obeying. Back they pressed upon each other, those on the outer edge slipping away, and being swallowed up in the darkness.

* * * * * *

"May I not ask the name of the young lady I have had the honor of serving?" he said with marked courtesy.

"I am Adine Mabyn."

"And I am Marion West," he said lifting his hat. "I think, Miss Mabyn, that I have cause to be grateful even to the Hoodooes. Good night." And he walked away, leaving Dina slightly puzzled, a little sleepy, and too tired to talk over the startling night with Maum Dulcie.

YARIBA

From 'Like Unto Like.' Copyright, 1878, by Harper and Brothers. By kind permission of the publishers.

In truth, it was a most engaging little town, with a natural beauty that the good easy fathers who planned it had done

little to spoil. Romantic lanes led from one part to another; mulberry, and catalpa, and poplar trees shaded the streets; the beaten sidewalks were fringed with long grass that crept out into the road to the carriage tracks. Flowers grew everywhere. They did everything but speak—these southern flowers. They ran along the ground, they climbed over fences, they hung from sturdy trees in blossoms of bells, they floated on the valley streams, they rambled up the mountain paths, they sprang from between close-wedged rocks, and every wind that blew scattered their seeds on the outlying lands, until the very air had a "bouquet" as fine and subtle as that of sparkling wine.

Mingling their changeless shadows with the shifting shade of the oaks and elms that grew about them, the homes of Yariba lifted their weather-stained walls. There were but few modern houses among them. They had been built for a longer use than that of the two or three generations who had lived in them. Massive rambling houses they were, with tiled fireplaces in the finest of them, and mantels higher than a man's head, and hospitable doors always open, and generous windows fit to frame the mountain views on which they looked. The climate was delicious. Winter never came with whirl of wind and wonder of piling snow, but as a temperate king with spring peeping to meet him, before autumn's rustling skirts had quite vanished around the corner. Yet there was not the monotony of eternal summer. Winter sometimes gave more than hints of his power to the pert knaves of flowers who dared to spring up with a wave of their blooming caps in his face; and the peach trees that blossomed too soon were apt to get their pale pink heads enclosed in glittering ice-caps, through which they shone with resplendent beauty for a day, then meekly died. Even a light snow fell at times; and everybody admired it and shivered at it and said the climate was changing, and built great wood fires, and tacked list around the doors, and piled blankets on the beds, to wake in the morning to find sunshine—and mud. But, for the most part, the days, one after another, were as perfect as Guido's dancing hours.

DATE DUE

DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY
PS551 .L515 v.1
/Library of Southern literature
3 3645 00067507 7

53583

PS551 .L515 1909
vol.1
Library of Southern
literature

Dominican College Library
San Rafael, California